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NOTES
FROM A
DIARY

1886-1888

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LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY



Boston,
1900.

Francis Skinner

$$\frac{24}{24} = 2 \text{ votes}$$



NOTES FROM A DIARY

Notes from a Diary

1886-1888

BY THE RIGHT HON.

SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF

G.C.S.I.

“On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime.
L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce
qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers
la vie.”—RENAN.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I.

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1900

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PREFACE

THE volumes, which I now offer to the kind consideration of my friends, record the more interesting things I heard or saw during the two years which followed my departure from Madras.

As, for the first time since I was returned for the Elgin District in the year 1857, I found myself, on the 8th of December 1886, with no definite work to do, the entries in my Diary became immediately more numerous, since in it I rarely took notice of anything relating either to politics or official business, which claimed the lion's share of my time and thoughts between those two dates.

These volumes contain, amongst other things, an account of two visits to Palestine, the second of which extended over a winter and spring. Some of the entries in my Palestinian diary were used in three articles which I contributed to the
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Contemporary Review soon after my return to England. I have to thank the courtesy of its conductors for allowing me to publish them in their original setting.

I have closed the second volume with the end of 1888, because early in the next year a variety of quite new interests opened for me, and I fell into the way of life which I have led ever since.

My diary has been continued, in its privately printed form, from the beginning of 1889 down to the present time, and I should like to carry it on to the last day of 1900, so that the Notes taken from it, which began with the 1st of January 1851, might cover just half a century.

1886

December

11. HAVING left Madras on the evening of the 7th, I was by noon on the 9th at Bombay, in the house of Mr. Forbes Adam, who kindly received me in the absence of the Reays, who are in the north of the Presidency.

On the morning of the 10th I went to see, in the Victoria Gardens, some forlorn specimens of the Frankincense-bearing *Boswellia Carterii*. There, too, I saw the excessively rare Kattiawar lion, who was in rather evil case, having a good deal to suffer from his spouse, a lady of most imperious temper.

In the afternoon I embarked in the *Peshawur*, with Mr. Forster Webster, my late Chief Secretary, and Captain Forde, A.D.C.,—the Mackinnons, who propose returning to Europe by the American route, Admiral Sir F. Richards, and various other persons coming to see us off.

The light on the Prongs was flashing, just as it did on
VOL. I. A

the evening of 2nd March 1875; and I thought of the words in my *Notes of an Indian Journey*,¹ which were destined to be so curiously falsified by events: "Encore un rêve de la vie fini."

14. I read to-day a pleasant essay on Landor, prefixed to a selection from his *Imaginary Conversations*. In it I found some lines by him which were new to me, and which may be classed with those by Corneille and others alluded to in *Notes from a Diary*, 1881 to 1886, Vol. I., p. 170—

"Well I remember how you smiled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea sand . . . 'O! what a child!
You think you're writing upon stone.'"
"I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find Ianthe's name again."

16. We reached Aden in the middle of the night, and were off by about one this morning, so that going on shore was out of the question. General Hogg, however, came to see me, and I had much talk with him about the politics of this part of the world, which French, German, and Italian restlessness makes rather specially troubled just at present.

As we ran out the batteries sent after me India's farewell to the departing Proconsul, whom they welcomed in

¹ London, 1876.

the last week of October, 1881. I cannot say that I feel a day older than I did when I last heard their voices.

I re-read, yesterday and the day before, two remarkable articles by Renan in the *Revue des deux Mondes* on "Les Origines de la Bible." His last paragraph begins as follows:—

"Ainsi se forma, en quatre siècles à peu près, par le mélange des élémens les plus divers, ce conglomerat étrange où se trouvent confondus des fragmens d'épopée, des débris d'histoire sainte, des articles de droit coutumier, d'anciens chants populaires, des contes de nomades, des utopies ou prétendues lois religieuses, des légendes empreintes de fanatisme, des morceaux prophétiques, le tout noyé dans une gangue pieuse, qui a fait d'un tas de débris profanes un livre sacré, âme religieuse d'un peuple."

He then proceeds to compare the completed work to one of the castles which are found in Greece, built with the fragments of older edifices, and adds:—

"L'assemblage est barbare, mais dans cet arrimage informe vous avez des matériaux incomparables; en demolisant cette mesure vous fourniriez un musée."

The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are, he continues, like the Hebrew history, the result of the piecing together of older materials; but the Greek compilers did their work with such perfection, that its composite character is discovered only with great difficulty. Happily the Hebrews were less artistic, and we have accordingly the inestimable advantage of possessing authentic fragments which date from the

ninth or tenth century, B.C. I talked of these articles, and of the narrative in the Pentateuch to Webster, who said: "It *is* Mosaic, though not in the usually accepted sense."

The tropics took leave of us in a fine sunset, and a still finer afterglow over the Elba mountains; numbers numberless of *Cirri* were each tipped with gold, like the plumage on the breast of some exquisite bird.

19. Mrs. G—— told me her husband had won some money at whist, when playing at the —— Club. Some time afterwards he asked the hall porter if such and such a sum had been left for him. "No," replied the man, "but that precise sum has been left for Mr Colquhoun. I find, however, no Mr Colquhoun on the books of the Club, and do not know what to do." The matter was looked into, and eventually explained. Two out of the four players had been old friends, and had spoken of G—— throughout by his Eton nickname of "The Coon." The fourth, who was not in the secret, had left the money!

20. We passed the Sinaitic range in the night, and not long after midday were in Suez Roads.

For a good many miles before we reached them, we had on our right the country over which Stanley believed the Israelites to have marched after the crossing of the Red Sea. He himself followed their route, and then struck, as he thought that they did, into the heart of the Sinaitic peninsula.

The account of these events, which has come down to us in Exodus, took its present shape long after they occurred, and it seems to me quite arbitrary, however agreeable, to connect the Song of Miriam with the Wells of Moses, or the palm trees of Elim with the Wady Ghurundel.

In the Roads of Suez a number of letters reached me.

Mrs. Greg, who had been on a short visit to Vienna, writes from Klagenfurt :—

“The chief impression that I brought away with me was that of the greatness of Maria Theresa. She brought into life half the admirable things one was shown; she was a political power and influence of the first class in her day throughout Europe; she had sixteen children and a full and happy family life—a great woman and a great empress. Happily she was spared the vision of the deluge that did come after her, and had no presentiment of the guillotine for one of her darlings. Reading the story backwards as we do, it is very pathetic. The great individuals are as nothing in comparison with the great forces—the great forces meaning the millions. It must be so.”

In the early afternoon Captain Forde and I disembarked, reaching Suez after an agreeable, though somewhat protracted sail. The fine range of Jebel Attâkah, the “mount of deliverance,” stood nobly up as the sun declined. It is with reference to it that Stanley says in a characteristic passage :—

“Most striking, too, it is to look on that mountain of Attâkah, and feel that on its northern and its southern extremity settle

the main differences which on so many like questions have divided the Church in after times.

"For the passage at its southern end are the local Arab traditions, the poetical interest of its scenery, the preconceived notions of one's childhood.

"For the passage at its northern end are the ancient traditions of the Septuagint, almost all the arguments founded on the text of the Bible itself, all the wishes to bring the events within our own understanding.

"It is remarkable that this event—almost the first in our religious history—should admit on the spot itself of both these constructions. But the mountain itself remains unchanged and certain—and so does the fact itself which it witnessed.

"Whether the Israelites passed over the shallow waters of Suez by the means and within the times which the narrative seems to imply, or whether they passed through a channel ten miles broad, with the waves on each side piled up to the height of 180 feet, there can be no doubt that they did pass over within sight of this mountain and this desert by a marvellous deliverance.

"The scene is not impressive in itself, and at Suez especially is matter-of-fact in the highest degree, and even at Ayun Mûsa is not amongst those grand frameworks, such as at Marathon and elsewhere correspond to the event which they have encompassed; in the very fact, however, there is something instructive—'a lesson' as the *Arabian Nights* say—to be graven on the understanding for such as would be admonished."

21. We transferred ourselves from Suez to Alexandria without seeing anything very novel. Up almost to Tel-el-Kebir, which has become historical since I was last in these regions, in 1875, nearly all was desert. After passing it we

got within the influence of the Nile, and soon crossed one of its branches.

I thought of the lines :—

“So the men change along my changeless stream,
And change their faiths ; but I yield all alike
Sweet water for their drinking, sweet as wine,
And pure sweet water for their lustral feasts,
For thirty generations of my corn
Outlast a generation of my men,
And thirty generations of my men
Outlast a generation of their gods.”

22. Re-read in Stanley's *Eastern Church* his lecture on St. Athanasius. I like more especially to recall, here in Alexandria, the story of the great deacon's playing at baptism on the seashore, his triumphal entry after the death of Constantine, the wild scene in the Church of St. Theonas on the night of 9th February, 358, when the Imperial soldiery broke in during the reading of the 136th psalm, the fact, of which Stanley seems to have no doubt, that Athanasius is, of all people, the dragon whom St. George is trampling down upon our sovereign, and the striking description by St. Basil of the old man standing on his lofty watch-tower of speculation, doubtless an allusion to the Pharos, overlooking the wide stormy ocean of controversy.

I re-read also the vigorous sketch of the moon-struck giant Arius, who was the incumbent of a parish here,

together with all the other notices in the book specially referring to the Egyptian Church.

23. Detained till this morning in Alexandria, thanks to the delay of the steamer by which we desired to reach the Syrian coast, we spent our time chiefly in taking a general view of the city, which has greatly improved since I first saw it in 1873. We drove likewise to Ras-et-tin to see the effect on the works there of those warlike operations, with regard to which a leading member of the second Gladstone administration is said to have observed, "At length we appear to have done something popular!"

The sketch of the history of Alexandria in *Murray* is good, but I feel the want of an *aide-mémoire* of a different kind, which should recall whatever I most wish to remember in this place, from the day when its site first caught the eye of the great genius, so infelicitously, or at least so imperfectly, described as "Macedonia's madman," down to the Arab conquest.

It might be worth while to draw one up, but it would require more leisure and access to books than a traveller can command. There would be Alexander's two visits, the last after his death in Babylon, the Septuagint, the Greek-Jewish literature rising so high and sinking so low in the Apocrypha, the so-called Sibylline books, Philo, the purely Greek writers whether scholars, poets, commentators or philosophers, the first Cæsar, Anthony, Cleopatra and her

wonderful fascination so little explained by her coins. Lastly would come the Christian period, historical and legendary, Apollos, St. Mark, St. Catherine, the tragedy of Hypatia, with so much else.

We left Alexandria harbour about noon. As we glided along over a glassy sea, Captain Forde read to me a story to the effect that Napoleon, when remonstrated with for exposing himself to capture by the Mamelukes near Damanhur, which we passed on the 21st, had said, "Il n'est pas écrit là haut que je doive jamais être prisonnier des Mamelouks—prisonnier des Anglais—à la bonne heure!"

Is that a pearl or a mock pearl of history?

24. It was soon after 10 o'clock that I first caught sight of the hills of Palestine. As we advanced they grew very clear; by 1 P.M. I could trace them as far as Carmel to the northward, and far, though not nearly so far, to the south. These hills are nearly all inland; the coast is covered with sand dunes, between which and the high country is the broad level known as the Shephelah.

An unusually fine day made landing at Jaffa exceptionally easy. If we had no vision of Andromeda, at least the sea-monster was equally absent. We took the house of Simon the tanner on the way to the hotel. The view from the flat roof of the modern building which is said to occupy its site is noble, and quite worthy of the associations which attach to the spot—associations of tolerance and Catholicity. It

is strange that the tale of Jonah should likewise inculcate tolerance, or a sentiment akin to it. Strange, too, is it that he had likewise his sea-monster, though how far it lived from Jaffa, whence he set sail, we are not informed.

We got off in the early afternoon, and took some time to disengage ourselves from the orange gardens which surround the town, and do much to keep up its reputation for the beauty (Yafo) to which it is said to owe its name.

Near their outer edge we passed a Turkish tomb, which marks the traditional site of the house of the lady who has come down to us only, as it would seem, by her pet name "The Gazelle" (for that is the meaning of Dorcas, as of Tabitha), the spiritual ancestress of Nathalie Narischkin and of so many more.

Then we emerged on the plain of Sharon and the great cornfields of the Philistines, to see ere long Bet-dejan, the house of Dagon, a very natural god for a sea-faring nation, and such they must surely have been, though we hear nothing of their exploits. They seem to have come from the West, some say Crete, some Asia Minor, and to have driven out the Avites, whose name is interpreted the "dwellers amongst ruins"—a glimpse that, as Stanley well remarks, into a very vast antiquity!

The relations of the Israelites with the Philistines were those which have subsisted between all Highlanders and all

Lowlanders. The Samsons of every land and age consider it their duty

"To spoil the spoiler as they may,
And from the robber rend the prey."

His story is with us a good deal on this drive. A small village to the left of the road does duty for Timnath, and in the gloaming, the jackals, descendants of his three hundred foxes, began their chorus, made agreeable to me by pleasant Indian memories.

It was too dark for my eyes to distinguish the Church of St. George, the patron of my late Government, rising amidst the olive groves of Lydda, but I duly paid my respects to his memory (for he is said to have been born there), as well as to St. Peter's travels through this district, described in the Acts.

It was night before we stopped at the inn of Ramleh, a small town or village which can hardly claim any great antiquity, but which figures in crusading history.

Christmas Day. We left Ramleh soon after seven, and moved on slowly towards the hills, which we reached in about three hours, passing, soon after we started, at some distance on the left, the village of Gimzo. Soon a sharp descent took us into the long shallow valley of Ajalon.

To the north, at the far end of the valley, rose the steep hills of Benjamin, with Bethhoron on their summit.

Latroun, the crusading "Castellum boni latronis," did not

detain us, but the horses had to be rested, and I gave the time thus thrown on our hands to plant-hunting, with scant results, for the time of flowers in this emphatically flowery land is not yet.

A long and very dreary pull, in the course of which we had to shut the carriage against the too fierce rays of the sun, brought us to a hill, on the side of which stood, as is believed, Kirjath-jearim.

Another hour of slow progression over an execrable road found us not much below the level of Mizpeh, "the watch tower," to which the ground to the left very slowly sloped up; then came an abrupt descent to Kolonieh, which disputes with Amwas, near Latroun, the name and fame of Emmaus. To the right from this, encompassed by a good deal of cultivated ground, is Ain-karim, which some say was the birthplace of John the Baptist, and on the hillsides above it, ruled, so to speak, with long lines of limestone, David may or may not have fed his sheep.

When another exceptionally rough bit had been surmounted by our gallant little horses, who never jibbed once, we caught sight of the suburbs of the Holy City, and I re-read the famous, but, after all, not really very striking description, which Tasso has given of the effects of the first view of Jerusalem upon the crusading army. I had it copied at York House, and sent to me for this special occasion.

31. At our hotel on the top of Mount Zion—looking out on the Castle of David.

I have now seen all the most important things. It would be idle to enumerate them, still more so to epitomise, in these pages, our excellent guidebooks. I will only put down a few notes.

The walk round the walls, which we took on the 26th, was very instructive, especially when supplemented by going down the valley of Hinnom and up that of Jehoshaphat, which we did on the 27th. It showed one how small the place was, even in its greatest days. Josephus says that 1,100,000 perished in the final siege. Did 40,000? It is the fashion, even for sensible people, to write about all these countries and their history in superlatives, which, when read on the spot, seem ludicrously inappropriate. The glory of Solomon was very relative.

The Haram or Temple area is now easily accessible. This is a great blessing, for it repays a visit as well as any space of similar extent in the world. Over its details the antiquarians fight like demons. Let them!—all is clear enough for the purposes of those whose ambition does not soar above understanding its general history. No one had ever made me comprehend the charm or impressiveness of the so-called Mosque of Omar. That it was beautiful outside I knew, but that it was lovely inside I did not know. Yet the mosaics, and the gilding, and

the exquisite patterns, geometrical or other, and the darkness, and the stained glass, and the perfect calm which reigns, put it high amongst the sanctuaries of the world. It is not really a mosque, but a station on the way to El Aksa.

The sacred rock in the centre, whose great extent took me also by surprise, is, so far as I am aware, a unique feature. There is, at least, nothing which remotely resembles it in any religious edifice known to me.

El Aksa, the great mosque in the Temple area, is also noble; but noble as a church which, in spite of gainsayers, it surely must have been. The site of the Court of the Gentiles, of Solomon's Porch, of the inner courts, and of the Holy of Holies can be, within certain limits, fairly made out. Some of the foundations, which we went underground to inspect, may well have belonged to Solomon's constructions.

The last feeling which would occur to my mind, in examining the place where the successive temples stood, would be regret for their disappearance, save only when considered as curious historical monuments. Doubtless, the Jewish ritual was a vast improvement on the hideous customs of their neighbours, into which they so often relapsed before the captivity. From the Moloch sacrifices in the very ordinary looking limestone depression of Hinnom—anything, by the way, but “a gloomy ravine”—

to the wholesale immolation of flocks and herds in the Temple, which was really a huge shambles, was no doubt a long step, but how far has its worship been left behind in the delicious Mosque of Omar, or hard by in the Church of the Ecce Homo, where, on the 26th, I heard the clear girl-voices sing: "Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi," and

"Tantum ergo sacramentum veneremur cernui
Et antiquum documentum novo cedat ritui."

I visited the Holy Sepulchre on the morning of the 26th, and have returned repeatedly since. I daresay a great many of the spots in it, to which peculiar reverence is paid, are apocryphal. A perfect Iliad of controversy rages round them; but

"God Almighty what *can* it matter?"

At least, they have been consecrated by the devotion of ages, and, if not the actual spots, they must be very near to them.

I saw nothing to offend my taste. The pilgrims outnumber the sightseers at this season so completely that the latter are hardly visible, and those of them I observed seemed very worthy people, seriously interested in what they were about. The contrasted multitudes of all nations and kindreds are a curious study. The man who kissed the slab of the Sepulchre, immediately before I did, was a typical Russian Moujik.

We seized the opportunity of a fine morning on the 28th to ascend the Mount of Olives. The view deserves all that has been said about it. On the west was the city—every building standing out clear in the crisp wintry air. Between it and us the Kidron should have been flowing, but the Kidron rarely flows to human eye. There is doubtless a current underground in wet weather. To the east I looked on the long wall of the Moab mountains, with the slight eminence, which is considered to be Nebo, breaking its flat surface. Nearer were the Jordan valley filled with mists which mimicked water, and the Dead Sea flashing in the early sun. These are well on to 4,000 feet below the point, where I stood on the minaret, close to the Church of the Ascension. To the north-west was Mizpeh, looking, when viewed from this point, much liker “a watch tower” than it did when we saw it the other day. So, also, was Beeroth, a city of the Gibeonites, and Ophrah. On the south the view extended to the hill known as the Frank Mountain, where Herod died, and to the ranges of upland behind which lies Hebron.

From the summit we descended on the little hamlet of Bethany, the home of Martha and Mary. Of course they show the house and much else that is fictitious, without, however, in any way diminishing the charm of the spot.

Thence the road of the triumphal entry brought us back to the city. About it there can, I apprehend, be little

doubt, and the place believed by Stanley to be that of the lamentation over Jerusalem can also, I think, be accepted as authentic.

The spot shown as Gethsemane may likewise be the real scene of the agony in the garden. The Franciscan, who opened the gate, gathered some sprigs of olive below the old trees, and gave them to us. These venerable witnesses must have seen the pilgrims of many hundred years, but there seems no reason whatever to believe that they are anything like as old as the days of Christ. That He must, however, have passed this spot again and again on His way to and from Bethany seems quite clear.

We went to Bethlehem early on the 29th, saw the Basilica of St. Helena, the oldest church I suppose outside the Catacombs, assisted at an Armenian service, characterised by rapid chanting and the constant shaking by one of the acolytes of a brazen instrument, which produced an effect like the tinkling of cymbals. We saw, too, all the grottoes, the traditional site of the manger, and many other things. St. Jerome certainly lived here, but if he translated the Scriptures in the chamber in which he lived, his eyes must have been very strangely constituted.

The fields of Boaz, the village of the shepherds, the scene of the appearance of the angels, are all localised. One overlooks the whole of them from the platform above

the Well of Bethlehem, the water of which David is said to have refused to drink and poured out as an offering.

Between Bethlehem and Jerusalem we passed the tomb of Rachel, quite possibly close to the real scene of her death, and both in going and returning I enjoyed the view from Mar Elias.

I have had here a few conversations, *e.g.* with our Consul, Mr. Moore, with the American Consul, Mr. Gilman, with Raouf Pasha who has governed Palestine for the last ten years, with the Patriarch of Jerusalem (Latin) Vincenzo Bracco, with His Beatitude the Greek Patriarch, and with the Syrian Bishop. I may note a happy phrase of the Governor's about the Ansariyeh, "Ils ont une Trinité; seulement ils ont changé le personnel."

With the Mother Superior of the branch of Nôtre Dame de Sion here, I talked of Alphonse Ratisbonne. She was with him when he died, and heard him say the night before, "Oui le 20 Janvier, Marie et la Croix, et maintenant la Croix avec Marie, mais bientôt plus de Croix et toujours Marie."

She gave me the *Bulletin of the Society* for June, 1884, which contains Alphonse Ratisbonne's own account of the occurrence which so completely altered his life, dated 12th April 1842. The story throws light upon many of the incidents which have most affected human destiny. It explains the genesis of not a few "miracles,"

for here is one as good as any recorded in history occurring amidst persons of great intelligence and supreme good faith—the very salt of the earth. The fact is that, given certain climates of opinion and combinations of circumstance, “miracles” spring up as naturally as April primroses in an English wood; but these climates and combinations are rarely found in circles where they come naturally under our observation.

Since arriving in Jerusalem I have read chiefly *Murray* and other guidebooks, all the portions of the Gospels which relate to the life of Christ in or near the city, as much of the Acts of the Apostles as is devoted to events occurring in this neighbourhood, and Stanley’s admirable chapter iii. in *Sinai and Palestine*.

I do not think that I have omitted visiting anything that I really cared about, though, of course, one might stay here for an indefinite time and find, if excavations were freely permitted, endless subjects of study.

I ought not to omit that I bought at a venture in a shop at Alexandria a novel, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, called *A Will and a Way*. It turned out to be the very book which, as previously mentioned in these pages, she told me that she had founded on *Une famille noble sous la Terreur*. We finished it last night. There could not have been a more appropriate piece of reading for a pilgrim to the Holy City when his day’s work of visiting places and comparing

authorities was done, for it is full of the quintessence of the religion which, to borrow a felicitous expression of Castelar's, was "evaporated by the ashes of Palestine."

After I had written the last words we said good-bye to the Greek Patriarch, who has been particularly friendly, and to the Turkish Governor, visited the wailing place of the Jews, had one more peculiarly beautiful view of the mountains of Moab, and went to a lovely Benediction at the Ecce Homo. "*O Salutaris*" replaced to-day "*Adeste fideles*," which we had on the 26th, and to which the time and place gave a special significance.

This done, we went out of St. Stephen's gate to see Olivet under the evening light, walking back around the walls with a perfectly cloudless sky, and lighted by the crescent moon.

As we reached the high ground, close to the Jaffa gate, the whole west was red with the recent sunset, and so farewell to 1886!

1887

January

1. WE were on the road betimes, bade adieu as we passed his house to Mr. Moore, the English Consul, and pushed on to the westward, seeing, before we left the high ground near the city, Rama and Michmash, neither of which I had observed as we came up.

On the frightful hill which leads down to Colonieh our driver lost control of his horses, which broke into a head-long gallop. For some few minutes we were in the most imminent danger of an accident which might easily have been fatal to all of us. As it was, they were pulled up at the beginning of the next ascent, no one being hurt except the dragoman, who jumped off, and had to be sent back to Jerusalem.

We were taken on by another carriage, and eventually reached Ramleh without further mischance. On the way I found in full bloom the curious Solanaceous plant *Mandragora officinalis*, the mandrake of fable, about which I

had a great curiosity, and met, near the gate of the hills, my old Balliol contemporary Ridding, who has now developed into the Bishop of Southwell. He was travelling with his wife, whom I had not before seen. I came across him last at the dinner which the Mayor of Winchester gave to Northbrook before he went out to India (*see* these Notes for 1872).

2. By breakfast time we were once more in Jaffa, and very pretty its oranges looked in the morning sun. Here I received some letters.

Dyer writes :—

“Of the *Sarcostemma* we have healthy young plants raised from seed sent by you in May last. I don’t for a moment believe that this was the Soma of the Vedas. I am very much disposed to think that the original Soma was nothing more or less than the grape.

“The *Gymnema*¹ still preserved its power of abolishing the sensation of sweetness. Michael Foster thinks that it would be of some interest to experiment with it physiologically.”

About noon we embarked on an Austrian Lloyd’s steamer, and were soon under way for Haifa. The sea was like glass—the view of the Mountains of Samaria all that could be wished. For the first two or three hours there was nothing on the coast to attract attention, but I remembered that some way inland lay Antipatris, to which St. Paul was taken from Jerusalem. The road by which he

¹ See these Notes for 14th November 1886.

went can still be traced. At length we came to the site of Cæsarea, a place full of memories. Not much beyond this the plain of Sharon comes to an end—a spur running down from Carmel, and leaving only a very narrow strip between it and the sea. Here is Tantûra, formerly Dor, and the most southern possession of the Phœnicians. Its capture is recorded by Ashmanezzer, the king of the Sidonians, in his grand epitaph, part of which is cited in the paper on Egypt in my *Miscellanies* (London, 1879).

We came up after dinner to see the light on the headland of Carmel, and to move slowly with a great sweep into the Bay of Acre, where we lay for some hours in communication with Haifa, bound for which place various passengers left us, one being a lady who knows Lawrence Oliphant intimately, and had much to tell me about him.

3. I went on deck at 4 A.M., with small result as far as the coast was concerned; but I was rewarded by the most glorious starlight—starlight like that which Renan describes at Ghazir in this neighbourhood, in his beautiful address to his sister Henriette.¹

It was broad daylight long before the sun came over the Lebanon range, and we opened the lovely Bay of Beyrout. I could see southward to about the neighbourhood of Sidon, and northward, to that of Tripoli. The Sannin, one

¹ This and Kinglake's reflections on the summit of the Lebanon were much with me during these days.

of the highest summits, was, thanks to the altogether exceptional fineness of the weather, almost the only one which was covered with snow.

Mr. Eyres, the Acting Consul-General, met us, and took us later in the day to call on Nachid Pasha, who is Governor of Syria, on Nassouhy Bey, who manages Beyrout itself, and on Wassa Pasha, who is the Albanian Governor of the Lebanon. The last-named we saw twice, once in his very pretty house in the town, and once in his still unfinished official residence at Bab-da on the slopes of "the mountain," which is the winter seat of his Government.

In the late afternoon I called on Dr. Post, an American botanist who resides here, and by him such of the plants I had found in Palestine as I had not recognised were determined.

4. I went again to see Dr. Post, who showed me part of his Syrian herbarium, amongst other things some remarkable *Astragali*. One strange plant with most ferocious spines was *A. Druzorum*. Another, whose spines were shorter, is called after the Maronites. The broad-leaved Liliaceous plant of the plain of Sharon is, Dr. Post tells me, the medicinal squill, now placed by botanists in another *genus*.

As we walked we gathered the extremely pretty *Anemone cærulea*. *Anemone coccinea* later so abundant, and thought by some to be the "lily of the field," I found sparingly on the

plains of Sharon. In the evening we embarked for Port Said.

5. I got up long before dawn to look at the coast, with the same fortune which I noted a day or two ago. We must have been off Sarepta, in the waters of which the morning star was brilliantly reflected. It was too dark to see any houses as we passed Tyre, but I saw well the Scala Tyrionum, and had a sort of bird's-eye view of all Phœnicia between it and the high land near Beyrout.

From the Scala Tyrionum we passed on to the roadstead at Haifa, seeing Acre hard by, and the snowy Hermon far, far away. Close to us, as I write, is the mouth of the Kishon, in front is the promontory of Carmel, while the little town, whose wants we are here to subserve, stands at or near the site of the Ecbatana, where Cambyses died. Some of the hills which I see in the east must be very near Nazareth.

I had intended to have landed to visit the monastery on Carmel, but I have injured a foot and cannot put it to the ground.

10. We lay for a good many hours on the 6th in the roads of Jaffa, and about half-past three bore off for Egypt. I was anxious to see Ascalon, whose high chivalric name has, since very early days, exerted a spell over my imagination, but our course took us too far out. Somewhere, however, near the southern end of the hills from

which we rapidly receded, must have stood the outpost of Blanchegarde.

By the evening of the 8th we were in Cairo, and I have already seen many people—amongst them Sir Evelyn Baring, who has presented me to the Khedive, to Mukhtar Pasha, and to Count Arco, Acton's brother-in-law, who is Consul-General for Germany in Egypt.

The Khedive is very pleasing, and gives the impression of being the right man for the present situation. A ruler of a more autocratic type would be quite out of place under existing circumstances. He spoke with enthusiasm of the orderly conduct of our troops, and was evidently most anxious to aid in the efforts now being made to make the access to Mecca less burdensome and dangerous to the pilgrims. Even the holy carpet now goes by water to Jidda—an arrangement in which His Highness rejoiced as at once economical and orthodox!

Mukhtar Pasha, the Turkish Commissioner, who forms a sort of Binity with Drummond Wolff, now absent in England, talked much of his campaigns in the Herzegovina, and praised the Montenegrins not a little, in spite of all the trouble they had given him.

I found Nubar looking older, but otherwise as of yore. He was full of the steady progress which the country is making.

11. I re-visited this morning the Boulak Museum, under

the guidance of Brugsch Bey, with whom I saw it in 1873.

There have been many changes since that time. Mariette is dead, and his monument stands close to the entrance. Four small Sphinxes, brought from the avenue which connected the Serapeum with the Apis tombs, appropriately lead up to it.

Then, too, although the general aspect of the rooms is but little changed, many new objects are shown. Most interesting of all are the mummies of the kings which were found so strangely in 1881. Hundreds of travellers had asked the question, "What has become of the bodies of those monarchs for whom the tombs were hollowed out in that never-to-be-forgotten valley near Thebes, and decorated with such minute long-continued care?"

Now at last we can answer that question.

When towards the close of the twentieth dynasty, the power of the Theban rulers had greatly declined, they could no longer pay the numerous guardians of the royal sepulchres. It became a regular practice to plunder them. A great personage of that age would appear to have withdrawn several of the mummies of the older kings from their graves, and concentrated them for safe custody. At a later period this practice was carried much further, and many mummies were hid away pell-mell in a place of concealment which has only recently, after many ages,

become known, first to modern thieves, and later to the proper authorities.

Our guide, who was sent up by the latter to examine this hiding-place, told me that when he found its vast importance, he was perfectly stupefied, and sat lost in bewilderment till the candle which he held burned down and reached his hand. Three or four august mummies, yes!—but thirty-five—that was too much!

Many of them have been opened since they were secured, and I have looked this day on the face of Rameses II.! I remarked that the features were curiously unlike those which one associates with him. “Yes,” said Brugsch Bey, “but you must remember that he lived to be very old—probably ninety-five—certainly not a day less than ninety!” The face is excessively sharp, the nose high. Some one who stood by me said that it was like¹ that of the Duke of Wellington—the vanquisher, by the way, of the modern Sesostris!

I said to Brugsch Bey that Mariette had told me that at any moment a papyrus might be discovered which would revolutionise all our ideas about Egyptian history. He seemed to think that this was quite true, but that nothing *had* been discovered which much altered the general view, as set forth in Mariette’s book, which I read in 1873, and

¹ Much liker that of the late Lord Halifax—as was remarked to me on the 15th.

followed in my paper on Egypt, reprinted in *Miscellanies, Political and Literary*.

I should like to have seen the face of Thothmes III., probably the greatest of the Pharaohs—a greater man than Rameses II.—but his mummy is in very bad preservation, and I could only see the case, itself a good deal injured.

Another feature in the Museum—new, I think, since I was here—is a collection of flowers and other parts of plants found with the mummies, and arranged by Schweinfurth. Side by side with the ancient are modern specimens prepared by the same hand. Only a few are exhibited, lest the light should injure them ; but I suppose they may boast at Boulak the possession of incomparably the oldest herbarium in the world.

It appears that some of the kings of the Theban dynasties had a great turn for acclimatisation.

I asked Brugsch Bey if anything more had lately been discovered about the Hyksos. Nothing, it would seem ; they are still as great an enigma as ever. There sat the statues of some of them, with their high, perhaps Mongolian, cheek-bones ; but there is not a word on the stones to explain whence they came or whither they went.

Several wooden plaques carved in relief, and which I do not remember seeing in 1873, were, in the opinion of Brugsch Bey, the oldest monuments of Egypt.

I saw once more the fine Diorite statue of Cephrenes,

and the little wooden statuette of the village-head, with much else.

The Bishop of Southwell mentioned at dinner that a great ecclesiastic, who was lately in these regions, had two peculiarities. (a) He believed that celibacy was much preferable to marriage; (b) he considered it right to give far larger presents, whilst travelling, than is at all usual.

Acting on this last idea, he gave a considerable sum to his dragoman. The next day the man came to him and said: "How can I thank you enough, sir! Your generosity has enabled me to do what I had long desired. I have taken a second wife!"

12. Drove out to have another look at the Pyramids, but, resting on my laurels of 1873, I neither climbed nor entered.

The only change I observed was the excavation around the Sphinx, which has been most successful. The glorious creature has gained immensely in majesty since its really divine, albeit restored, paws were displayed. I repeated in its presence Kinglake's sublime description, now truer, if possible, than ever.

13. I saw at Sir Evelyn Baring's this evening a letter written in 1700 by Lawrence Hyde, who was one of the owners of York House, and a bill for 11,000 rupees drawn by Moorcroft, the traveller, which was duly paid as a matter of policy in Northbrook's viceroyalty, about half a century after it was drawn.

15. I continue to receive a variety of letters about my *Minute*, but the Madras part of my life has, for the present, floated so far away, that I make no extracts with the exception of the following, which contains a remarkable quotation new to me. I say Amen to its first clause, though for quite other reasons :—

“In reading Cicero’s letters lately,” writes Charles Norton, “I came on a passage that seemed to express well enough the feeling which must often have been familiar to you during recent months: ‘Mirum me desiderium tenet urbis; vel quia videmur eam famam consecuti, ut non tam accessio quærenda, quam fortuna metuenda sit; vel quia totum negotium non est dignum viribus nostris, qui majora onera in republicâ sustinere et possim, et soleam.’ I met with these words just after reading your long and interesting Review of the work designed and accomplished by you during the past five years in Madras. The retrospect of so much good done must be pleasant to you.”

16. Very early to the Coptic Church, a large and handsome building. I noticed especially the turbaned heads, bare feet, and prostrations before the iconostasis, just like those of Muhammedan devotion. The elaborate dresses and procession round the altar of the choir-children gave them the appearance of priests.

I did not record that I visited at Jerusalem the Abyssinian Monastery, which is in close proximity to that of the Copts, near the Holy Sepulchre. Its inmates were of a type very near that of the negro.

The chapel was extremely rude, and the Holy of Holies

acteristic Sicilian plant which J. S. Mill was the first to mention to me.

Pictures and books had not prepared me for the magnificence of the view which burst upon the eye when the summit was gained. The city, the Great Harbour, and the coast towards Cape Passaro were much what I had expected, and the rugged hills of Hybla are not particularly attractive; but Etna, from this point and at this season, when its upper half is covered with snow, is indescribably grand.

At my feet lay the camp of Marcellus, on the right Thapsus, the site of Megara, and near it the modern Agosta. To the left of Etna, and also in snow, was a portion of the rugged Nebrobian range.

The fortress of Euryālus, about which I know scandalously little, not even how much *is* accurately known, struck me extremely. Is there anywhere as complete a specimen of Greek fortification?

We returned nearly to the city by the road which we followed in the morning, and then struck to the left to visit the Greek theatre. If my memory does not deceive me, it is more complete than those I remember at Segesta, at Athens, and at Ephesus. In one place is inscribed the name of that Queen Philistis, whose lovely coin is so well known.

The fountain of Arethusa agreeably surprised me. I

expected to find women washing clothes in it, but it is now defended by a railing, and looked after apparently with some care, much to the disgust of our guide, who, in denouncing these innovations, almost translated without knowing it, Juvenal's indignant lines about the Fountain of Egeria.

I tried, at the principal book shop of the place, to buy either an Italian translation or the original of *Thucydides* and *Theocritus*, but in vain. The shelves were fairly stocked with educational and other books. I bought a *Selection from the Decameron, for the Use of Schools!* and read *inter alia* the story of the three rings—the germ of *Nathan der Weise*.

I had forgotten, or had never known, that Boccaccio's famous book begins with a conversation in the Church of Santa Maria Novella of which I am so fond.

23. We drove in the forenoon to the bank of the Anapus, which is about the size of the Cherwell at Oxford, and embarking on its waters, made our way up to its junction with the Cyane. That stream we followed to its source—a clear pool some 30 feet deep. On either side were perfect thickets of the world-famed papyrus, which extinct, as I believe, in Egypt, grows here with the utmost luxuriance. The average height might be about 12 feet, and the plants were splendidly luxuriant. We were told that in the hot weather they look even happier than they do now.

24. This morning, after a visit to the Catacombs and to a subterranean church which local tradition connects with St. Paul, I went to the Library, where, strange to say, they had no copy of *Thucydides* in the original, but two of Laurentius Valla's sixteenth-century translation.

In one of them I read the tragic end of the Athenian expedition, and then turned to the idyll of *Theocritus*, which records the doings and sayings of the Syracusan women in Alexandria, on which I was engaged when the time for closing came. The edition was one by Warton, Oxford, 1770, handsomely printed without accents.

Thence I went to the Museum, where I thought the headless Landolina Venus who has, amidst other sorrows, lost her right arm, nevertheless extremely lovely.

In addition to those I have mentioned, I have seen of course the regulation sights of this most interesting place—the Latomiæ, the Amphitheatre, the so-called Ear of Dionysius, the Garden of Baron Targia, the Cathedral, and what not? Everywhere there is beauty—a beauty which the orange and lemon groves, now loaded with their fruit, do much to enhance.

26. From Syracuse we moved northward with a veiled sky and little to interest, save that at the station of Lentini I found that an old friend was our fellow-passenger, bound for Marseilles and England. I had not seen him since he went abroad several years before I

went to Madras. Now his talk was almost entirely of the spread of Socialism in Scotland, a subject of which no mortal spoke when we last saw each other.

I stopped at Aci Reale, but here there is only a blank to be recorded, for the afternoon was raw, the great hotel, whose fame had lured us thither, was closed for the winter, St. Venus was asleep and unseen amid the baths which bear her name, and Acis was prosaically engaged in turning a mill at the bottom of the huge precipice, which was formed in long past days by a mighty flood of lava descending from Etna to the sea.

A few hours ago we came to the place where I am now writing, the well-named Hotel Bellevue at Taormina, whither we have just returned from the theatre, having thus accomplished the second of the two objects which brought me back to Sicily.

The view looking northwards towards Messina and across to Italy was well seen, for the near sea was very blue, the Sicilian coast was in sunshine, while the mists which lay tolerably thick in the Faro and more thinly veiled the Italian coast, did no harm.

On the other hand, the view towards the south, although beautiful, was nothing like what it ought to have been. Etna was swathed in a mighty pall of darkish cloud, whereas, under favourable circumstances, it must present much the same appearance as it did the other day from

Epipolæ, when it showed itself absolutely clear from base to summit.

The advanced guard, towards the east, of the vapours, which robbed us of the great volcano, threw a dark shade over the promontory, where once stood Naxos, and made even the sea grey rather than blue.

The theatre itself was adapted at various periods to the widely dissimilar needs of both the Greek and Roman dramatist. The seats are not nearly so well preserved as those of the theatre at Syracuse, but the rest is in better order, and the whole is invested with infinitely more poetic beauty. My thoughts turned to Stanley and to Newman as naturally as they did when I was thinking of this building thirty years ago.

I returned to the hotel, and was fortunate enough to find there a copy of Goethe's *Italienische Reise* in which I re-read the account of his visit to Taormina. It was in trying to make a short cut from the theatre that he learned what the cows along the Madras railway have learned by similar experience—the formidable power of *Agave Americana* in its capacity of hedge plant, and it was at the foot of this hill, in or near Giardini, that he began to dream of dramatising the *Odyssey*.

27. I returned to the theatre this morning at daybreak, but the sun rose in mists and the sea was dark. The snow was, however, distinctly visible on the Calabrian mountains.

Etna was almost free from cloud, the summit quite so, and a little smoke was issuing from the crater.

Once more I went back, just before our departure. Light clouds lay here and there on Etna, but had vanished from the east, so that the sea was nearly right. I could have wished it and the sky of a rather deeper blue, but on the whole I have seen the great, the probably unsurpassed, view, to very fair advantage.

29. From Taormina we made our way by Messina to Reggio. I saw by the side of the railway, as we travelled towards the first of these places, the golden-appled Solanum, which Goethe noticed near the same spot.

At the station of Reggio we returned to civilisation and traversed the 436 miles between it and Naples in a well-appointed Pullman car.

The first twelve hours were dark except in so far as a young moon gave us a little light just at the outset. The journey was, nevertheless, instructive, obliging me, as it did, to learn some new and re-learn some half-forgotten geography. The line avoids the rugged mass of Aspromonte by hugging the coast, passes by Gerace in the land of the Epizephyrian Locrians, now famous for an excellent sweet wine, the Greco, which we tried at dinner. A little further on we must have crossed the Alaro, probably the ancient Sagras, where a small Locrian force defeated an over-

whelming Crotonian one. The last station I heard called before going to sleep was Monasterace.

Then came, but unseen by me, the three Iapygian promontories, and further on that of Juno Lacinia, the site of Crotona and the Esarus, on whose banks Murray says that the sweet pea grows wild. In this part of its course the railway sweeps round the Sila, as further south it avoids the Aspromonte.

I was awake at Cariati, and not much again till, just before dawn, we got to Metaponto.

We had hardly left that place when it became broad daylight, but the scene was a dreary one, miles and miles of a long valley whose torrent-scarred sides told of the maddest denudation. At length the valley assumed something of the character of a ravine, and there were one or two bits which were almost picturesque before Potenza was gained—a large, strikingly situated place suggesting its name.

Soon after it was passed the streams began to flow to the Tyrrhene Sea, and there was a great deal as well of fine scenery as of most costly railway work. Ere Eboli was reached the grand snowy range of the Alburnus was splendidly seen, and at length we came down upon Salerno.

From that town all was pretty familiar, and the weather presented a most agreeable contrast to that which I experienced when I was last in the neighbourhood of Amalfi. La

Cava looked beautiful enough to be in harmony with the beauty which it saw called into life.¹

At last came Napoli and the Hotel Bristol, new since I was last here.

30. A most lovely morning of which I took advantage once more to ascend the Vomero.² The old landmarks were easily found—the Villa Trecase now Salve, the Church of the Benediction, the Gates of the Belvidere and the Floridiana, but great building operations were going on; much of the Pietracatella ground was covered with huge new constructions, and the villa itself, turned into a restaurant, is destined ere long to disappear. Most of the walls which bordered the “petite ruelle” have been pulled down, but I gathered some ivy from a fragment of them. No eye will ever again see that spot exactly as it was in 1835 or 1875.

Thence I descended by a magnificent road, one turn of which commands exactly the view which was seen from the Trecase terrace, and driving along the level ground at the bottom of the hill, went to look at the tomb of Virgil, which I cannot remember having seen in 1851.

Later in the day I visited the Marine Station, and looked through its exquisite tanks, bought, too, the very instructive “Guide.” Then following the road which runs along the

¹ Much of the *Récit d'une Sœur* was written there.

² See my *Notes from a Diary* for 1875.

east side of the garden of the Palais Acton, which must have been that whence Alexandrine looked out upon it, I reached the Church of Santa Maria in Portico, where I sat long.

Thence I returned to the Bristol, read in the face of the "vue à nulle autre pareille," which my admirable room commanded, the letters of 1840, and turned over the pages of the copy of Cardinal Bona's book (*see* these Notes for 1882) which Alexandrine used on her last visit to Naples.

In the drawing-room after dinner a lady, whom I had never seen, came up, and, addressing me in German, showed an amount of knowledge of my family and affairs which was very surprising, but explained by her being a daughter of the house of Stein. She remarked *inter alia* that she was, "*like me*," a Katzenfreund! I gave an account of this to the Duchesse Ravaschieri (*see* these Notes for November, 1875), to whom I went immediately afterwards. She said: "C'est un intrigue de bal masqué. Elle connaissait même vos faiblesses félines!"

On the walls of the room in which I sat with Madame Ravaschieri was a head of her daughter Lina, to whom Mrs Craven was so much attached, and in memory of whom was founded the hospital for children, which was almost the first object on which my eye fell when I went out to walk yesterday afternoon.

The city is vastly improved since I visited it eleven years ago, though there is still much to amend.

February.

1. We left Naples yesterday and came in some six hours to Rome. On the way to Caserta I found myself, for the first time since the winter of 1880-81, amongst leafless trees. In Sicily the evergreen orange and lemon gardens alone attracted the eye. The weather continued lovely, though it was hardly such a typical Italian day as that on which I traversed the same route in December 1875. If an opportunity ever occurs of doing so under favourable circumstances, I must see Isola di Sora and the falls of the Liris. Marius, Cicero, Atticus, Silius Italicus, Martial, and the La Ferronays make "a strong combination" not easily resisted.

In the evening we went to a ball given by Sir John Lumley, who is now our Ambassador here (see these Notes for April, 1881). Few English, whom I know, seem to be in Rome, but I came, so to speak, just on the outposts of the friends whom I left in England.

To-day has gone largely in bringing up arrears of correspondence and other parts of the scaffolding of life, but I had a long and instructive conversation with Sir George Errington about things here and in Ireland.

2. The Purification. Early to St. Peter's, where there was a High Mass in the Capella del Coro.

I recalled to Mrs Maxwell Shaw Stewart, who was with me, the wonderfully happy phrase of Gerbet's, quoted by Eugénie in her letter of 4th November 1841: "Cette impression de *triomphe* en entrant dans l'admirable église."¹

In the early afternoon I went with Errington to Cardinal Howard, who took us to see his fine library, some 13,000 volumes, chiefly theology, and theology in many tongues, for he is the Mezzofanti of the Sacred College.

Later, under the same guidance, I went to Cardinal Czacki, and learned to appreciate the extraordinary brightness of his conversation.

3. The morning was given chiefly to the library of the Vatican, which we saw with Mr. Bliss, an Oxford convert, now working in the Archives here for our Record Commission.

In the Sacristy of St. Peters, I saw the office of St. George preceded by his life—a manuscript of the fourteenth century, with miniatures of quite surpassing loveliness. I note, more especially, one of Gregory the Great, with his white dove whispering to him. In the library I saw the Bible of the sixth century, and the famous palimpsest in which, under St. Augustine's *Commentary on the Psalms*, Cardinal Mai discovered "*Cicero de Republicâ*."

Opposite the ever delightful Nozze Aldobrandini I remarked a lovely little fresco from Ostia, found apparently

¹ *Récit d'une Sœur.*

in 1868—children worshipping a goddess. It was like a bit out of the first volume of *Marius the Epicurean*.

The famous Borgia rooms gave me little pleasure. The colouring is delicious, but as for seeing the figures by Pinturicchio and others on the ceiling, that, to me at least, was impossible.

4. I went this morning to see Monsignor Campbell, the head of the Scots College. He told me that the institution was founded by Clement VIII. (Aldobrandini), and migrated only about twenty years ago into its present quarters.

Our conversation turned chiefly upon the Catholic clergy in Scotland. When speaking of Blairs, he mentioned that almost all the documents connected with the earlier history of the college over which he presides had been sent thither for safe custody towards the end of the last century.

Later, Errington took me to see Monsignor Stonor, who received us in a room, whose chief ornament was a very charming picture of the Annunciation, in the manner of Fra Angelico.

In the afternoon I went to the Storys, where, amongst others, was Mme. Pantaleoni, now a widow. She told me the end of Minghetti, whose malady the Crown Princess had warned me to be incurable some time before I left Madras. On the last day on which he attended the chamber, he wrote a note to the President, begging that no formal notice should be taken of his death. He then went home to bed,

and in four days he was gone, thus dying in harness, and serving his country to the last. Some time before, when he was congratulated upon a great speech, he replied, "Yes, the brain is still alive ; but the body is dead."

At night we took advantage of a fine moon to visit the Coliseum. Much of the Arena has been dug up, and the substructions disclosed, by no means to the advantage of its picturesqueness.

On leaving the building I walked about half-way towards the Arch of Titus, and then turned to look at the gigantic edifice, more striking from this point than from the inside. Just at that moment a large dog, watch or other, bayed in the most approved manner, though not, I think, beyond the Tiber ; and

" More near from out the Cæsar's palace came
The owl's long cry."

Nothing could have been more *apropos*, and more by token it was the first owl that I had heard since I took leave of Athene Brama.

5. To-day I have nothing which I need record save a visit to Story's studio. In the course of conversation, while we were looking at a very realistic statue of Christ, the first stage of which he has just completed, he repeated a saying of Thorwaldsen's, not quite unfamiliar to me, but which had escaped my memory: "The clay is the life

of the statue, the plaster its death, the marble its resurrection."

6. Errington took me this afternoon to see Monsignor Jacobini, the working head of Propaganda under Cardinal Simeoni. The conversation beginning with India and the Goa business, about which I used to hear so much officially, wandered to Ireland, Malta, Gibraltar, Ontario, New York, Mauritius, the Punjâb, Australia, Abyssinia, Tunis and the Soudan—a curious illustration of the way in which the interests of the Roman Church touch, at innumerable points, those of other Governments.

From Propaganda I went to the Trinitá de Monti, arriving unluckily rather late, while they were singing the Litany of the Virgin, but found the service, as always, entrancing.

7. I went this morning to the Forum, to hear a lecture upon that memorable spot, the topography of which has been revolutionised since I first tried in 1851 to learn what was known about it. The lecturer was on the worst terms with the letter H, and his quantities were possessed with a devil; but he was highly intelligent, and told us a good deal that was interesting, though I daresay much that would require to be checked by more learned authority, if one had time to go through that process.

About two-thirds of the area have now been excavated. The Government has bought the mass of buildings standing

in a line with the Church of S. Adriano, which marks pretty well, I suppose, the site of the Senate House. These it will pull down, and ultimately clear the whole of the centre of the early life of Rome.

In the evening we dined with the Kennedys, a family party, to meet the Sermonetas. The Duke mentioned that in a book lately published, called *Cavour e Bismarck*, and which contains extracts from the speeches and writings of the two, Bismarck seemed to come out, much to his surprise, as the stronger intelligence. Cartwright, who was the only other guest, said that Cavour's reading, although pretty thorough upon some subjects, was very limited in range. He said he had hitherto looked in vain for anything from Cavour's hand which showed any knowledge of, or interest in Dante, or any other Italian poet. Byron and Lamartine seemed to be his chief poetical favourites.

When the rest of the party had gone to smoke I remained behind, and the conversation turning upon exile, I mentioned the curious fact which I do not recollect having elsewhere noted, that a daughter of Prince Troubetskoy, the Decabrist, had said to Mrs Craven at Naples: "Oui, Naples est bien belle mais ce n'est pas la Sibérie!"

Later, I went to the Prime Minister, Signor Depretis, whom I found overwhelmed with official business at 10 P.M.,

in a room adjoining his wife's salon, in which she was receiving a number of people, all men; and all, strange sight to my eyes, in morning dress. The only one to whom I was introduced was Signor Biancheri, the President of the Chamber, who asked me the population of Madras, and when I told him that it was over 31,000,000, was evidently much impressed with the fact that this, a mere province of our Empire, was larger than Italy.

8. I walked across Rome to the Lateran, but found myself, when I got upon the Coelian, in a quite new world. Tall ugly houses, like those in the suburbs of Paris, come close to the Scala Santa, and the *belle pelouse* of 1842 is now a bare open space on which recruits are drilled and rough-riders train horses.

“Das ist das Loos der Schönen auf der Erde.”

Of course it is all inevitable, and has its good side, but, for the present, things are too hideous.

Dined to-night with Cardinal Czacki. There were eight in all at a small round table, an admirable arrangement for conversation, but a tall candelabrum in the middle was an Amphitryonic error, and two youngish diplomatists, who flanked Errington on either side, were rather non-conductors. The others were Baron de Cetto, the Bavarian Minister, Monsignor Jacobini, our host, and Monsignor Galimberti, under-secretary to Cardinal Jacobini, whom I

have not seen, as he is very ill. The three last talked as much and as pleasantly as possible. Monsignor Jacobini knows a great deal more about Indian geography than most members of either House of Parliament in England. "You have, I suppose," I said to him, "a no less extensive acquaintance with South America." "No," he replied, "South America belongs to the domain of Monsignor Galimberti." "Yes," said the Cardinal, "these are *pays concordataires*."

One of the wines was a sweet one made, I think, on the estates of Prince Odescalchi in Syrmia, and just of the Cardinal's own age, as I understand, 52 or 53. But the chief stand-by was Chambertin, to which, however, one cannot give the credit of feeding the Cardinal's busy brain, for he is an invalid, and appears to drink no wine.

All the ecclesiastics talked with great admiration of the American bishops, who were, the Cardinal considered, much more men of the world, much more aware of the forces which are working in modern society, than most of their European brethren. They spoke with enthusiasm of the immense development which the Church is taking in the United States. "At the Council of Trent," said the Cardinal, "there were only four Bishops who spoke English. There are now three hundred."

He deplored to me the dearth of men in Italy, using one

most characteristic illustration: "If she had had but one man of real diplomatic genius, do not you think that there would have been ere this an agreement between her and the Pope?"

From the Palazzo Balestra, I went to the Sermonetas', where I remember going twenty years ago, when the old Duke, the Dantista, was alive. The principal receiving room is fine, and the *monde élégant* was well represented, though there were, I think, few people of any interest to a passing stranger.

9. A letter received this morning from Mrs. Craven in reply to several of mine, the last from Naples, made me feel, I think, more than anything else had done, that one is getting back to old haunts.

"Thanks," it said, "for the leaves gathered under the old olive trees. Thanks for the ivy leaf off the crumbling walls of the 'petite ruelle.' Thanks, in short, for that constant sympathy of yours which you are never tired of proving to me in every way."

A less agreeable reminder of my approach to northern climes was a smart fall of snow.

10. Snow continues—an unheard-of circumstance at Rome in recent times, but many people enjoy the novelty. One lady, who had rarely been north of Florence, told me that walking in the snow was to her like drinking a glass of champagne! As I was leaving Madame Minghetti's I

was introduced to a tall man of typically Teutonic aspect. It was Lembach the painter.

Thence, I went on to Cardinal Czacki. The conversation was, as a week ago, purely political, and I make no record of it, but I may cite a happy phrase used in speaking of the attitude of Mr. Gladstone towards the Roman Church: "Il a fait un abonnement à toutes les fautes possibles."

Dined with the Storys, meeting amongst others his son, who sculptured the beautiful "Fallen Angel," which I saw in his father's studio last week.

Our host mentioned that he had seen Landor immediately after Mrs Landor had expelled him from house and home. "It was," he added, "exactly Lear." After that, Landor seems to have lived a good deal under Story's roof. One day he came to his host chuckling over an epigram which he had just written against his wife. It ran as follows:—

"An angel from his paradise drove Adam:

From mine a devil drove me——Thank you, Madam."

Mrs Story reminded me of an excellent anecdote which had faded from my mind. An ultra-zealous Catholic once complained to Pio Nono of the too great favour which His Holiness seemed to show to Odo Russell, who had not the advantage of belonging to the true fold. "E vero," was

the prompt reply, "non è buon Cattolico ma è pessimo Protestante!"

12. Villa Montauto, Bellosguardo.

The cold accompanied us all the way to Florence, which we reached last night, but the sky had become clear. I am the guest of Mary, Lady Hobart, with whom I stayed at Guindy in 1875. See my *Notes of an Indian Journey*.¹ Mrs. Awdry, who left us at Ootacamund in June, 1885, is also here, as well as Lady Vere Hobart, whose brother, the Earl of Buckinghamshire, is now owner of Hampden.

The house commands a noble view of the Val d'Arno, a view which first met my eyes as very early in the morning I descended the hill on my way to Santa Maria Novella.

The black sarcophagus and the group above it, representing the Madonna surrounded by angels, were easily found. They are behind the altar in the first chapel on the right of the high altar, and were placed there in remembrance of Filippo Strozzi, who built the well-known Strozzi Palace. Benedetto da Majano was the sculptor.²

From Santa Maria Novella I went to San Gaetano, and then returned to the Villa Montauto. Later in the day I visited Baroness Octavie von Stein-Nordheim, the sister of the German lady who addressed me at the Bristol in Naples ;

¹ London, 1876.

² See the letter addressed by Albert to Montalembert, *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. i.

saw San Spirito and the Spanish chapel in Santa Maria Novella—going on thence to an afternoon gathering at the house of Miss Bowyer, a friend of Lady Hobart's, who lives in the Pazzi Palace.

The villa in which I am writing suggested to Hawthorne the idea of Monte Beni, and much of the *Marble Faun* was written in it. I re-read many pages of that pleasant book this afternoon.

13. At a very early hour I again descended the hill to ask for Lacaita, who is living in Florence in bad health, re-visiting afterwards the Loggia de Lanzi, the square of the Palazzo Vecchio, and the Duomo.

As I walked up its nave a sound as of many waters came from the furthest part of the building. It turned out to be nothing more than the echoes of a very foolish sermon, but the reverberation made it almost sublime until the words could be distinguished.

In the afternoon I went with a letter of introduction from Monsignor Jacobini, to visit the General of the Jesuits, a personage whom I have been most curious to see ever since I read *Ranke's History of the Popes* when I was a boy at school.

I waited for some time in a room which commanded a view of the Arno "stealing through its long reaches to the sea." On the walls I observed portraits of five members of the Order who were murdered in Paris in May,

1871. One of them, Father Ducoudray, had a very noble face, on which a tragic end seemed to be written. At last Father Anderledy appeared and took me into another room, where we had a pleasant talk. I was glad to be able to tell him how agreeable had been my relations with his order in the Madras Presidency, and mentioned Odo Russell's saying about the perfect organisation for their respective ends of the Prussian army and the Society of Jesus. "Ah," he replied, "*we* fail in many things in which we should like to succeed."

The General is not himself a German, as I had supposed, but a Swiss from the Valais, the first of his countrymen who ever held the great office which has fallen to his lot. Most Generals, he said, had been Italians, Spaniards coming next. Another topic was the appointment recently made in room of Bishop Meurin, of Bombay, and which would have been given to Father Kerr (see these Notes for February, 1884) if his health had permitted it.

15. The Carmine and San Spirito took the first hours of my morning, and after breakfast I climbed the tower of this villa. The view is the one described by Hawthorne in the following paragraphs :—

"It seems as if all Italy lay under our eyes in this one picture. For there is the broad sunny smile of God, which

we fancy to be spread over this favoured land, more abundantly than on other regions, and beneath it glows a most rich and varied fertility. The trim vineyards are there, and the fig-trees, and the mulberries and the smoky-hued tracts of the olive orchards; there, too, are fields of every kind of grain, among which waves the Indian corn. White villas, grey convents, church spires, villages, towns, each with its battlemented walls and towered gateway, are scattered upon this spacious map; a river gleams across it, and lakes open their blue eyes in its face, reflecting heaven, lest mortals should forget that better land when they behold the earth so beautiful.

“What makes the valley look still wider is the two or three varieties of weather often visible on its surface, all at the same instant of time. Here lies the quiet sunshine; there fall the great patches of ominous shadow from the clouds; and behind them, like a giant of league-long strides, comes hurrying the thunderstorm, which has already swept midway across the plain. In the rear of the approaching tempest brightens forth again the sunny splendour, which its progress has darkened with so terrible a form.

“All around this majestic landscape the bald-peaked or forest-crowned mountains descend boldly upon the plain. On many of their spurs and midway declivities, and even on their summits, stand cities, some of them famous of old; for these have been the seats and nurseries of early art, where the flower of beauty has sprung out of a rocky soil, and in a high, keen atmosphere, when the richest and most sheltered gardens failed to nourish it.”

Later I went to see Lacaita, whom I found sadly changed in body, but with his mind as clear as ever. He could only speak in a whisper, and communicated with me almost en-

tirely by writing. In the course of our exchange of ideas, he wrote with reference to Gladstone:—

—————"Longius ævum
Destruit ingentes animos, et vita superstes
Imperio."

After leaving him I went to San Marco and to the Uffizzi, where I visited all my old friends, not forgetting the delightful Flora of Titian, of which I bought a copy when last at Florence, nor Giorgione's portrait with the white cross on the black dress, nor Morone's picture which bears the inscription, "Et quid volo nisi ut ardeat?"

In the afternoon, Mrs. Hume, who lives near Lynton in Devonshire, but has been for many years on the continent, gave me a very interesting account of the benevolent labours as an oculist of the brother of the Empress of Austria. She spoke, too, of Mary Howitt, still, it appears, alive and full of interest in life, at the age of eighty-seven. The excellent old lady, who should be held in everlasting remembrance, if it were for nothing but having written the story of the *Grey Squirrels*, the prettiest poem in the quite charming collection of which it forms a part, began life as a Quaker, but has, it appears, become a Catholic.

16. At 8 A.M. I went down to Or San Michéle, returning to the Porta Romana by the lovely drive along the Colli—one of the greatest improvements made during my time in any European city. I forgot to mention that I recently

walked along the road which, in imitation thereof, the Romans are making from near the Acqua Paola to behind San Onofrio. I saw it by an almost full moon, aided by the remains of a fine sunset, and thought it very noble.

My driver to-day, pointing out the Cascine, added: "Dove il Principe Indiano era bruciato." This was my old acquaintance, the Raja of Kolapore (see these Notes or 1870).

17. I left Villa Montauto at seven this morning, and, lingering for a moment in Santa Maria Novella, passed on to the station, making my way thence over familiar ground to Ventimiglia.

Here we were met by Mr. Thomas Hanbury, and taken to the Palazzo Orengo, mentioned several times in the Indian volumes of these Notes, but never before beheld by me.

19. Yesterday the sky was veiled, so that I did not see this marvellously beautiful spot to much advantage. To-day sky and sea are alike exquisitely blue.

The house stands below the Corniche, and above the old Roman road constructed B.C. 13, which ran along the Ligurian coast from Nice to Albenga. It belonged to the Orengo family, but, having been bought some twenty years ago by its present owner, is now a perfect combination of an Italian villa and a well-appointed English mansion.

The property shows what can be done on a favoured portion of the basin of the Mediterranean by a resident proprietor possessed of large means.

The distinctive feature of the place is of course the garden. The inventory of the plants in flower in the month of January, 1887, is not quite so long as that alluded to in an earlier part of these Notes, still it amounts to between four and five hundred.

In the evening a short drive took me to Menton, and to the house of Mr. Andrews, who stayed with us at Guindy. At dinner we had Mr. Brian Hodgson, whom I saw when I was at the India Office. He is now eighty-seven, and his mind is going, but he will long remain an interesting figure as having been, so far as the modern world is concerned, the "Inventor" of Buddha. Other guests were Madame Lucien de la Rive and her husband, she the daughter of Edmond Scherer, he the youngest son of the De la Rive mentioned in the first volume of these Notes, who came to London about the Chablais and Faucigny business. From both I picked up something about old acquaintances in Geneva and elsewhere.

A very intelligent Madame de Türrckheim with her daughter was also of the party, the latter being the great-grand-daughter of Goethe's Lili. Madame de Türrckheim described one of the calamities from which Europe is now suffering extremely well when she said, *à propos* of a

remark made to me by Karl Marx, which I quoted to her :
"Anyhow, the *demigods* are too old!"

The daughter mentioned that from their home among the Vosges they could see two hundred villages.

21. Ran through, yesterday and to-day, a delightful little sketch of the Riviera vegetation, called *An Easter Holiday in Liguria*, written by Professor Flückiger at the Palazzo Orenco in 1876. It is a perfect model of a style of writing, at once scientific and thoroughly popular. Speaking of the *Eucalyptus*, Professor Flückiger says that *E. amygdalina* is the species that attains the greatest height—145 metres ; that is three metres higher than Strassburg Cathedral, and eight metres higher than the Great Pyramid in its present state. This is substantially the same fact which was stated to me by Lord Kimberley, when he said that a *Eucalyptus* had once fallen across a ravine, and broken off its top. The unbroken piece was as high as the Cathedral of Strassburg, and the tree, with the addition of its broken piece, must have been as high as that of Cologne.

Amongst other things interesting to me, I note that *Acacia Farnesiana* comes from the West Indies, and would appear to have been first naturalised in the Farnesian Garden at Rome.

Professor Flückiger asks, pertinently enough, why Pulque should not be obtained from the *Agave Americana* as well

on this coast as in Mexico? It contains about as much alcohol as good cider. I did not know that Charlemagne had been a member of the noble order of acclimatisers ; but it would seem that he directed the Rosemary, and a variety of other southern plants, to be tried in Germany in the year 812. It is curious to observe that he did not include the much more hardy Thyme, which grows well now as far north as Christiania. Its small size prevented its attracting attention until a later period. It seems that the Citrus family got its name from the accident that its smell appeared to the Romans to resemble that of the Citrina wood (*Callitris quadrivalvis*), which I have found wild in Algeria, and which was so highly prized by them.

In the afternoon I drove with Mr. Andrews to Monte Carlo, walked through the gambling rooms, along the beautiful terrace, and about the gardens, in which there are many fine plants. The Dillenaceous *Curatella* and the Amaryllidaceous *Pincenecticia*, both very striking objects, were surprises to me. I had never even heard their names.

From Monte Carlo we passed to Monaco, admired the view from the esplanade of the Palace, and returned to Menton, taking Cap Martin on our way.

I glanced later at the Pensées of M. L. de la Rive. I copy two :—"La vie à venir donne à la vie actuelle son importance et son peu de valeur," and "La plupart des découvertes consistent à dire : regardez !"

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26. From Menton I went, on the 22nd, to Cannes, where Acton had made all arrangements for our comfort at the Hotel de la Plage, providing even a supply of the newest literature, German and English. Under his wing we went to a ball at Mrs. Ussher's, where he acted as my nomenclator. Amongst people I had met before whom I saw there was Miss Dempster, who confirmed a statement, which I had seemed to remember in one of her novels, that the Russians had dedicated a march in the *Gazza Ladra* to the same purpose to which we apply the Dead March in *Saul*.

In the early morning of the 23rd occurred the earthquake, which is now filling the trains with refugees and the newspapers with telegrams. It was sufficiently alarming at Cannes, but must have been very much worse at Menton and elsewhere.

I spent most of the 23rd with the Mallets, who are at Grasse, and passed some time with Acton before I went to Marseilles on the 24th.

A long journey brought me from that place to Paris at an early hour to-day. Dinner in the restaurant attached to the train occupied just about the whole time between Dijon and Tonnerre. To pass from Tonnerre to Dijon involved, when I first travelled to Italy in 1850, a diligence journey of some sixteen hours.

I went early to the Renans, and sat long with them,

picking up many dropped stitches of knowledge about persons and things, although she was a most faithful correspondent while I was in India. At 12 I went to Mrs. Craven, and stayed some two hours, returning again to spend the evening with her. Some of the flowers I sent from the Palazzo Orenco were still in good preservation. I had not previously heard of the death of Robert de Mun, Eugénie's eldest son.

27. Finding Jules Simon just starting for the Senate, I went thither with him, and heard his ideas on the existing state of affairs. As we ascended the long stair of the Luxembourg he introduced me to a very old man, M. Carnot, as "*le fils de celui qui organisait la victoire!*"

In the library he called my attention to the fact that the books still wore the livery of the empire, and mentioned that when he lectured at the Sorbonne he had always opposite him a portrait of Louis Philippe, in which the figure of that monarch was represented as strangely slight. He asked the reason, and found that the head of the chief of the younger had replaced that of the chief of the elder branch, without any further change being thought necessary!

Hardly had the sitting commenced when the President, M. Le Royer, left the chair. My companion took advantage of this interval of business to point out to me some of his colleagues, among them M. de Freycinet, M. Berthelot, Marshal Canrobert, the Comte H. de Lur Saluces, happy in

the ownership of the Chateau Iquem vineyard ; M. Magnin, President of the Bank of France, and M. Denormandie, much connected with the affairs of the Orleans family.

Later I went again to the Renans, where the conversation ranged over a great variety of subjects—Madam Mohl, and the recent life of her, Dean Stanley, the Bishop of Durham's book on Clement of Rome, which Renan praised highly, Madame Adam, Gladstone, Acton, M. Foucher de Careil. Gordon of Letterfourie, Brittany, Ireland, and what not.

Then I passed to the Taines, from whom I had much to ask about M. Bourget and M. Lemaitre, about Taine's own work and present mode of life, etc. He showed me a work just published by Boutmy on the English Constitution, and was very curious to know how it would strike me.

From Taine, who now lives in the Rue Cassette, No. 23, but whom I once visited in the rooms which Mrs. Craven now has, I went to St. Thomas de Villeneuve, and later in the afternoon to Nôtre Dame de Sion, which would have been as delightful as ever, had not a long-winded priest intercalated a sermon between the Office of the B.V.M. and the Benediction. An enchanting contralto was, I suppose, the English voice which was mentioned to me at Jerusalem.

I dined with Mrs. Craven, and remained till about ten. How little did I think, when I said good-bye to her in . 1881, that on my way home, after spending more than five

years at Madras, I should find her so little changed, and pass with her some six or seven hours of my two days in Paris!

28. I went between 7 and 8 o'clock to 69 Rue de Monceau, where Hübner is living—the visit which I had planned to him yesterday having been made impossible by the unconscionable sermon which I have mentioned above. It was too early an hour to expect to find any one but an Indian out of bed. I saw, however, the old Italian servant he had with him at Guindy, and heard some of his and his master's experiences in the Atlantic, when the ship in which he was took fire. This was on a voyage subsequent to that which the Baron recorded in *À travers l'Empire Britannique*.

As I crossed the Place de la Concorde on the way to my hotel, I repeated the lines which are often in my mind:—

“Oh! grey-headed column of Luxor!
Oh! ancient and eloquent stone!
That standest supreme in thy sadness
'Mid splendour and glare—but alone!
They brought thee with pomp and rejoicing
A trophy to pamper their fame;
With sound of the drum and the trumpet,
And salvoes, and shouts of acclaim:
Oh! preach to this change-loving people
From the depths of thy memories vast,
And, proud as they are of the present,
Tell them the past!”

The same good fortune which has attended me on every one of the voyages which I have made, since I went out of Bombay harbour, protected me across the Channel, and in eight hours from Paris I was at Charing Cross Station, where Arthur Russell, Arthur, Evelyn, and my wife met me. Soon after 7 P.M. she and I returned together to York House, which we had left together on the morning of 5th October 1881.

March.

3. To-day came a letter from Aberdare, full of gaiety. After giving some details about the condition into which he was thrown by his very serious gun accident in the autumn, he says :—

“Nevertheless that I may show you that I do not yield to useless depression—indeed, my spirits are excellent—I send you a Latin epigram, which I discharged against our friend John Ball, who had written to suggest to me that if I had sought my out-of-door pleasures among plants and flowers instead of in the pursuit of woodcocks, I should have escaped my misadventure. I wished to suggest to him that my pleasures were near at hand, while his involved great wanderings, incompatible with my mode of life. I think you will admit that I have shown some ingenuity in weaving into my hexameters

‘Strange names

Such as would make Quintilian stare and gasp.’

I am especially proud of my victory over Popocatapetl.”

The following is the epigram alluded to :—

“ In Johannem Ballum

¹ Botanistam Vagabundum.

Alpibus emensis currit Botanista per Andes

Quâque humeris cœli pondus grave sustinet Atlas ²

Carpathiumque legit per summa cacumina florem.

Quid memorem Libanum? Montes quid vos Scopulosi? ³

Omne solum erronei patria est gratissima Ballo!

Nec mora, nec requies! Petit ardens Dhawalagiri,

Nec metuet legum contemtores Garamantas! ⁴

Resplendens glacie Mons Cookius attrahet; et qui ⁵

Sopitos queritur Popocatapetlius ignes. ⁶

Lassatusque redit, necdum satius ad Anglos.”

Mr Hanbury writes :—

“ You must have come in for some of the earthquakes, I trust in a mitigated form; 6.25 A.M. on the 23rd was one of the worst moments of my life. I have felt many shocks both in China and Japan, but never anything approaching to this in intensity and violence. My bedroom was more injured than any other in the house, and I expected instant death from the falling of the heavy stone-vaulted roof. There are many cracks, but it did not give way. My wife was hardly better off in the room that adjoins it.

“ One can see the daylight through the ceiling of the Cardinal's room that you occupied, and I regret to tell you that

¹ Vocabulum à me audacter inventum, spreto Herbario.

² Travels in Morocco with Sir Joseph Hooker.

³ Rocky Mountains.

⁴ Touaregs, gens nefasta Africana.

⁵ Mount Cook in S. New Zealand, 13,000 feet high, of which the glaciers descend almost to the sea.

⁶ Popocatapetl, extinct volcano in Mexico, 17,000 feet high.

my large fresco on the ceiling of the top *salon* has a crack through the middle extending from end to end."

Le Pigautier has suffered, I hope, less ; but Mr. Andrews writes with reference to the appearance of Menton :—

"The result reminds me of Paris as I saw it after the siege, only nature has done the most damage."

4. Brandis, with reference to two papers of mine which appeared in January and February, writes from Bonn :—

"I read with real pleasure your two articles in the *Contemporary Review*, and I was glad that you had spoken out strongly. Articles like those by Mr. ——— do infinite harm. Here in Germany they are used to prove that the British policy in India is selfish, and does not promote the welfare of the people."

5. I went up to London to attend the Breakfast Club, which met at Pollock's. It was a horrible morning ; only Venables, Arthur Russell, and I appeared. Carlingford and Aberdare are ill, so, for the moment, is Trevelyan. Lansdowne, Dufferin, and Reay are ruling their great provinces ; Acton, in the South of France ; Henry Cowper, in Lincolnshire ; poor May's place is not yet filled up. That leaves Goschen, the only absentee without valid excuse, if indeed, in the present state of politics, his office is not excuse enough.

To the Athenæum, where I sat for three hours in talk with Humphry Ward, Rutson, Sir Thomas Wade, John Warren,

etc., etc., chiefly about politics and persons—not, accordingly, to be chronicled here.

I spoke to the last-mentioned of the strange habit which the late Khedive had, or has, of using the phrase, “Ceci et ça,” every second minute—a habit which has, to some extent, been inherited by his son, whose pet word is, however, “Chose.” Warren said: “I once knew an old country gentleman who had a trick of the same kind. His phrase, however, was ‘Little dogs, little dogs,’ which he repeated incessantly, sometimes insulting thereby such of his hearers as were not prepared for this remarkable peculiarity.”

At the Athenæum I received some letters, amongst them one from George de Bunsen’s eldest daughter, whom I left at the Palazzo Oregio. She writes under date of 11.30 P.M. on the night of the 24th:—

“I think you will like to know how La Mortola fared in those dreadful thirty seconds. At least reflection tells me that they were dreadful, for I must confess that they did not reach my ideal of a soon-to-be-historic earthquake. The marble terrace has rents, the fresco is cracked through, and every ceiling more or less crumbling; and in my cottage the plaster came down everywhere, except on my pillow. The garden and the country are so lovely and quiet, that the continual trembling, which is becoming *very* monotonous, does not sufficiently make me realise what has passed, and what unfortunately is still passing round one. But Menton helped to open one’s eyes; families sitting stolidly in the streets, with their mattresses and bedding,

as if awaiting judgment ; others flying about and packing ; every hotel garden with the *table d'hôte* tables spread out under the orange trees, and every conceivable tent or semblance of a tent run up for the night. On the shore children bedded out, and people already sitting in the carriages which they had hired at the rate of 100-300 francs per night, and houses in all stages of disaster, from fissures to large gaps in roof and walls. To-day most of the foreigners have left, and soldiers are keeping people off from the tottering houses."

7. I drove up to London to dine with the Literary Society, seeing by the way the Aberdares, who are passing through to Italy. The table was laid as usual for a tolerably large party, but Mr. Walpole and I dined *tête-à-tête*. I suppose one would have to look very far back in the records to come upon a similar case ; but I know there are more curious things even than this in the books of Grillion's and of The Club.¹

In the course of conversation, Mr. Walpole mentioned that he had been Praed's fag at Eton, and had found him a very kind master.

The beautiful lines by Trower, afterwards Bishop of Gibraltar:—

"What is Genius? 'Tis a flame
Kindling all the human frame—"

end with the couplet :—

"They who feel can paint it well,
What is Genius ——— tell."

¹ Mr. Gladstone, for example, dined once alone at the first, and Lord Liverpool at the second.

It is generally known that they got abroad with the name of Byron inserted in the blank space; but I have always supposed that the name which should have been inserted was Moultrie. Mr. Walpole told me, however, that that is not so. The name which Trower wrote was that of Durnford, now Bishop of Chichester.

We talked of the elder Lytton, who, although slightly senior to Mr. Walpole, who was born in 1806, was still an undergraduate when he went up to Cambridge; and he quoted a very fine line from a prize poem which the great novelist wrote in those days, descriptive of Hercules resting on his club:—

“ * * * His labours done,
Stands, like a sleeping storm, Alcmena’s son.”

10. George Boyle gave me to-day in London a translation of the well-known epitaph of Callimachus, made in extreme old age by the late Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Moberly:—

“One said
That thou, my Heraclite, wast dead!
Tears all unbidden to my eyes did swell,
Remembering well
How oft in earnest converse you and I
Saw the sun slide a-down the western sky,
And now
That is but dust which once was thou!
Yet still thy song-birds live; no felon death
Robs them of their sweet breath.”

Another version of the same by the author of *Ionica* is still better :—

“They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead ;
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“And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
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We dined with the Simpsons, meeting, amongst others, John Ball, who told me that Cardinal Haynald, having lost the services of the curator of his herbarium, had trained, with great success, two of the hussars of his bodyguard to look after it.

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“ It shall not be his fault or ours, if we do not do our best in the next few years to try to realise for Public School Education that thorough re-organization which you were the first to see the necessity of, when you moved for a Royal Commission.”

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¹ Between India and Ceylon.

printed by Mrs. Lloyd, who was a neighbour of ours when we first lived at York House :—

“I well remember Mr Rogers told me that one day when he was dining with Byron and Moore at Pope’s Villa, Twickenham, the subject of conversation was the definition of ‘Fame,’ and whether it consisted in the admiration of the many or the few, etc., etc. While they were discussing it, a boat full of people glided by, and they were singing some of Moore’s ‘Irish Melodies.’ Byron jumped up, and putting his hand on Moore’s shoulder, said, ‘That is Fame,’ and so the argument ended.”

She repeats, too, in a short paper on Babbage, the excellent story which he once told me of Lord Strangford, the ambassador, saying to Sir Harris Nicolas: “I am very stupid to-day. My wits are gone to the dogs.”——“*Poor dogs!*” sighed his friend.

Rutson mentioned at breakfast a happy saying which I had not heard before. A gentleman who was known among his friends as “the ox,” speaking of Whewell, said he believed that omniscient personage to be indebted for much of his knowledge of Plato to a translation. “The ox knoweth his master’s crib,” remarked one of those whom he addressed.

In the afternoon I drove over to see Professor Owen. I found the old man, now left quite alone, in full possession of his sight, though very hard of hearing. He was reading a volume of English letters, the frontispiece of which was a portrait of the Countess of Suffolk, and seemed very cheerful.

His memory has failed a little as to common things. "I find a difficulty sometimes," he said, "in remembering ordinary names, but none with the pentasyllabic or hexasyllabic names of extinct monsters. Only this morning I finished a paper for the Royal Society upon one of these, a creature of the crocodile kind, but without teeth, sent to me from Lord Howe's islands."

24. This morning came a letter from Mrs. Webb, who writes from Rome, enclosing a quite new and most striking poem by her brother, upon Siva. Its central thought is that the pantheism of the Hindu, or the adoration of natural forces, and the science of the European, which explains everything by the operation of natural forces, are much the same thing. Here is the last stanza :—

(The god himself is speaking.)

"Let my temples fall, they are dark with age ;
Let my idols break, they have stood their day ;
On their deep-hewn stones the primeval sage
Has figured the spells that endure alway.
My presence may vanish from river and grove,
But I rule for ever in Death and Love."

I went up to keep an appointment at the India Office, with reference to some Madras business, and having a little time to spare, visited the Chapter House, which, strange to say, I had, though less ignorant of London than some of its inhabitants, never entered before. It is one of the most interesting buildings in the country, and was the meeting

place of the House of Commons from 1282, when that assembly ceased to sit with the Lords, up to the death of Henry VIII.

As I returned through the cloisters to Dean's Yard, I stopped to look at a massive and padlocked door upon the left. It leads into the Chapel of the Pyx, which was the original Treasury of England.

27. A fine day, with a spring feeling in the air, and a large party at York House.

Sir Donald Stewart having been asked what was the most rapid march within his knowledge, replied, "That of the Guides from Peshawur to Delhi. The less able-bodied were helped to some extent by bullock carts, but the great majority of the troops walked the whole distance at the rate of thirty miles a day."

I had much talk with George Brodrick about the present of Oxford, as well as some about its past. The first subject is familiar to him in his capacity of Warden of Merton; the second from the fact that he has recently published a book upon the history of the University.

As we returned from Pembroke Lodge in the evening, Mrs. Barrington said to me, "How the air holds the light!" a happy formula for describing an atmospheric effect, which represents in these latitudes the afterglow of southern climes.

31. Drove up last night to dine and sleep at Coleridge's.

He showed us his collar of S.S., the one belonging of old to the Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas. It is a beautiful piece of goldsmith's work, and can be traced back to the days of Henry VII.

I sat long to-day with my host in his court in the new, and, alas! not successful Palais de Justice.

April

1. With John Warren to the British Museum, to consult about a medal to be competed for by female students of medicine at Madras, and founded in honour of my wife by Hindoo and Mahomedan ladies.

Dined with the Humphry Wards, taking down Lady Ribblesdale, who gave an interesting account of the high standard of education prevailing amongst the trading class in certain parts of South Africa which she had visited.

Some one mentioned a happy answer said to have been made by Lord Charles Beresford to a well-known politician : "Capital speech that of yours, Beresford—very good speech indeed—but you don't *look* like a statesman."

"I daresay not," was the reply, "no more do you *look* like a weathercock."

2. I received a note from the Secretary to the Government of Victoria, Mr Alfred Deakin, who was introduced to me by Charles Pearson. At the head of it was quite the most

grotesque motto with which I have ever met: "Strike, Dakyns, the devil is in the hay."

The birds seem to have increased since we went to India, and we have almost always a charming concert at nightfall. This was a really Spring day, and in the afternoon I went with Clara, who returned from Cheltenham last night, first to Kew, where we visited some of our old Guindy friends in Miss North's Gallery, and thence to the Benediction at Roehampton.

4. Drove up to dine with the Literary Society. Venables, Lord Walsingham, Sir E. Hamley, Coleridge, and others were present.

Venables mentioned that Shakespeare had had about £1,200 a year towards the end of his life, fully equal to £5,000 nowadays, and Coleridge said that it was the greatest possible mistake to suppose that his claims had not been recognised, very early in the day, by competent judges. A complete series of laudatory testimonies during the century after his death, could be, and indeed had been put together.

7. I observed to-day that both in Hyde Park and Regent's Park they have adopted the plan of planting crocuses in great numbers and of all colours, in protected pieces of turf. The effect is admirable.

Bookbinding is, it would appear, being adopted as a pursuit, if not as a profession, by ladies and gentlemen. I

saw this afternoon, at Bain's, several books on sale at very high prices, bound by Mr Sanderson, who married a daughter of Cobden's.

9. Coleridge writes :

"I never quote except to you, so I end with one of those bits of pathos which the playfulness of Horace makes so very touching :

Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
Tempora Di superi ?

We are getting old."

11. Wrote to Mrs. Craven in remembrance of her birthday, of which to-morrow is the anniversary, and to thank her for the sketch of Robert de Mun which she sent recently, with an inscription which made it doubly valuable to me.

Coleridge writes, with reference to the lines in *Ionica*, cited above :

"Callimachus is a curious instance of a man whose excellence depended on his metre. In hexameters, except for a fine line or two here and there, he is second-rate—in elegiacs he is absolutely first-rate. All his epigrams (which I remember, that is) are lovely, and the description of the fate of Tiresias, in the *Lavacrum Palladis*, is one of the finest things in antiquity. If you don't know it, read it at once."

14. Mr Bywater writes :

"Priscian is after all not a wholly uninteresting personage. When Justinian finally closed the Schools of Philosophy at

Athens, he was one of the little band of seven who went off to Chosroes, in the fond expectation of finding the Platonic philosopher-king on the throne of Persia. The matter, too, of his book, is valuable to scholars because he preserves so many important excerpts from writings which are now lost—from the works of Theophrastus, Posidonius, and others. I only wish I could have given the *Solutions* in the original Greek. The version is presumably the production of one of the Irishmen who were attracted to France during the reign of Charles the Bald. It is a very sorry production. The translator was clearly, like his countryman and contemporary, Erigena, very weak in Greek and far from strong in Latin. If you can get over your repugnance to his barbarous Latin, you will find a few purple patches of sense and wisdom in Ch. viii.—where Priscian copies Theophrastus; and a curious statement in Ch. vi. (p. 72, 10) on the subject of the Thames as a tidal river. If this comes from Posidonius, as it probably does, we have here the first mention of the Thames in Greek literature.”

15. Baron de Hübner sends me an account of his terrible adventure in the Atlantic last December, when *La France* took fire on its way to Martinique, and burned for many hours. He says:

“Par une faveur ou par une ironie du hasard, de tous mes effets brûlés dans et avec ma cabine, on n’a rien trouvé, excepté mon ordre de Léopold d’Autriche. Le cordon était presque complètement détruit, le croix ne montrait aucune trace du feu, la plaque était noircie et en partie fondue. C’est le cas de dire: ‘J’ai tout perdu, hormis l’honneur.’”

17. Mrs. O’Brien, née Florence Arnold, came down in the afternoon, bringing with her her husband, who has an

ancestral interest in this house, being, it appears, a lineal descendant of Clarendon, through his youngest daughter, Frances.

18. Mrs. Greg writes from Klagenfurt :

“On Palm Sunday we went to a very interesting performance. In a small village — Köstenberg — high up among the mountains behind us, to which the only access is by a narrow and rugged footpath, the peasants every few years act the Passion Play. It was given in a barn, and the first portion, though done so simply that it had more the effect of a primitive reality than of acting, still contained enough of the grotesque to impair the feeling of solemnity. But the Procession to Calvary and the Crucifixion were given in the open air, and were most impressive. They wound slowly up the mountain's side, all the authorities — Herod and Pilate, the chief priests, the centurion, etc. — fourteen in number, being mounted on horseback, and the whole audience going with them, and so mixing themselves up with the actors, that they unconsciously took part in the drama. Nothing could have been more simple and beautiful than the Crucifixion, and the women and children weeping as they looked on, and the men reverently bowing the head, gave a sense of reality to the scene that no picture and no description had ever done before. It was a beautiful quiet spring evening, such as might have been in Judæa at the time of the Passover, and when the words “It is finished” were uttered, and the head drooped, and the thunder resounded from hill to hill, it was for the moment as if one were standing at Golgotha. This impression was rapidly dispelled as we turned away and began our descent, and saw before us the whole of the Karavanken range clad in snow, and the lakes still lying hard frozen at our feet. Our party, consisting of the President and his family and

ourselves, were the only spectators who did not actually belong to the people. The play was in Windisch,—a rhymed version written by a peasant of the neighbourhood in the beginning of the century. The language had a pleasant sound, and for us it was perhaps as well that it was not a familiar tongue, as no doubt the verses were mere doggerel. The play has been given at Köstenberg every four or five years, since they got rid of the French from out of the land."

21. I have been looking at the *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine* of M. Paul Bourget, whose name has come into prominence since I left Europe. In the one on Amiel I found the following, which seems likely enough to be true :

"Il est probable que l'esprit d'analyse s'est développé beaucoup depuis l'antiquité par l'habitude de la confession, en sorte que nous serions redevables à la discipline catholique de ce pouvoir qui nous a permis de renouveler l'art du roman et de la poésie intime."

Dined with the Verneys, meeting, amongst other people whom I had not seen since I got back, Bright, Lord Lyvington, Dudley Fortescue, and his wife, Lady Camilla. When speaking of their place in the County of Waterford, and the number of birds which frequent it, she said that the last Great Auk known to have been seen in the British Isles was caught close to them, in some fishermen's nets, and lived for a time in the neighbourhood.

23. The Breakfast Club met at Trevelyan's, Venables, Arthur Russell, and Pollock being the other members

present, Mr Deakin there as a guest. The conversation turned much upon the American war, but wandered later to Stratford-on-Avon. "The only authentic piece of Shakespeare's conversation which has been preserved," said our host, "relates to my father-in-law's place. The municipal authorities of Stratford-on-Avon were much opposed to its enclosure, which was being pressed, and sent one Green to London, to make interest against it. His report, which is still preserved among the records of the town, contains a passage in the following, or nearly in the following, words :

'My cousin, Shakespeare, says he cannot bear that Wellcombe should be enclosed.'"

Pollock mentioned, on the authority of Irving, that he and Toole had gone together to Stratford, and fallen into talk with one of its inhabitants about his great townsman. After many cross questions and crooked answers, they arrived at the fact that the man knew that Shakespeare had "written for summat." "For what?" they enquired. "Well," replied the man, "I do think he wrote for the Bible."

I walked away with Arthur Russell, and parting from him at the entrance of the "little streets where the French cooks live" (see these Notes for 1860), went to see Bright by appointment at 18 Clifford Street, remaining with him about two hours, during which he went over the whole

political situation, read me his letter to Gladstone of May 13th last year, and another, similar in tenor, to Whitbread. The time will come, I trust, when these documents will see the light, but according to my practice in such cases, I make no note of the opinions which Bright expressed, further than to say, that I agreed with every word he uttered, and that, as I drove away, I felt that, so far as he was concerned, I had obeyed the precept of Balthasar Gracian: "Know the great men of your century. There are not many of them."

I stopped, as I passed, at the Natural History Museum, to put a question to the head of the mineralogical department, and he took me to see the various additions which have been made to the collection of late years. Here, for the first time, I beheld the very rare Hiddenite. It is exactly like an emerald, and was found in a mine which was being worked for emeralds, but is now, it appears, shut up. Yet it has nothing to do with the emerald, being a silicate of lithium and aluminium. It is the same mineral as spodumene, but of a different colour.

I likewise saw Mr. Ruskin's great uncut South African diamond, of, I think, 138 carats, remarkable for the perfection of its form.¹

¹ This is the Colenso diamond presented by Mr. Ruskin to the Museum "in honour of his friend, the loyal and patiently adamantine first Bishop of Natal."

The diamond, no doubt South African, though said to be Indian, which was shown to me before I left Madras, weighed 160 carats, but, though very regular, was not *so* regular.

24. Lord Thring, his wife and daughter with us, on this, the first showery day of the driest April I remember in England.

25. Mr. Maurice de Bunsen, now one of the secretaries at our Embassy in Paris, mentioned at breakfast that Count Münster riding recently in the Bois de Boulogne, had a bad accident, his horse having got into a pitfall constructed during the Franco-German War by some French engineer, for the benefit of the German cavalry. "Tout vient à lui qui sait attendre."

Miss Moxon writes :

"The one beautiful thing to be noticed at Akulkote¹ is the wild birds. One sees such a variety and such pretty ones, when out for a ride in the morning. For, though the days are most terribly hot, and my eyes are nearly scorched out of my head by the dry winds that blow all through the sunny hours, it is almost cold early in the morning. And as Jacinth and I proceed on our constitutional, we see all the birds waking up. Jacinth's mind being filled with the one idea of getting back to grain and carrots, I am afraid *he* is not much impressed; but his mistress likes to see the tiny fly-catchers darting about, or else hanging pendant from the heads of tall grass, like the magnificent emeralds in a Rajah's aigrette.

¹ A little native State near Sholapore.

"Then, numbers of doves are walking about the road in couples, preening their burnished feathers and cooing; at the top of every bael tree are sitting a couple of king crows with their long forked tails; very small golden-brown birds flash past me so quickly as to be almost indistinguishable. From the thicket come various notes, which I cannot recognise, except the bell-like voice of the handsome crow pheasant, who is strutting about by himself airing his splendid golden wings and sheeny body. The great blue jay stares impudently at us from a bush, while little soft speckled quails and brown partridges are running along the stones, and from every field of corn rise clouds of jowari birds. Passing a tank, a coot (or something like it) paddles swiftly out of the long grass, and several snipe, knowing that here a white skin probably means a gun, fly off to a distance."

She encloses also a long paper by Mr. Hooper on the chemistry of *Gymnema sylvestre* (see these Notes for November of last year), from which I learn that it is as effective against bitters as against sweets. He says :—

"It has been noted that sugar taken after the leaf tasted like sand, so I have found that sulphate of quinine taken after a good dose of the leaf tastes like so much chalk. I am not going to propose its use in the administration of nauseous drugs, until the medical properties of the *Gymnema* have been more studied; otherwise the quantity of vehicle taken may prove to counteract the effect of the medicines."

26. Lady Sligo told me to-day that her sister Madeleine had tried to comfort a lady who was disquieted by the idea

that a chapel at Brighton, once a centre of Low Church activities, was likely to be sold for a shoemaker's warehouse, by pointing out to her that it would continue to be full of *soles*.

29. My eye was caught recently, in Miss North's gallery, by a most beautiful piece of panelling, labelled Coromandel wood, *Diospyros quæsitâ*. I looked it up in Yule, who calls it calamander wood, and thinks that it may have the same origin as the word *calmendar*, "done with a pencil," which was the name given in Tavernier's time to the painted calicos of Masulipatam.

I had hardly made this reference when I observed a table of the very same wood in my wife's boudoir, which had been brought hither from her mother's house at Ealing, while we were in India.

This discovery, under my own roof, made me take down from my shelves a curious book which I bought some years ago in Paris, *Voyage dans un Grenier*—a masterpiece of printing, paper, and illustration, in which one Charles C. gives an account of his "Bouquins, Faïences, Autographes et Bibelots."

30. Breakfasted with Lubbock, to talk of educational progress, or the want of it, during the last five years.

At noon to the final meeting of the Royal Commission of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, to which I was

appointed while in India. It met at Marlborough House, the Prince of Wales presiding, and Lord Granville, Lord Kimberley, Lord Derby, etc., taking part in the proceedings.

In his closing speech, H.R.H. said, that if we had come together, as it might be said we had, to burn the Royal Commission, he trusted that the Imperial Institute would, like the phoenix, arise out of its ashes.

Arthur Russell, who lunched at York House, told me that the authorities of the University of London have been much exercised in trying to find a motto for that body. Some one suggested the Virgilian "Uno avulso, non deficit alter." "When one candidate is plucked, there is another ready!"

Thiselton Dyer, who came to see us later in the afternoon, gave me the most curious account of the difficulties to be encountered in eating *Monstera deliciosa*. Some can do so without difficulty, and enjoy it much; but the fruit is full of little needle-shaped crystals, which, not melting with sufficient rapidity, inflict upon others severe pain.

I drove up to London, and dined with Lord Lymington, where I sat between Mr. Service, formerly Premier of Victoria, whom I came to know when at the Colonial Office, and Sellar, who is now acting as "whip" for the

Unionists. I was introduced, in the course of the evening, to two men who have come into Parliament since I left England—Lord Wolmer and Mr. Finlay, who sits for the Inverness burghs.

May

4. The Spring is quite portentously late, as the Winter was portentously cold, and I was not surprised to learn on the 2nd, from Mr. Norman Lockyer, that he has only succeeded in getting five or six observations of the sun in as many months. In an ordinary winter, two a week may be a fair average.

Vegetation being in so backward a state, we had less regret than might otherwise have been the case in transferring ourselves this afternoon to 1 Deanery (late Dean) Street, Mayfair, which we have taken for the season.

5. I dined last night, on the invitation of Stephen, who is Treasurer this year, with the Benchers of the Inner Temple, meeting the Prince of Wales, who had just arrived from Manchester, and spoke to me, almost with enthusiasm, of the exhibition there.

Later, I went to the Cosmopolitan, which has brushed itself up amazingly, bought the lease of the house in which it assembles, as well as "Watts's Hers" (see these Notes for 1858), abolished its green baize, and "gone in" for

respectability. No one could say now, as Robert Chambers did, when I took him there some eight or nine and twenty years ago, "It looks the very place for a *congiurazione*!"

Among others present were Herschell, with whom I descended the Danube in 1872, and who was Chancellor in Gladstone's last Government, Henry Grenfell, Percy Wyndham, and Welby of the Treasury, now Sir Reginald.

After breakfast, this morning, I went to Hamilton Place, to talk Home and Indian politics with Northbrook for a couple of hours.

In the afternoon I went to Mrs. Humphry Ward, who showed me several autograph poems of Amiel's, together with a likeness of him. The face is much what the reader of his journal would expect.

Dined with Mrs. Charles Buxton. Conversation turning upon her late husband's passion for animals and the attempt which some enterprising Americans had made to induce him to buy some live rattlesnakes, she told me that when Lord Ampthill was young, he kept a collection of much cherished serpents, in a room which opened into his mother's.

"But don't you," someone said to Lady William, "find that very disagreeable?"

"Oh yes," she replied, "very disagreeable indeed; but I like dear Odo to have home ties."

7. The Breakfast Club met under the wing of Venables, only Pollock, Arthur Russell, and I being present. Lord Wolseley was duly elected, and we had much and most pleasant talk, in the course of which Arthur Russell mentioned that the story of the Jewish sentry flatly contradicting the Emperor Nicholas, when he addressed him on Easter morning with the usual Russian Formula, "Christ is risen," is perfectly true. He had it from Bylandt, who has been so long Dutch Minister here, and who was in St. Petersburg at the time.

8. To the High Celebration at St. Paul's, which good judges now pronounce to be one of the finest musical services in the Christian world.

I asked Miss Sumner, who was with me, how it compared with the world-famed music of the Katholische Kirche at Dresden. She replied, "They have not here the fine solo voices which they have there, but the music is very much more refined and careful."

Later in the day I went to see Mrs. Simpson, whom I found with her "Life of Madame Mohl," which has appeared within the last day or two, lying by her. Our talk strayed to M. Mohl's niece, whose husband is Governor of Carinthia, and Mrs. Simpson told me, on her authority, that the young ladies of Klagenfurt go to skate in the winter provided with chaperons, who look on, and are known as "Ice Mothers!"

Dined with the Arthur Russell's. Lady Arthur mentioned that she had known an old gentleman who used to say "Mon grandpère a été élevé sur les genoux de la bru de Charles IX." Our host said, "I frequently met Rogers. Rogers recollected Johnson. Johnson was 'touched' by Queen Anne." I remembered that in the winter of 1851-1852, a very old clergyman, the father of Sir John Harding, the Queen's Advocate, said to me, "I had a friend whose friend saw Charles I. executed."

Newton told us that —, being in one of his periodical mad fits, was walking with a keeper. "Don't you think you'd better go 'ome?" said the man.

"Don't you think," was the reply, "you had better go to 'ell and bring back the letter 'h'?"

Newton would not, however, commit himself to the authenticity of this anecdote, but allowed that it might possibly be the work, as Arthur Russell put it, quoting an American, of "Benjamin Trovato, who said so many good things!"

11. Lady Reay writes :

"I hear of a cat, who, when one song was sung by a lady, always jumped into her lap, put his paws on her shoulder, and listened, and was happy. This was only done for one song, though puss liked music generally."

I asked my brother whether it was really true that he had once had thirteen trumps in his own hand at whist. "Per-

fectly," he replied. "I wrote to the *Field* about it, and asked whether any mathematician could compute the chances against such an accident. The answer was in twelve figures — over a hundred and fifty thousand millions."

Later, I called on Mrs. Dugdale, at No. 28 Park Lane. She said, "This is an historical house. Lord Palmerston was born in it, and it was also the property of 'Conversation Sharp.' My uncle¹ used to visit him here, and was in the habit of walking up and down this room as he talked."

Presided at the dinner of the Aberdeen University Club, given at the Holborn Restaurant. I connected the toast of the National Defences with the name of Sir Donald Stewart, who sat on my right hand. Bryce, who was Under Secretary in Gladstone's last Government, and now represents Aberdeen, Professor Minto, and Farquharson, were amongst the speakers.

Dined with Mrs. Bishop, taking down Mrs. Molesworth, the author of various stories for children, which are greatly read, and about one of which, *Four Winds Farm*, my hostess spoke much.

13. — told me one of Lady Marian Alford's good things, which I had never heard. "Marian," said a clerical relative, with all the frankness of youth, "your head is that

¹ Lord Macaulay.

of a pin." "But," was the reply, "you know there are some pins with long black legs and no head at all."

She spoke with high commendation of the Church of St. Bartholomew at Smithfield, which is in the course of being restored, and having no particular plans for the afternoon, I drove thither. In the church I found Mr Boord, member for Greenwich, who headed the poll when Gladstone stood for that borough, in the pre-Midlothian period. Mr Boord happens now to be one of the churchwardens, and was therefore able to do the honours of this very interesting old pile, which is being gradually and judiciously rescued from disrepair and desecration. Desecration, I say, for a fringe factory had annexed the Lady Chapel and invaded the altar, while a forge was till recently at work in another part of the building.

Dined with the Arthur Russell's. The table was decorated with the Oxford fritillary, brought up by Harold.

Our host, on the authority of some one at Balliol, told me an answer, made, I suppose, by some "heathen passee," to the question, "Give a brief abstract of St. Paul's speech at Athens."

"He cried out for about the space of two hours, Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

Lord Justice Bowen contributed the following: Some Jews, having been cast away on a desert island, suffered all the extremities of privation. When one of them was at his

last gasp, the cry was raised, a sail, a sail ! Raising himself upon one arm, he was heard faintly to murmur, "A sale ! Holy Moses ! And I have not got a catalogue !"

14. General Sankey (see these Notes for September 1883), who has, since he resigned the position of Chief Engineer at Madras, occupied a somewhat similar one in Ireland, breakfasted with us, and told us, as he did also on the 12th, much that was interesting about the state of the country. The deplorable condition of affairs has not entirely killed out gaiety. Speaking of a witty priest at Dublin, he mentioned that this gentleman, meeting a friend who was a physician, and had been fishing, asked him what sport he had had. "None," was the reply, "I have killed nothing all day." "That is more," rejoined his friend, "than you could have said if you had been engaged in your professional duties."

15. To call on the Barringtons, by whom I was introduced to three "St Bernards," far finer dogs than the only one I recollect seeing at the Hospice in 1852, but unlike it, long-haired.

A lady who was there told a story of a clergyman, who, in the course of scolding his congregation, said, "You ladies, with your pats and your carrots ; I mean with your carrots and your pats !"

16. Breakfasted with Emly. In the course of conversation, he cited a saying of Harcourt's to him. "Don't tell

me about your duchesses and your countesses, tell me when you have converted a grocer."

"That," I replied, "is not original. It was said by Montalembert, though the word which he used was not grocer, but washerwoman."

"Harcourt, I suspect," said Emly, "deserves the credit. I was travelling from Paris to La Roche en Breny, when he made the remark, and I must have repeated it to Montalembert."

He mentioned also a breakfast party he gave in 1851, during the great Exhibition, at which France was represented by Ravignan and Mrs. Craven; England by Manning, and Germany by Döllinger. The latter observed to him: "England will begin to decline when other countries take to doing for themselves what she now does for them."

To the Colonial Office, where I found Robert Herbert in his old quarters. Bramston was with him when I went in, and he had hardly gone when Meade appeared. I met my old messenger in the corridor. It might all have been a scene in May 1881. Yet in eighteen months of the interval they have had five Secretaries of State; and I had so far forgotten scenes once so familiar, that, instead of turning into Downing Street, I walked down Whitehall to the entrance of the Home Office, before I perceived that I had missed the door.

17. Warren writes :—

“Jackson, late head of Queen’s, told me, when a boy, that he once asked the town fool his opinion of the Bard, who replied ‘that Wordsworth could not be *right*, because he continually mumbled to himself as he walked along.’ ‘Yet you would not believe it,’ said the idiot; ‘if you stopped Mr. Wordsworth and spoke to him, he could answer you as rationally as I myself could.’”

18. To Argyll Lodge, where the Duke had much to ask about India, more especially about the Nilgiris, much also to tell of the state of politics here, and the condition of landed property in Scotland.

Later I went to see Mr. Gould’s humming-birds at the Natural History Museum. I asked myself which were the most beautiful, and replied, that if one were to make a choice where everything was so lovely, I thought I should give the preference to the blue tail of *Cynanthus forficatus*, to the blue breast of *Campylopterus hemileucurus*, or to the golden breast and indescribably coloured throat of *Topaza pyra*.

Thence I passed to the Townsend gems, at the South Kensington collection—interesting exceedingly, but not equalling, even in the eyes of such a lover of stones as myself, the still more beautiful objects which I had just left.

19. To afternoon tea at Lady Derby’s, to meet Pertâb Sing, brother of the Maharajah of Jodhpore. There were

present, besides the family, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lady Ela, Lord and Lady Tavistock, Kimberley, Northbrook, Lady Emma Baring, the Rawlinsons, and Arthur Russell with his daughter Flora, etc.

I need hardly say that the lines which Lyall wrote about the father of the principal guest, came into my mind :—

“The English say I govern ill,
That laws must silence spear and gun,
So may my peaceful subjects till;
But peaceful subjects have I none.
I can but follow my father's rule,
I cannot learn in English school;
Yet the hard world softens, and change is best,
My sons must leave the ancient ways,
The folk are weary—the land shall rest,
And the Gods are kind—for I end my days.”

20. John Warren, Ball, and Dyer, dined with us. The last-named, speaking of a work often mentioned in these pages, said, “Yule's book is a vice. One no sooner takes it up than letters and all other duties vanish away.” Could a higher compliment be paid to a dictionary?

21. The Breakfast Club met at 1 Deanery Street, Wolseley making his first appearance as a member. Trevelyan, who has been speaking at Manchester, was rapturous about the pictures assembled there.

23. With my brother to Willis's Rooms, where there was

an assault-of-arms, the first I have attended for I know not how many years. We saw the performances of Thuriot and of the younger Merignac amongst professionals, of Walter Pollock, son of Sir Frederick, and of Lord Wiltshire, amongst amateurs.

Dined with the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, meeting Bret Harte, with whom I talked chiefly of the objects of historic interest in London. The Tower had in no way disappointed him,¹ Westminster Abbey just a little, though he had gone over it with Arthur Stanley. I prescribed, according to my custom, St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and added the Chapter House.

I asked him what was the industry of Crefeld, where he had been consul. "Silks and velvets," he replied; "in the production of these it comes second to Lyons."

24. To call on Huxley, whom I found in bad health, not he thought, the result of overwork, but of the life we all lead in this town. He says that a hard, open-air existence would have best suited him, and that he is always well among the mountains, when he is walking twenty or five-and-twenty miles a day.

Later I went to meet J. A. Symonds, who is staying with Rutson, now the possessor of Cardwell's old house in Eaton Square. He gave a curious account of the climate of Davos, where they have snow for seven months a year, and great cold, with, however, a very hot sun.

25. Mrs. Craven writes :

"I should have given anything to know what Mr. Bright said to you, as I agree, more than I ever did before, with all you say of him. He is to me, at this moment, the very personification of good sense, firmness, and honesty."

In how changed a world do we live !

She adds, speaking of her ignorance of botany :

"If I was only forty years younger, I would certainly have attempted to rouse myself out of it, and to get hold in *this* world of a very great enjoyment of which I have been quite deprived. As it is, I must put it off till I get to where the delightful and complete knowledge—of which that is only the shadow of a part—is fully disclosed to me."

A number of members of the Northbrook Club gave me a dinner, with Northbrook in the chair, just as he was on 3rd August 1881. The rooms in 3 Whitehall Gardens, are not large, but they asked as many as they could of those who were present at the Star and Garter. Amongst others who came, were Charles Bowen, Lord Kimberley, Maskelyne, Rutson, Enfield, who has now become Earl of Strafford, Whitbread, and Arthur Russell.

The present Secretary of State and Lord Harris were also there, but the great majority were, of course, Anglo-Indians, such as Sir Richard Temple, Sir Richard Meade, Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, Sir Charles Grant, Sir Frederick Halliday, Edwin Arnold, Sir G. Birdwood, Sir Henry Davies, etc., etc., etc.

With Kimberley, who was on my right, I had a great deal of talk, chiefly about South Africa, in which circumstances are constantly urging us on and on.

Northbrook proposed my health, and I replied as follows :

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

As I look round upon this company my thoughts naturally turn to the similar gathering over which you, Lord Northbrook, presided nearly six years ago.

That was for me the beginning of some very trying weeks. Almost every day brought a new farewell, till I wrote in my diary for the 5th October : "At length the bell rang to summon all, who were not outward bound, to go on shore. I watched the little vessel in which they went till it reached the pier. Then the great *Rome* herself began slowly to move, and the old life passed away."

It was anything but an agreeable experience, and most uncomfortably like embarking for that far-off country whence no Peninsular and Oriental steamers bring us back. Long, however, before I had reached the scene so familiar to many who are now listening to me, where the Anglo-Indian sees

"The lamp far-flashing of Perim's Strait,
Glitter and grow as the ship goes sweeping
Fast on its course for the Exile's gate"—

I had reconciled myself to the situation, begun to regard the past as history, and to occupy my thoughts with the future.

Day followed day, and just a month after leaving the Thames, I took my seat as Governor of Madras, "under the usual salute"—as the time-honoured formula has it—"from the ramparts of Fort St. George."

Then commenced a life of deeply interesting and varied activity.

About my administration I will say little, for I defy any one to make the subject of his own administration agreeable after dinner ; and I had an opportunity, of which I most amply availed myself, of saying what I had to say about the reasons for my proceedings, in all matters of importance, in I know not how many speeches from Tuticorin and Tinnevely to the shores of the Chilka Lake ; as well as in two very long documents, each extending to the dimensions of a small "blue book," and to each of which I devoted infinite pains.

I please myself with the belief that in the first of these I succeeded in photographing the demands which the intelligent, level-headed portion of the native community were making on the Government, and the attitude taken up by the Government with reference to their demands.

If the same notion had suggested itself to Agricola or Pontius Pilate, historians would have been saved a good deal of groping in the dark.

Before I got to work I took three leading resolutions : first, to see with my own eyes and hear with my own ears as much as I possibly could. That was a piece of advice which you, Lord Northbrook, gave me in private, and which I carried into effect by visiting, in my first two years, every single district in the Presidency. Secondly, to work on the lines laid down in a speech which I made at Elgin in 1869, in a passage containing an enumeration of our principal duties in India, to which you gave your approval in public, by quoting it in the speech which you made at the "Star and Garter," in August 1881. Thirdly, never to swerve one hair's breadth to left or right to court popularity or deprecate unpopularity.

I certainly tried my best during the time I spent in India, to do justice to the splendid task which had been assigned to me ; but although I remained longer at Madras than many of my predecessors, was most deeply interested in the work I had

to do, and was assisted by many able persons, after all, 1859 days are only 1859 days ; that is but a moment in a country where influences but little in harmony with our ideas have been working through so long, long a past.

To prevent some mischief, to give a chance to some good men, to give an impulse to some good movements, to sow some good seed for the future which may spring up in other good movements—that is about all that any single individual can hope to do, either as Viceroy of India, or as Governor of one of the gigantic provinces into which it is divided.

If you could abstract an area equal to the whole of Scotland from the districts *directly* under the Government of Madras, to say nothing of the neighbouring states which it supervises, it would still be about as large as Italy with Sicily and Sardinia thrown into the bargain.

This gathering is, I well know, not a recognition of any very great results achieved, but the outcome of the indulgent way in which you have viewed good intentions, sane aims, steady perseverance, and a determination to avoid doing anything startling or sensational. Nothing could be so gratifying to me as that Lord Northbrook, the embodiment of political sanity and moderation, should be your interpreter, and nothing could be kinder than all he has said.

In order, however, that a Governor may govern, in India or elsewhere, he must first live, and I should like to speak to-night rather of my life in India, than of the grave concerns which filled the business hours of that life. And the life of a Governor of Madras, if he keeps his health (all depends on that most important and ticklish "if"), is a very agreeable one. The scaffolding of existence, which claims so much of everybody's time and energy under ordinary circumstances, is attended to by others, and he can give the whole of his mind to whatever his hand finds to do during the long—and if, like me, he has a

horror of tiffin, unbroken—hours when the sun rides high in heaven.

Exercise and pleasure belong to the morning and evening.

Of all my pleasures, the keenest was that which I derived from the vegetation by which I was surrounded. The wealth of flowers amidst which we lived, alike on the plains and on the hills—a wealth of flowers which the possessor of ten Chatsworths could hardly command in this sunless climate—was an unceasing delight. The gardens of Guindy need not envy those of Armida, and amongst the rolling downs of the Neilgherries, one of the most ancient pieces of the earth—which was looking just as it does now, æons and æons before many of her mountain ranges rose from beneath the bottom of the sea—you constantly come upon forest dingles in which the eye may distinguish more shades of green than one who has not beheld them would believe to exist. To all my vegetable friends,—from a mighty *Bombax*, which I saw in Travancore, and which must have been about 200 feet high, down to the tiny and ever-present *Evolvulus*, which, though belonging to a widely different family, recalls to an English eye the Speedwell of our woodpaths—I take this opportunity of expressing my unbounded gratitude.

The animal world was less to me, for birds and beasts have the detestable habit, not shared in by plants, of disappearing just when you want to make their more intimate acquaintance. Nevertheless, a great many of them became a real part of our life.

The scant regard which our feathered and four-footed fellow-creatures pay to the difference between the inside and the outside of the house, in those southern regions, is very amusing. I have seen the chattering little owl, which bears the proudest name in the animal creation—*Athene Brama* if you please, nothing less—perched on my sideboard. A cat

and a jackal had a free fight in my private secretary's bedroom one night ; and I was once driving out with an aide-de-camp, who observed, "I found a bullock drinking out of my basin this afternoon ;" on which a young lady, who was the third of the party, replied, "I found a monkey, with her baby, in my bath, at Simla."

I hardly think my countrymen in India make enough of the world of animal life by which they are surrounded. Few have the powers of observation possessed by the author of that delightful book, *Tribes on my Frontier*, but many have much greater powers than they exercise.

Two things struck me very much. First, that nearly all the good stories, not imported from Europe and of purely Indian growth, which reached my ear, while I was Governor, were about wild beasts ; and secondly, the curious fashion in which they and their doings found their way into official reports. I will give, with your permission, an instance of both of these.

A gentleman was shooting in the Anamalais, that is "the hills of the elephants" ; and some of his attendants had got wild elephants on the brain. A most peaceable and well-disposed elephant, who had gone up with some of the baggage, getting hungry in the middle of the night, began to eat the thatch of one of the huts. An excited servant rushed in and exclaimed, "Elephant, sahib, must, must !" The sportsman, weary with his day's work, woke just enough to murmur, "Oh bother the elephant ! Tell him he mustn't !"

So much for wild beasts in private life, and here is an example of the way in which they intrude themselves into public life. I was reading a grave demi-official report, made by a police officer to his superior, with regard to the destruction of man-eaters in a wild mountain region, where they had been doing an intolerable amount of mischief, when I came upon

the following passage : "A few days ago, I had gone out in the evening, armed with only a shot gun, when, turning round a corner, I suddenly found myself in the presence of a fine tiger. My old spaniel immediately remembered that he had pressing business at home, and I followed him to see what it was."

Another great pleasure was the climate. I say it advisedly—a *pleasure*. If you go out at 52 to do work in the tropics, the climate very soon lets you know whether it is going to behave well to you or not. If it does not like you it kills you, and there is no more to be said ; but to me it behaved, at least on the plains, quite admirably well. The wild summer climate of Octacamund suits most European constitutions excellently, but was not very congenial to me, and my feelings towards it are rather those of esteem than affection.

Yet another pleasure was the constant variety and surpassing beauty of the atmospheric effects. Who that has beheld it can ever forget the loveliness of the terrace at Guindy, under a full moon, or the nightly procession of the stars as seen from it? Where, in Egypt or anywhere else, are there afterglows superior to those which are to be seen in January, looking westward from the Marina of Madras?

Then there were the visits, all too few—but still, during the cold season, pretty numerous—of travellers from the west, bringing fresh ideas and new facts. I will not say that all who came were as interesting as Baron de Hübner, that compound of what was best in Nestor and Ulysses, whose memory—"wax to receive and marble to retain"—had been recording impressions of the most important events of our time, since he began his diplomatic life in 1832 ; but all brought something ; and the one thing which the Governor of Madras has to envy in the lot of his brother of Bombay is, that the latter sees a far greater number of persons coming from outside the Indian world.

Further there was the fact that the health of all our household was for the most part perfect, and that my wife was able to throw herself with the greatest energy into those works of benevolence and utility which are more especially a woman's domain.

Then there were my relations with the Army. To any one who has led the ordinary life of London and of the House of Commons, it is quite a new experience to find himself surrounded by warriors all day and every day, and my warriors, with very few exceptions, were most agreeable, from the young men on my staff up to my eminent colleagues, Sir Frederick Roberts, and the excellent and lamented Sir Herbert Macpherson, with neither of whom had I ever any difference of opinion on any subject.

Lastly, my private relations were as agreeable as my public ones with numerous native gentlemen, not less than with the great majority of the intelligent and experienced European officials and their families with whom I was brought into contact. The society of Madras, as I had occasion to point out in one of the last speeches I made there, is quite exceptionally full of men and women whose accomplishments, artistic and other, are really brilliant.

All these things, however, would have left me very restless and dissatisfied, had it not been for one most admirable institution, the weekly European mail. Nothing that I could possibly say would be strong enough to express my gratitude for the steadiness with which my friends kept me informed of everything which they thought likely to interest me. It would be invidious to mention names of persons either within or beyond the sound of my voice; but I could mention the names of some of the busiest men in this busy city, who hardly missed a mail.

We are constantly told that letter-writing is a dead art

and that people now correspond only in "telegraphese." If any one holds that heresy, let him go 7,000 miles away, and be cured of it. I am ready to maintain, that never, at any period of English history, have better letters been written, than a great many which I received, both from men and women, while I was in Madras; and that any one who would try the same experiment, under precisely the same conditions, would be able to report precisely the same result.

It would have been worth while to go for five years into exile, if only to find how well one's friends stuck by one, and how uncommonly agreeable it was, in spite of all the pleasures which one left behind, once more to get back to them amidst the fogs and east winds of this ghastly climate. Some of them have asked me whether, like Lord Ellenborough, I had come back to a fatter world; to which I have replied, "No, but I have come back to a younger world." During my absence, the sons and daughters of half the people with whom one lived, have emerged from colleges or schoolrooms, and become personages.

Shortly before I went away, when we were making up a Saturday to Monday party at York House, my wife said: "For God's sake, ask somebody who belongs at least to this geological period." Now I find that everything is changed, and that the postpliocene element in our society is very conspicuous indeed.

I read over the other day the list of those who were at the Richmond dinner, to which I have already alluded. The losses from their ranks have happily not been very numerous, though some of them have been of the gravest kind. Of these I will allude to only two. We have lost Henry Smith, whom those entitled to speak on such a subject place in the first rank of the English mathematicians of our own or of any other age, and whom not a few of those whom I address, knew to be

the soundest of scholars, the gayest of companions, and the steadiest of friends. We have lost, too, Lord Ampthill, and lost him just at the moment when it seemed possible from his ripening age, that his unique qualifications were about to become more useful than ever to his country. For surely he would have been, had he survived, soon admitted by all to have been one of those most suited by temperament and judgment, no less than by the many-sidedness of his political knowledge, to preside over the foreign relations of this country. I may say this to a mixed audience, for diplomatists are of no party.

If losses, however, have not been numerous, separations have. I said, in August 1881, that a great part of the history of England for a good many years to come, was collected round the table at the "Star and Garter." This is not a place or a time for politics; but I suppose I may say, without offence to any one, that I wish a little less history had, since I uttered these words, been made by some of those whom I was then addressing. *Fata viam invenient*. Experience, the great consoler, is there to tell us that we have weathered even worse storms than that which seems now to lie right athwart our course, and of which the present uncomfortable state of winds and waves is, I fear, but a prelude. Happily, however, although *idem sentire de republica* is a bond of vast importance, there are, in our complicated civilisation, a thousand other bonds; and I see round this table to-night, politicians whose opinions on the burning questions of the hour, and on many others, are very different. I trust they will all receive for themselves, and transmit to those whom they represent amongst the company which assembled to bid me good-bye, as well as to those who were then with us in spirit, the expression of my warm regard. I trust that the Secretaries of State who are here to-night, will accept, and convey to all

the other Secretaries of State under whom I served, my most emphatic acknowledgments of the uniform kindness, courtesy, and wise counsel which I received from every one of them. I trust that the Anglo-Indian officials, and ex-officials present, will tell all whom their voices can reach, that the anticipations which I expressed, of cordial support and assistance, from the Viceroy downwards, were more than fulfilled, and that the native gentlemen present will carry away the impression that few Governors, who have ever landed on the shores of India, have returned with stronger feelings of attachment to that glorious country, in promoting the happiness of which, their descendants and ours are, I trust, destined to co-operate for many generations.

26. To see Professor Owen. In the course of conversation, the old man said, "I became a member of 'The Club' much earlier than I otherwise should have done, from the accident of Johnson's having expressed a wish that one member of it should be a physiologist. Hardly had I been elected when I was put in a great difficulty. Our opinion was desired as to whether a representation of Cromwell should be introduced in the new Houses of Parliament. Various views were expressed, when Lord Aberdeen, who was chairman, said, 'Well, we'll take a vote, and we'll begin with the youngest member.' I extricated myself from an embarrassing position by saying, 'Whatever we may do, we cannot raise for Cromwell a monument at all equal to one he has got already.' The other members looked surprised, and I was asked to what I

alluded, whereupon I quoted Milton's sonnet. I never was so well repaid for learning a piece of poetry by heart."

Warren writes, with reference to a passage in these notes for 1865:

"And so you have actually taken a walk with Wirtgen! Well, I envy you. He is one of the best brambles in Europe, and his name has long been a household word to me. Alas! the rubi-people are fading fast—Babington, Bloxam, and now poor Areschoug, have joined the majority. The last was a charming Swede, Professor at Lund—and he came over here for a month or so, years back. His ardour was such, that on seeing a new and promising bramble bush, he would plunge into it for specimens, like the Guards charging at Waterloo, and emerge eventually streaming with gore from face and hands. He had undertaken the light job of investigating rubus in Europe, and was after the original and primordial typus, which he suspected was *Rubus Leesii*, and which was to be ancestor of all the cousinhood of blackberries and raspberries in existence. I fear he has left his monography unfinished. Life is short, and brambles are interminable."

30. My wife and I left London on the 27th, and running down to Salisbury, remained at the Deanery till noon to-day.

George Boyle was surrounded as usual by things which one had not seen and was glad to see. He showed me, *inter alia*, the copy of Bishop Andrewes's *Preces Privata* which had belonged to Arthur Stanley, the last book on which his eyes rested, for he became unconscious as he was turning over its pages, with a view, as it would seem, to find the prayer which Arnold had used in the Sixth at Rugby,

and which is copied in Stanley's own hand at the end of the volume.

Another relic was Stanley's copy of the *Lyra Apostolica*, with the two poems "Rest" and "Guardian Angels" carefully marked, which he used to read, as he told Newman, on the anniversary of Lady Augusta's death.

A third treasure was a letter from Newman to Boyle himself, dated 15th September, 1865, in which he mentioned having gone to Hursley to meet Pusey, a few days before, on which occasion he, Pusey, and Keble dined together alone, for the first time probably, as he remarks, in their lives. From a volume of sermons by Dr. Ramsden, published by Rivingtons in 1827, and full of all sort of quaint prejudices and misbeliefs, Boyle read me a passage rising to a very high level of eloquence, upon what the writer called "the heart of a nation," by which expression, he meant the sum of the better influences acting upon its life. It occurs in a sermon preached before the University of Cambridge in the year 1800, upon "War, and the final cessation of all hostility."

Very notable, too, was a passage upon Woman, from an article of Kinglake's, published some forty years ago in the *Quarterly*, and quite unfamiliar to me, which our host read from an M.S. book I recollect as far back as our Oxford days.

On the 28th, Boyle took Sir Henry Maine and myself for

a long drive, in the course of which we passed through what was once the forest of Clarendon, the palace where Henry II. gathered in 1164 a council of the realm, to trace the just limits of royal and papal jurisdiction.

The wild hyacinths were in great beauty, more especially amongst the woods bordering on the right the ascending road, which eventually dips down past the yew in the churchyard of Alderbury, said to be mentioned in *Domesday Book*, upon Longford Castle, the home of the Bouveries. At its gate we stopped, Maine and I going in to see the two great Holbeins, Erasmus and Egidius, together with the other pictures which make this gallery so remarkable.

A most elaborately ornamented steel chair, which belonged to Rudolph II., would appear to be unique.

On the evening of the 28th we were joined by Canon Melville (see these Notes for August, 1883). With him came his brilliant daughter, Mrs. Gaskell, whom I had never met.

I went to the three services on Sunday, and all were admirable. I had scarcely carried away a sufficiently strong impression of the perfection of the Cathedral—perfection as far as architecture is concerned, for it would be a good deal the better of more stained glass. Neither of Ruskin's two passages about this building, the one in which he contrasts it with St. Mark's, and the one in which he contrasts it with

the Campanile of Giotto, although in many ways beyond praise, quite do it justice. The west front is certainly not, as we now see it, either grim or savage.

As a whole, however, the pile seems to impress the peregrine falcons pretty much as it did Ruskin, for they take the upper part for a cliff, and lay their eggs on its ledges.

Canon Melville told me that once, when examining at the University of Durham, he himself had actually received this answer to the question, "Who was Balaam?" "Balaam was a great persecutor of the early English Church. And as he went his ass said unto him: 'Why smitest thou me these three times, thou whited wall?'"

George Boyle repeated a good saying of Henry Smith's, which should not be lost. Sylvester, the mathematician, who is a Jew, was sitting opposite a fine ham, when his friend observed, "Sylvester, I know what you are saying inwardly as you look at that ham—'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!'"

This forenoon the Bishop took me over his palace. Amongst various objects worth seeing, perhaps the most remarkable was a Greek helmet, found in the bed of the Alpheus, and supposed to have been made about 600 years B.C.

From Salisbury we passed by railway to Yeovil, where we had time to visit the exquisitely beautiful church, in which every window, I think, is filled with stained glass.

Thence we drove a few miles through a country in which the laburnum was fully out, to Montacute, where we were met by Mrs. Bagehot and Mrs. Barrington, with whom we went to spend the afternoon at Montacute House, a fine Elizabethan structure belonging to the family of Phelips.

Over one of its doors is the inscription—

“Through this wide opening gate
None come too early, none return too late.”

And over the other—“And yours, my friends,”—this last perhaps borrowed from the “J. Grolieri et amicorum” of the famous bibliophile.

From Montacute, where many of the people in that part of the county of Somerset had gathered for lawn tennis, we passed through Martock and Langport, by roads bordered often with apple trees in full blossom, to Herd’s Hill.

June

2. We returned to London yesterday evening, after a visit which had, amongst other charms, that of taking me into a region of whose geography and circumstances my ignorance was colossal.

On the 31st I walked with Mrs. Barrington to the top of Wick Hill, commanding a fine view over a flat country

which becomes a lake in winter, and of which the part best known to history is Sedgemoor. Far off lay Athelney, famed in the legend of Alfred. Near Langport are immense nursery gardens, where I know not how many acres are given up to the gladiolus and the peony. It was there that I learned a name new to me for the white double flowers of *Ranunculus aconitifolius*—"the fair daughters of France."

I dined last night with the Clothworkers, in their fine hall. Middleton returned thanks for the House of Lords; his son, St. John Brodrick, for the House of Commons; Wolseley for the Army; Sir Saul Samuel for the Colonies; I for India. Close by me, during dinner, was the loving cup presented to the company by Pepys. Unluckily, however, not it, but another, was handed along the table where I sat.

3. I have looked up, at the Athenæum, two striking quotations which Lord Kimberley lately made to me in the course of conversation. The one from the *Gerusalemme liberata* occurs Lib. xvi. 15 :

"Così trapassa al trapassar d'un giorno
Della vita mortale il fiore e'l verde :
Nè perchè faccia indietro April ritorno,
Si rinfiora ella mai, nè si rinverde.
Cogliam la rosa in sul mattino adorno,
Di questo dì, che tosto il seren perde :
Cogliam d'amor la rosa : amiamo or quando
Esser si puote riamato amando."

The one from the *Faerie Queene* occurs Bk. ii. Canto xii. 75 :

“So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leafe, the bud, the flowre ;
No more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst man sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a lady and many a paramoure !
Gather, therefore, the rose whilst yet is prime,
For soon comes age that will her pride deflowre,
Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayest loved be with equall crime.”

5. Walked with my wife in Hamilton Gardens. It is the *beau moment* of the lilac and laburnum. Victoria gathered daisies—objects still not quite familiar to my Indianised eye. Amongst flowers which have come into greater prominence since I went away, I note the marsh marigold—*Caltha palustris*—which was sold in great abundance in the streets last month, and a large white composite *Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*, which is in almost every window. The greater plenty and cheapness of flowers is one of the changes that strikes my eye in London—add the immensely increased number of roan horses and tricycles, many of the latter carrying two persons.

Of the numerous street improvements, Shaftesbury Avenue seems to me the most notable.

In the evening I took the chair at the Dilettanti, admitted Lord Hylton, with the time-honoured cere-

monies, and proposed the usual toasts, not omitting "Viva la virtù!" forgotten on the last occasion when I occupied the same position. It was a large party, including Pollock who is still secretary, Lord Strafford, Newton, Sir Frederick Burton, Sidney Colvin, Mr. Phelps the American Minister, Watkiss Lloyd, and Lord Houghton, whom I had not seen since he was a boy.

6. We slept last night at the Thrings', spent the forenoon at Ascot, and dined with Dodson, who has been raised, since I went to India, to the peerage as Lord Monk Bretton.

8. To the wedding of Miss Stewart, daughter of Sir Donald. She was the young lady who replied to Cecil Cavendish, on his asking in what character she was going to the ball at Bangalore, "as the Duchess of Devonshire," and to whom he, when asked in return how he was going, unhappily did *not* rejoin, "as the blacksmith."¹

9. This afternoon, at the Arthur Russell's, Lady Russell mentioned that, long years ago, some one had said of a political event, that it had robbed Lord Glenelg of his sleep for a whole day!

10. I, yesterday, received from Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire his *L'Inde Anglaise*. He says:

"Cependant nous pensons, pour notre part, que l'Inde finira par être Chrétienne tout entière. Nous n'oublions pas que l'avenir est toujours profondément obscur aux regards de

¹ "And Devon's kiss seduced a blacksmith's vote."—

BULWER, *St. Stephen's*.

l'homme, et qu'il est bien périlleux d'émettre une conjecture en matière aussi grave."

After setting forth his reasons, he adds :

"C'est là, suivant nous, ce qui doit faire augurer que le Christianisme conquerra le monde. Ces glorieuses perspectives sont en contradiction absolue avec les prédictions téméraires qui lui assignent des destinées beaucoup moins prolongées. La foi Chrétienne peut être atteinte dans quelques-uns de ses dogmes et de ses principes essentiels : mais la civilisation qu'elle a enfantée est encore moins près de périr ; et les biens qu'elle repand à profusion sont un gage de sa durable influence."

Mrs. Yates Thompson, with whom I spent the pleasantest moments which fell to my lot at Ascot (except those in which, just outside the throng and hubbub, I saw for the first time for at least six years, the *Polygala* and the *Tormentilla*), well describes, in a note just received, what we witnessed together as "that curious scene of gaiety, misery, pomp, rags, and every other contradiction."

11. A lady to whom I had written to complain of the proceedings of my watch, which had taken me to her house an hour sooner than I meant to go thither, says in reply, that "she hopes it may prove a repeater" !

George Boyle sends me some lines of Politian, which he quoted when we were at Salisbury :

"Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis.
Quem non mordaci resplendens gloria fuco
Solicitat, non fastosi mala gaudia luxus
Sed tacitos sinit ire dies et paupere cultu
Exigit innocuæ tranquilla silentia vitæ."

and adds :

“It is the motto of the sixth chapter of Southey's *Doctor*. I do not know that I have read it since the year 1842, when at thirteen I got the *Doctor* out of the Advocates' Library, beginning my desultory walks in books early. As an old friend I must seriously remonstrate with you on your still strong habit of taking pleasure in literary tit-bits. Such a taste, if persisted in, may actually lead you on gradually to that rarely attained condition—a happy old age, and so you see what is before you.”

Arthur tells me that his name is in the papers to-day, his appointment as Third Secretary having just appeared in the *Gazette*, so that he can no longer be described by the title of Madame Calderon de la Barca's novel, which I read with interest many years ago, *The Attaché at Madrid*.

I copy the following, by his permission, from a MS. by Arthur Russell, being a note of conversation with his brother at Potsdam in 1876, about the relations between France and Germany in the preceding year :—

“Odo described to me dramatically the interview between the two Chancellors, during which he was present, and supported Prince Gortschakoff, in accordance with the instructions he had received from the Foreign Office. Prince Gortschakoff informed Bismarck that the Czar did not desire to see France weakened any further. Bismarck was writhing under desperate efforts to control his temper. Gortschakoff repeated : ‘Allons ! allons, mon cher Bismarck, tranquillisez vous donc. Vous savez que je vous aime beaucoup. Je vous ai connu depuis votre enfance.

Mais je ne vous aime pas quand vous êtes nerveux. Allons, vous allez devenir nerveux ! Tranquillisez vous donc, allons ! Allons, mon cher !' A short time after this interview Bismarck complained to Odo of the preposterous folly and ignorance of the English and all other Cabinets, who had mistaken stories got up for speculations on the Bourse for the true policy of the German Government. 'Then will you,' asked Odo, 'censure your four Ambassadors who have misled us and the other powers?' Bismarck made no reply."

13. To the British Museum, to see, under Poole's auspices, the Dunbar Medal, with the bust of Cromwell, the first authorised military decoration known, struck by order of the Parliament immediately after the battle.

I saw, too, the "petition crown" of Charles II., executed by Thomas Simon, and bearing on its edge his petition to be re-instated in his office.

In the introduction to the *Guide to the English Medals* issued by order of the trustees, it is stated that this "has never been equalled in technical delicacy of execution, and is certainly the finest coin of modern times." Only a very few were struck, and Poole said that a good specimen is now worth more than £200.

Mrs. Lionel Tennyson lent me yesterday the posthumous works of Alfred de Musset, directing my attention to the "Souper chez Mademoiselle Rachel," a wonderfully vivid picture of the youth of that remarkable genius and of her

more than Bohemian surroundings. The following amusing passage occurs in it :—

MOI.—Et vous faisiez le ménage ?

RACHEL.—Je me levais à six heures tous les jours, et à huit heures tous les lits étaient faits. J'allais ensuite à la Halle pour acheter le diner.

MOI.—Et faisiez-vous danser l'anse du panier ?

RACHEL.—Non. J'étais une très-honnête cuisinière: n'est-ce pas, maman ?

LA MÈRE (*tout en mangeant*).—Oh ! ça, c'est vrai.

RACHEL.—Une fois seulement, j'ai été voleuse pendant un mois. Quand j'avais acheté pour quatre sous, j'en comptais cinq, et, quand j'avais payé dix sous, j'en comptais douze. Au bout du mois, je me suis trouvé à la tête de trois francs.

MOI (*sèverement*).—Et qu'avez vous fait de ces trois francs, Mademoiselle ?

LA MÈRE (*voyant que Rachel se tait*).—Monsieur elle s'est acheté les œuvres de Molière avec.

MOI.—Vraiment !

RACHEL.—Ma foi oui. J'avais déjà un Corneille et un Racine; il me fallait bien un Molière. Je l'ai acheté avec mes trois francs, et puis j'ai confessé mes crimes.

This reminded me of a passage in one of Alexandrine's letters to Montalembert :—

“ L'énorme temps que je perds avec ma cuisinière m'a appris que notre Antonini (de Pise) malgré la modicité de ses prix, faisait danser l'anse du panier; mais enfin, s'il m'attrapait un peu, la poésie y gagnait d'un autre côté, et cela vaut bien quelques piastres.”

14. Mr. Gregory came to me, bringing a variety of curious

gems. I bought specimens of the Sphene, Andalusite, Phenakite, Indicolite, and Spodumene, none of which were represented in my collection.

My wife gave away the prizes this afternoon, and spoke, at the London Female Medical School. Stansfeld presided.

15. Mr. Forster Webster breakfasted with us, and mentioned that after the great race the other day, he saw Ormonde, the winner, as he was being taken home to his stable, calmly stop under a flowering tree and crop its branches; so little had the excitement of his inferiors extended to the principal actor in the scene.

Dined with Lord Northbrook—a large Indian party given in honour of Pertâb Sing.

The Duke of Argyll entirely confirmed the account which Arthur Gordon gave recently in the *Times* of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet-making, and added, that Mr. Labouchere, afterwards Lord Taunton, the most reasonable of men, had said to him, "Lord John has sacrificed the honour of his friends." The Duke replied by counting up the Whigs who were in the administration, naming amongst them Lord Clarendon. "What," said Labouchere, "Clarendon! Clarendon is not a Whig!" So narrow had, at that time, become the interpretation of that venerable term!

Earlier in the evening I had been talking to Lord Kimberley about the speeches of the late Lord Ellenborough, and from that the conversation had passed to oratory in

general. "I don't think much," he said, "of a man's being able to work up an audience which is prepared to agree with him. Give me the man who can affect a cold critical audience, like the House of Lords. I heard the last Lord Derby speak on the death of the Prince Consort. Half his audience was in tears. I was in tears myself; and Lord Clarendon, who hated the speaker, wiped his eyes hurriedly, and said, 'What a power the man has!'"

Lord Fife talked to me, not very cheerfully, about the state of things in the north, where he has been since the large Unionist dinner which he gave on May 18, to which Arthur Elliot and others came, fresh from the meeting which broke up the Eighty Club.

17. Dined with the Coleridges. He mentioned that when in America, he had talked to Mr. Evarts about Washington's many accomplishments, and it was remarked that the story, true apparently, of his once having thrown a dollar across the Potomac, had developed into the marvellous legend that he had thrown the said dollar from Mount Vernon across the river, at a point where it is very broad indeed. "You must remember," said Evarts, "that the dollar went much further in those days." ¹

Lowell spoke very highly of the wit of Judge Hoare, a

¹ With reference to this story, Colonel Hay later said to me: "You know it has been further developed into the saying, 'He threw a sovereign across the Atlantic!'"

cousin of Mr. Evarts', and gave as an instance of it, that some one had asked this gentleman whether an insignificant person who had been recently appointed to a high office at Washington, had a great reputation in his native state.

"Oh no," was the reply, "his reputation is *purely national*!"

Another guest was Edward Macnaghten, who has recently become Lord Macnaghten, with whom I was once so intimate, though, as I said to him, "We have never till to-night met in a room, barring the House of Commons, save once at Cambridge, since we parted in October 1847."

I do not remember that I have elsewhere noted the curious fact that he and I, both members of Indian families, respectively drew, and carried through the House of Commons, the Bill for winding up the East India Company.

18. The Breakfast Club met at Pollock's.

Venables promised to send me, and did send me later in the day, a remarkable Greek epigram about Gladstone, attributed to Professor Lushington, late of Glasgow, which I had seen, for a moment, a week or two ago, but of which I had forgotten the two middle lines. It should be preserved, like Yule's verses mentioned in the last volume, as an interesting monument of the state of party feeling.

Arthur Russell said that the Russian view of Prince Alexander's character had been very neatly stated by —,

who had praised his heroism, but added, "seulement je trouve qu'il a été ingrat *un peu trop tôt*."

I repeated to Wolseley the story mentioned in a previous volume, of the young lady who said she did not know much about Cardinal Wolsey, but knew that he had a son who fought in Egypt.

"Cardinal Wolsey really left a son," said Acton, "and a daughter."

Aberdare told us of his recent interview with the Pope, in which His Holiness expressed himself most anxious for the establishment of diplomatic relations with this country.

As Acton, Arthur Russell, and I walked away, the latter told the story of the washerwoman, who, on making some confession in court, was interrupted by the judge's question, "Et vous ne rougissez pas, mademoiselle?" To which she replied, "Non, monsieur, je blanchis."

This recalled to Acton the reply of some one to Napoleon, when, speaking of the arguments of the former, the First Consul said, "Vous en rougissez vous-même," and the other answered, "Et vous en pâlissez."

Arthur Russell said, "I am going this afternoon to take my youngest boy to see old Lord Albemarle, who celebrates to-day the 72nd anniversary of the battle of Waterloo."

19. Met, in the Park, Bain, now Lord Rector of Aberdeen. He quoted to me a saying of J. S. Mill's: "India is a

profession, and any one who wants to understand it must treat it as such."

20. Warren writes :

"No, it don't do knowing such idealizations to speak to. I knew her who, according to Byron, 'walked in beauty like the night,' and very deaf indeed she was ; and she gave me a stuffed barbolt, an English fish I had a great wish to see, which was very much to her credit. But somehow she spoilt the lyric for me, for all that."

Met Aberdare in Savile Row. He told me that Lord Shaftesbury had once been speaking against ritualism. "I would not care," said the venerable nobleman, "to attend these magnificent ceremonies. I would rather walk with Lydia by the river-side."

Voice from the crowd : "Of course you would, old boy !"

21. We had good places in the Abbey, opposite the Diplomatic Corps, and commanding an excellent view both of the daïs and the altar ; saw well, accordingly, what so many pens have described. It was gratifying to observe that the vast constructions, which had been raised to accommodate so many thousand persons, in no way disfigured the Abbey.

22. Re-read Maine's paper on India in the Jubilee volumes. Referring to his Rede lecture, he says :

"I have quoted elsewhere the saying of an eminent Anglo-Indian, that the British rulers of India are like men bound to make their watches keep time in two longitudes at once."

I sailed from Alexandria to Jaffa with an American who actually did this. His watch told him not only the local time, but also the time at New York.

In the afternoon to see, on business, Frederick Farrer, who matriculated at Balliol on the same day that I did, has been my solicitor for many years, and is now the head of the great firm, or rather dynasty, which rules at 66, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

He told me a story of a little girl who, having been up to some mischief, had locked herself in. "Why did you lock yourself in?" said her mamma when she was at length admitted. "Because I didn't want you to see me," was the reply. "But God sees you," rejoined the lady. "Does He?" said the child; "then He makes a great deal less noise about it than you do."

Dined with the Arthur Russell's, to meet the Mallets and the Goschens.

Arthur Russell mentioned the case of a gentleman who had engaged to read or recite at one of the performances of the Kyrle Society.

"Lars Porsena, of Clusium,"——he began.

"By the nine gods he swore——"

"But there's only one," called out some one from the body of the hall.

The monotheists present thought it necessary to applaud, and fairly disconcerted the would-be benefactor of the people.

23. Breakfasted with George Lefevre, to meet the son of the Raja of Kuppoothalla, who died a year ago at Aden.

The character, however, was given to the morning by the three other guests, who were Atkinson, the New England free-trader, Colonel Hay, and Frederic Harrison, all of whom were well brought out by our host, and talked admirably.

Much of the conversation turned upon political and social subjects, dealt therefore with matters of opinion, which rarely find place in these pages.

I note, however, some matters of fact. Both the Americans agreed that the name of Henry George was hardly known in the United States, until he made his tour in England. Colonel Hay had actually never heard it.

Mr. Atkinson mentioned that Garfield had told him that the beginning of his intellectual life was a lecture delivered by Emerson at Williamstown, which excited him in the highest possible degree; so much so that when he left the hall, and looked at the hill that rises over Williamstown, it seemed all in a blaze. He lay awake the whole night, yet the one sentence of the lecture which had remained in his mind was this: "Mankind is as lazy as it dares to be."

Mr. Atkinson repeated this anecdote to Emerson, who remembered having lectured at Williamstown, and remembered the sentence.

Apropos of this, Frederic Harrison cited the case of a

man who had been so excited by a speech of Gladstone's, that he could not sit on his chair, but paced up and down the room ; yet when he was asked what side Gladstone had taken, could only reply, "I don't know, he didn't say."

We spoke of Evarts and his wit. Colonel Hay mentioned that Evarts had once passed through a doorway, in which Blaine and a lady were in animated discourse. The latter appealed to him with the words: "Mr. Blaine says that women are not good judges of women. I maintain that they are. What do you think?"

"Judges!" replied Mr. Evarts, "executioners!"

Mr. Atkinson said that quite the best after-dinner speech he had ever heard was from Mr. Samuel Longfellow, brother of the poet. An excellent speech had been made by Mr. Longworth, and the proceedings should have closed, when Mr. Longfellow was very tactlessly asked to address the meeting, which he did in these words: "It is, I think, well known that worth makes the man, but want of it the fellow," and sat down.

Lefevre told us that Sir George Wombwell was under the impression that Cromwell's body was buried in his house in Yorkshire. This led to much talk about Cromwell, whose life Harrison is writing. He said that there is not the slightest doubt that Cromwell's family was in the very front rank of the English gentry.

Thence the talk strayed *via* Chequers (see these Notes, vol. ii.) to Hampden.

I asked Harrison what had become of Finance, the remarkable house-painter, my interview with whom is recorded on an earlier page. He said he was quite well, and had lately been in England, going on to describe the reception given to him and other French Positivists recently at Newton Hall, where they were greatly impressed by hearing the "Marseillaise" sung in a much more finished manner than they had ever done before.

Other subjects were, the hostility of the Socialists in London to the Positivists and to the Trades' Unions, the great American fortunes and their causes, the rapid melting away of some of them, the hindrance which they are to political success ; and servants in the United States, of whom Atkinson spoke relatively, Colonel Hay absolutely, well, saying that he usually kept his from six to eight years. One, an Irishman, was asked why he did not get naturalised. "Because," he replied, "if I did, I should have to vote against the Colonel, and I don't want to have to do that."

Atkinson said that all the young thought and ability in America is in favour of free trade, but that free trade has not begun to make any way politically. Harrison remarked that he was unwillingly, but ever more and more, being driven to believe that the residuum was almost entirely

composed of people who would not work. Atkinson took the same view, observing that during the war much was said about the misery of the working women of Boston. He offered admirable terms if they would only go a little way into the country to work in his factory. Forty were at last got together to have the conditions explained—ten agreed to go next morning, of whom one arrived at the station, and she would not go alone!

Frederic Harrison told us that he once heard Trollope tell Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot) that he was in the habit of laying his watch upon the table, and of forcing himself to write not less than two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour. She, on the contrary, tore up and re-wrote chapter after chapter.

Dined with the Yates Thompsons, meeting the Henry Sidgwicks and Colonel Hay. The latter sat opposite to me, with Mrs. Yates Thompson between us—and made himself very amusing. We talked of Evarts, who is *très gourmet*. A man from the wilds once having remarked to him: "I cannot understand how you dine out every night, and drink with impunity so many different kinds of wine." "Ah!" was the reply, "it's not the differents that do one harm, it's the *indifferents*!"

The great advocate belongs to that part of the country which is known as the Western Reserve, and when he reached high place at Washington, was immediately set

upon by hungry office-seekers from that region. "I have not," he observed to a friend, "seen much lately of the Western Reserve!"

We spoke of Judge Hoare, when Colonel Hay told us that, after Grant had made two desperately bad appointments to the Supreme Court in room of Mr. Chase—so bad that they were disallowed by the Senate—his choice fell upon an insignificant man with nothing against his character. Judge Hoare described him as "that personage so much favoured by the common law—an innocent third party."

Colonel Hay, who is writing Lincoln's life, declares that his time is largely occupied in destroying *mots* falsely attributed to the President, but repeated one recently told him, which he believed to be genuine.

A man from Buffalo went to the White House, and said, as he shook hands: "We in Buffalo put our trust in God and in Abraham Lincoln."

"Well, my friend," said the second in the partnership, as he passed his visitor on, "you are more than half right."

24. To a ball at Buckingham Palace, where a large number of the royal personages now in London danced with each other. "How many old enmities," said Lord Ashbourne to me, when their quadrille was finished, "were dancing together there?"

25. The Breakfast Club met at Acton's. What is the origin of the legend which Henry Cowper mentioned, and which accounts for the perversity of woman, by saying that when Allah was making her out of the rib of man, a monkey, descending from a tree, carried off the rib; that Allah thereupon seized the monkey by the tail, which, breaking off in his hand, was used in the process upon which he was engaged?

Walked homewards along the Row with Frederick Leveson Gower and Henry Cowper. One or other of them quoted a reply of Lady Ashburton's to the last Lord Houghton.

"Why," said the latter, "do you say so much about Gladstone's account of things at Naples, and nothing about mine? He is much redder than I."

"More read," said his friend.

Her answer to her husband was also new to me.

"Every one," she said, "has got his 'ology."

"Not every one," he replied. "I don't think I have any 'ology."

"Yes, my dear," was the rejoinder, "you have tautology."

I complained to Leveson Gower about the dulness of Madame de Lieven's letters to Lord Aberdeen, which I read in India.

"Her conversation was very terse," he said; "but she was curiously ignorant. She knew a great deal about what

had happened in her own time, but absolutely nothing about what came before it."

A large party dined with us, amongst others Edwin Arnold, who related this legend :—

"King Solomon sat upon his throne, the great mountain west of the Indus which has ever since borne his name. Around him were assembled all creatures, and in his hand was an emerald cup containing the water of life. It was intimated to him that if he drank he would be young for ever. He called before him the representatives of all created things, from the genii downwards, and consulted them as to what he should do. Every one replied :

" ' Drink, O King, and live in immortal youth ! ' "

" ' Are all here ? ' he asked. "

" ' All, ' was the reply, ' save the dove, which has not yet appeared. ' Presently she, too, came, and was consulted like the rest. She heard, and said, ' O King, if my mate comes home a little later than usual, I am miserable. If he died, I should die too. What good will immortal youth do you, if you see everything to which you are attached perish around you ? ' "

" The wise monarch listened, and poured away, untasted, the water of life. "

26. Heard a sermon by an eminent Catholic preacher which was more in the style of Abraham à Santa Clara than is usual in this decorous age. The orator told, and spoilt in the telling, the well-known story of the two Americans who were wrecked, when the following dialogue took place :—

" Can you say a prayer ? "

" No. "

"Can you sing a hymn?"

"No."

"Then let us make a collection"—which they did, and got off with the money.

He wholly missed the point, made the conversation take place between two sailors alone on a piece of wreck, and found that the man who proposed the collection was guided by "a true Christian instinct!" Shortly before, he had informed us, in so many words, that our Lord Jesus Christ "is very partial to collections!"

Later in his discourse, he said: "You have often worked hard, I am sure, all day, then sat up in the London season through the whole night to try to get from a noble friend some favour for a son, or to find a husband for a daughter. And after all your trouble, you have been obliged to come to the altar next morning, and say, 'Lord, we have toiled all night, and have caught nothing!'"

Mr. Pater dined with us, and told me that about 3000 copies of *Marius* had been sold, which seems to be thought a fair amount for a book of that character.

When I saw him on Thursday, Colonel Hay remarked that the story of Lincoln's dream, as told in George Eliot's *Life*, owed much to Dickens's imagination. I looked it up to-day, expecting to find it told at length, but that is not so; George Eliot merely cites the words, "I drift, I drift, I drift," and adds that Dickens told the story very finely. I

repeated the whole to Colonel Hay, in the form in which it will be found in these pages for February 1870.

Colonel Hay's version of the affair was, that Lincoln had said that the members of his Cabinet would in a short time receive some very strange intelligence, and had given as his reason that he had had a dream of a ship sailing swiftly by, which he had had on several previous occasions before great and startling events. I am not concerned to trace this, or any other anecdote told in these pages, up to its source. All I guarantee is that I tell it as it was told to me, leaving "the credit," as the Emperor Baber would have said, "to rest with the relator."

27. With Errington to see, at Norfolk House, Monsignor Ruffo Scilla, who has been sent over by the Pope to congratulate the Queen. We talked mainly about the question of diplomatic relations with the Holy See.

28. Dined with Milnes Gaskell. On one side of me was Lady Meysey Thompson, grand-daughter of Sir Henry Pottinger, who was attached in 1817, along with my father, to Mountstuart Elphinstone's mission to the Court of the Peishwa, and who, many years afterwards, became one of my predecessors at Madras. I repeated to her Madame von Orlich's saying about her mother: "*Il ne lui manque que des ailes.*"

30. Mr. Atkinson breakfasted here. We talked of Father Taylor, and he told us that the great orator once began a

sermon by leaning over the pulpit with his arms folded, and saying, "You people ought to be very good, if you're not, for you live in Paradise already."

The conversation, in which Sir Louis Mallet took part, turned to Mill's economical heresies, especially that which relates to the fostering of infant industries. Atkinson drew a striking picture of the highly primitive economic condition of the South before the war, and said that now factories of all kinds are springing up throughout the country in spite of the keen competition of the North. He cited a piece of advice given to his brother by Theodore Parker, "Never try to lecture down to your audience." This maxim is in strict accordance with an opinion expressed by Hugh Miller, whom, having to address on the other side of the Firth just the same sort of people as those amongst whom he lived at Cromarty, I took as my guide in this matter during the long period in which I was connected with the Elgin Burghs.

Atkinson went on to relate that at the time of Mr. Hayes's election to the presidency, there was great danger of an outbreak, and he sat in council with General Taylor and Abraham Hewitt, doing his best to prevent it. At length he exclaimed, "Now I think we may fairly say that the war is over. Here are we three, acting together for a common object, and who are we? You, Mr. Hewitt, are the leader of the Democratic party in New York; I am an old Abolitionist, who subscribed to furnish John Brown and

his companions with rifles ; you, General Taylor, are the last Confederate officer who surrendered an army, and you surrendered it, not because you were willing to do so, but, as you yourself admit, because you couldn't help it."

July

2. The Breakfast Club met, under the presidency of Henry Cowper, at the Hotel Continental. Wolseley told us that he had once asked Stonewall Jackson what had most struck him in England. His reply was, "The pointed windows in York Minster."

Acton said that an old German officer who came over the other day was asked the same question. His reply was, "Your dead kings in Westminster Abbey."

This reminded me that Arthur Stanley had once mentioned to me that of all eminent foreigners whom he had taken over the Abbey, Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands had shown the most, General Grant the least, intelligent interest in it.

Pursuing the same line of thought, — remarked, "A friend came to stay with me at Constantinople. He said, naming two persons of some note in the world, A. said to me, 'I think you will enjoy Athens, there are some very good new boulevards!' C. said, 'I don't

think you will enjoy Athens. The King and Queen are not there!"

Venables cited the case of a man who had said, I forget whether to himself or another, "Don't go to Constantinople—the mutton chops there are beastly."

I think it was Leveson Gower who mentioned that in the days of Hudson's ephemeral greatness, his health had been drunk, as "a supporter of railways, but no sleeper."

The new coinage led us to talk about medals, and Acton asked me a question which I could not answer, whether there was in the British Museum a copy of the very rare one struck by Napoleon, with the inscription "Frappé à Londres."

In the early afternoon I went to the Athenæum, to read Mat Arnold's lines on Kaiser, which are in the *Fortnightly* for this month. As I took up the review, I said to the author of the *Epic of Hades*, "Have you read your colleague's poem?" "Yes," he replied, "I have, and he is kind enough to mention me in it"—pointing, as he spoke, to the first verse; "but it is Pënn-bryn not Penn-bryn."

I fell for a few minutes into talk with Henry Milman, who told me that he had once travelled in Switzerland with Maclellan, who said to him, that when he was operating against Lee in the earlier days of the war, the A.D.C.'s of his opponent and himself had met to settle about an exchange of prisoners. They soon came to terms, and

diverged into general politics, both arriving at this conclusion: that the two greatest calamities which had afflicted mankind since the beginning, were, first, the Fall, and secondly, the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, which had brought over those infernal Puritans, who, not satisfied with managing their own affairs, must needs interfere in those of every one else.

3. Dined with the Dilettanti. Leighton, who was in the chair, made a very happy, though unconstitutional innovation. After duly giving the toast, "Grecian taste and Roman spirit," he added, "I had rather have united the two, and said, Sir Charles Newton!" This was the first meeting of the Society after his K.C.B. was announced.

4. Drove through miles of streets as unfamiliar as if they had been in Chicago, to Upper Norwood, where the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany are staying. Princess Louise and Lord Lorne came down to dinner, after which we walked in the garden, talking of many things. The three daughters have shot up into tall, exceptionally graceful girls. The Crown Prince is prohibited from uttering a word above his breath.

5. Down to Woburn with a very large party, Indians and others. The day was excellent for the purpose, bright, and not too hot. Its pleasantest incidents to me were, a long political conversation with Mr. Phelps, the American minister, and the finding of *Ranunculus lingua*, which has become

thoroughly established in some of the ornamental water.

6. Dined with Sir Joseph Pease. I talked with William Rathbone about the re-distribution of wealth which is going on. He said, "The old English merchant has ceased to exist. Our firm has lasted for two hundred years; I am the sixth William Rathbone. The very best period it ever had was the ten years immediately preceding 1874; the ten years from 1874 saw its utter collapse. It still does business, but of a quite different kind; the merchant has disappeared because he is no longer wanted."

7. M. de Franqueville, who has just sent me his new book on *Le Gouvernement et le Parlement Britanniques*, breakfasted here, meeting Frederic Harrison, Mr. Webster of Edgehill, and an intelligent Muhammadan, who was a member of Reay's legislative council. The latter expressed his surprise at the neglect in this country of the Saracenic jurists, who, he seemed to think, deserved as much attention as their Roman brethren. Harrison put the translation of the *Agamemnon* and other plays of Aeschylus by Mr. Morshead, above all other efforts of the same kind, and spoke also very highly of Lang's version of Theocritus. He gave, too, a very interesting description of the performance of *Helen of Troy* not long ago, at Hengler's Circus, when, for the first time in England, so far as he

knew, the chorus had been in its proper place and fulfilled its old function.

I went this afternoon, taking with me my nephew, Douglas Ainslie, to Sion College, which, established in the city in or about 1630, has now migrated to the Thames Embankment. The library is in charge of Henry Milman, who, by the way, was librarian of the Union at Oxford when I served on its library committee. He showed us some of the curiosities under his charge, then took us to see the unfinished reredos at St Paul's, where we remained for the afternoon service, and passed thence to St. Giles's, Cripplegate. When I was last there it was as ugly as it was interesting—now it is not more interesting than beautiful. I found and re-read the epitaph on Constance Whitney, whose mother was one of the Lucys of Charlecote, worthy to be remembered with Evelyn's pages on a similar subject, and, unlike these, without a word of surplusage.

Pollock sends me the *fac simile* of the portrait of Dante on the title-page of the rare 1521 edition of the *Convito*, which he considers the best of all those known.

8. This afternoon to a gathering at the Drapers' Hall, with a view to promote the training of teachers for women. The Crown Princess came, and her early years formed the subject of a bright and characteristic little speech by Lord Granville. It was of him, by the way, that a lady made

the other day at Woburn a remark quite worthy of himself. Lord Northampton had told her that he had tried in vain to be allowed to attend a meeting of ladies for the purpose of reading Shakespeare, adding rather sadly, that Lord Granville had enjoyed that privilege. "Ah," said the person addressed, "he was admitted, I suppose, as a 'harmless, necessary cat.'"¹

Somerset Beaumont gave this evening a concert at the Grosvenor Gallery—a happy idea, admirably carried into effect.

9. The Breakfast Club met at Frederick Leveson Gower's. Lacaita (whom I left, as I feared, dying at Florence, but who appeared at the Drapers' Hall yesterday), Venables, Pollock, Acton, and Henry Cowper attended. Story and Lowell were present as guests. I asked the former about Mr. Phillips Brooks, whom I heard on Sunday at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and whose rapid enunciation, I was not surprised to learn, absolutely baffles the reporters. That led on to Father Taylor, and Lowell mentioned that Taylor, on one occasion, described a ship in danger on a lee-shore so vividly, taking his imagery from the coast hard by, that in reply to the rhetorical question, "What

¹ He is one of several people I have known, who have, for different reasons, but good ones, had the nickname of "Pussy." One of the pleasantest acquaintances of my last year at Oxford had the same distinction. His manner was curiously cat-like, and his initials, strange to say, were M. E. W.

would you do then?" a sailor in the audience called out, "I would luff, and bear up for Squarm." I beg its pardon if I write wrongly a name quite unknown to me.

Warren writes :

"I have been trying to learn the new London catalogue (8th edition) of native plants, but I fear it comes upon me too late in life. They have re-named (confound them) all one's oldest friends. *Ranunculus hirsutus*, a good simple hairy creature, becomes *Ranunculus Sardous*; *Draba verna* becomes *Erophila vulgaris*; *Helianthemum vulgare* is now *Helianthemum Chamecistus*. In the next edition they will re-christen the daisy and the groundsel!"

Drove down in the afternoon to the Ranger's Lodge, at Greenwich, where Lady Simeon, the widow of the *Prince of Courtesy*, is passing the summer. Her daughter, who was extremely attractive as a child, has grown into a very beautiful girl.

12. Amongst others, Northbrook, the Portuguese minister, Trevelyan's sister Lady Holland, Lady Gordon, just landed from Ceylon, and Franqueville, dined with us. I talked with the last-mentioned about Monsabr 's oratory. He put it above that of Lacordaire, as far as the substance was concerned, but much below it in point of form. As an orator, he considered Ravignan far from equal to either of them, but his persuasive power was very great.

When Lacordaire was at the height of his popularity, Ravignan one day said to him, "I hear that people

even climb to the top of the confessionals to listen to you."

"Yes," replied the other, "but it is you who can make them enter the confessionals."

13. Dined with the Kimberleys, meeting, as constantly of late, the Thakores of Morwi and Limri. I took down Mrs. Fitzgerald, *née* Lockhart. She told me that even as late as last year people from Northumberland had come to ask permission to have the Lee penny put into water, in order that they might take the water home and give it to their sick cattle. Brought by her ancestor, Sir Simon Lockhart, from the Holy Land, it is now the property of her brother. (See the Notes to *The Talisman* in the Abbotsford edition.)

14. Arthur Russell and Blennerhassett breakfasted here. The conversation turned on the proceedings of the Duke of Cumberland half a century ago, and the latter said that counsel had actually been engaged to prosecute the Duke for high treason, Charles Austin being one of them. The former told us that the Duke had once called out to Lady William at table in Berlin, "Is it not true that there is not a crime in the Newgate Calendar of which I have not been accused?"—insisting on an answer which could only be, "There is not!"

In the afternoon to a party given at the Tower by Lord Napier of Magdala, who is now High Constable.

Dined with the Frederick Farrers. Mrs. Frederick Farrer, *née* Richmond, told me that when she was a very little girl Rogers kissed her hand and said, "Now, I want you to remember that I told you that before the French Revolution I met Talleyrand at a dinner party, and that not very long afterwards we were the only two members of that dinner party who had kept our heads on our shoulders."

We went on to the Julian Goldsmid's, in whose beautiful rooms there was a very charming concert. I never before, as far as I remember, heard a Greek song. The singer was Signor Viterbo.

15. Coleridge writes, with reference to an article of Mivart's in the last *Nineteenth Century*, to which I had called his attention :—

"The Roman Church is too wise not to see which way the wind is blowing, nor that it is no passing and changing breeze, but a steady trade ; and as the clergy want honestly to keep up purity of life and outward devotion, they will invent some way whereby a man may be allowed to see facts as they are, if he will worship and live as they desire."

Mrs Greg writes from Klagenfurt :—

"A time spent in Venice lives always in the memory as a dream. We are again awake, and enjoying perfect summer weather on our lovely Wörthersee, but the dream was very delightful. Venice still sits, beautiful as ever, on her quiet lagunes, and the little islands still flash, like jewels, on the molten gold of her sunsets. The new life has all grown up

since I was last there in the spring of '73, but I cannot say that it disturbed me much. The beauty is so great, and the steamers (those which ply the Grand Canal) are so small ! Then they consume their own smoke, and have no chimneys visible above the awnings, and behave altogether in as modest and unobtrusive a way as it is possible for steamers to behave. Where prosperity has done most injury is, I think, in the approach to Venice from the sea. There used to be such an exquisite tangle of masts and rigging and coloured sails, which half-veiled her beauty as one drew near. There is little of all this left, and many more big steamers, with all their attendant offences to eye and ear."

After an admirable description of Adelsberg, she adds :

"There is no end to the devices which Nature in this imitative mood has produced. But it is a mistake; she had better not derogate from her own true work. Art can do all this much better. The effect is curious and fantastic, but not beautiful, and a great relief it was to come out into the blessed sunshine and see Nature again in all the simple beauty and dignity of her real self."

16. Bidding good-bye to Deanery Street, we ran down to Canterbury to stay with William Fremantle.

I happened to mention at dinner that Sir F. Halliday, who is now past eighty, and, although retired from the Indian Council, still vigorous both in body and mind, had told me that he remembered being taken, as a child of seven years old, to see Louis XVIII pass through London on his way to Paris. Our host said, "My father¹ chanced to be at Hartwell when the Maires of Calais and Boulogne

¹ Lord Cottesloe.

came to beg, each in the interest of his own port, that the returning king should land at it. In the course of the evening Louis XVIII turned to him and said, 'You are a young man, and I am an old one. I have gone through much trouble, and you may do the same; but if you do, remember that fortune may come round to you as it has done to me.'"

17. William Fremantle preached in the Cathedral a sermon upon the Empire, which formed part of a series in connection with the Jubilee. In the course of it he cited the passage from my 1886 Minute, which begins with the words: "What then are our duties there? They are far too numerous to detail; but the chief are, I think, these;" and added: "Those who rule in this spirit are surely ministers of God." After the sermon I received the communion from him, as I had done in the same place from Arthur Stanley thirty years ago; thanking Fremantle when I met him presently afterwards, for what, I think I justly called "a great and historical compliment."

In the afternoon I went, chiefly under the guardianship of Miss Fremantle and her sister, who made excellent guides, all over the Cathedral, which I had seen with the author of *Memorials of Canterbury*. The season, however, was a far better one for seeing both it and the Precincts than was the beginning of February, when I was last here, and I carried away a much stronger impression

of their beauty. Thence we passed to St. Augustine's (whose Abbot sat at the chapters of the Benedictine Order next the head of Monte Cassino), and climbed the low eminence on which stands St. Martin's, where Ethelbert was baptised, and of which Stanley says characteristically that the view from it is one of the most inspiring that can be found in the world, adding: "There is none to which I would more willingly take any one who doubted whether a small beginning could lead to a great and lasting good—none which carries us more vividly back into the past, or more hopefully forward to the future."

19. We returned yesterday to York House, and this afternoon my wife gave a garden party to the Rao of Cutch, the Kunwar of Kuppeorthalla, and a great variety of other people. The chief feature of the entertainment was the presence of certain Spanish singers who have just come to England.

21. I seemed almost to have turned back the pages of my life for twenty years when, alighting on this side of Kingston Bridge, I walked along the towing-path, plant-hunting with John Warren, up to Hampton Court, just as we had done along the opposite side, from that place to Sunbury, in the summer of 1867. We did not meet with anything unknown to me, but I renewed my acquaintance with a great number of plants on which I had not set eyes since before I went to India.

24. Lady Isabel Margesson, *née* Hobart, with her husband, came down last night, as did Baron de Hübner, and this afternoon Mrs. Lionel Tennyson appeared. Douglas Ainslie also joined us, bringing with him Mr. Bouchier, who took the part of Thanatos in the recent rendering of the *Alceste* at Oxford, and is, I am told, one of the best of our amateur actors.

25. Hübner left us this morning, after making himself as agreeable as usual, and leaving me the richer by a great deal of information about persons and things at Vienna and elsewhere.

Cardinal Manning came to see me, and we had a long political talk, largely, of course, about Ireland. He disapproved of Gladstone's scheme, but wished for what he called a good Home Rule. I did not arrive, however, at any very clear understanding of what he meant by this, except in so far as it was evident that he thought a much larger proportion of appointments in Ireland should go to men of his faith. I said that nothing could be more unjustifiable than to promote a Protestant because he was a Protestant, and that the safest course was in all cases to take the man most likely to be useful. This hardly satisfied him, and his attitude on the question made me think of my countryman, who, having asked a colleague about his practice, was informed, "That *cæteris paribus*, he preferred to promote a friend or relation," and cut short

further explanations by the remark, "*Ceteris paribus* be damned !"

Later in the afternoon I took Victoria to Ham House, re-inspecting its treasures with a large party.

On my return I found two letters on my table, reposing side by side. The first was in the well-known hand of the Viceroy ; I had to open the other before I was quite sure that it came from Goldwin Smith. The latter begins a very wise political letter with the words: "I have been reading you with interest in the *Nineteenth Century*.¹ Were I in England I should be one of those who would heartily welcome you back after the years that have passed since you took leave of us at the 'Star and Garter.' You have happily returned 'with' your shield, and not 'on' it. The views expressed as to public affairs are those with which readers of his recent articles and addresses are familiar. Twenty years ago we thought much alike, and pretty much as we do now, though he was rather more sanguine than I. (See my speech on the Scotch Reform Bill in *Hansard* for 1868.)

27. I have been looking through Sir Francis Doyle's *Reminiscences*. The account of Sir David Dundas, as "the most agreeable talker, and the most charming companion to be met with anywhere," makes me much regret that I

¹ The reference was to a political article called *After Six Years*.

did not interrupt my journey south, when he once asked me so to do, at the Stirling station, to go to spend a night at his house. I came across him now and then when he was a Scotch member, but never could understand on what his considerable, and I daresay quite just, reputation rested. His extempore epitaph on poor Stirling Maxwell, quoted by Doyle, is as good as it is new to me:—

“Here lies Stirling of Keir,
A very good man, but a queer.
In short, if you want to find a much queerer,
You must dig up a Stirlinger of Keirer.”

Another book, over the pages of which I have turned, is *St. Petersburg and London*, by Count Vitzthum. In it occurs the passage which Henry Grenfell mentioned at Arthur Russell's on 8th May. Count Vitzthum says that the Inkerman attack was betrayed to the English Government through the talkativeness of the Emperor Nicholas. This is, of course, absurd; the story, however, *mutatis mutandis*, is true of the Tchernaya attack, which occurred after the death of the Emperor Nicholas, and was really disclosed through the indiscretion of Alexander II. I was Henry Grenfell who, being at that time private secretary to Lord Panmure, sent the information to the Crimea.

The reply of Menschikoff to his master after Alma is, I daresay, imaginary, but amusing enough: “Que voulez-

vous, Sire? Vous avez un ministre de la guerre qui n'a ni senti, ni inventé, ni envoyé la poudre."

The late Lord Derby's confession about our great land-owners, given on page 241 of the first volume, is as true as curious: "We are grown too rich," he once said to Vitzthum; "our private business takes up too much of our time. We cannot any longer, as our forefathers did, take long journeys abroad and study the affairs of the Continent, and then, like them, devote ourselves entirely to the State."

Very shrewd was Metternich's remark about Napoleon III., reported in chapter xii.: "He is a power that must be taken into account. But he forgets that a man cannot be Emperor *par la grâce de Dieu* and *par la volonté nationale* at one and the same time. He must take his choice—to grasp the reins of government either as the heir of Napoleon I. or as the elected candidate of universal suffrage. This contradiction will cause his downfall."

28. Re-read the curious article in the *Railway News* of 24th January 1874, which begins as follows:—

"The last shadow of a mighty institution, long one of the great powers of the world, passed away this week in a *Times* advertisement, signed 'Grant Duff.' Just two hundred and seventy-four years ago, in September 1599, there appeared another advertisement in the *Times* of that period, the *London Gazette*, inviting all the merchants and traders of London interested in extending our commerce with the East, and in taking at least a small share of it from the Dutch and

Portuguese, to assemble on a certain day for discussion of the subject. The meeting took place at Founders' Hall on the day appointed, the 22nd of September 1599, and was attended by the most eminent merchants of London in a body, there being present one hundred and one persons, including the Lord Mayor, who presided, and the chief aldermen."

It then briefly sketches the early history of the Company, and ends thus :—

"The 31st of January has not yet come, and already the offered bargain is closed, so eager are 'proprietors of East India Stock' for the final winding-up. Mr. Grant Duff steps forward once more in a *Times* advertisement for a final adieu: 'To the proprietors of East India Stock.—India Office, January 13, 1874. With reference to the advertisement issued from this office on the 3rd inst., the Secretary of State for India, in Council, hereby gives notice, that the full amount of £2,000,000 India £4 per cent. Stock therein mentioned has been applied for.' And so, *Finis Polonia*. Henceforth history only knows the East India Company."

Have I ever written down the happy reply of the late Count Eugene Kinsky, which came back to me the other day as I was walking in the shrubbery with Hübner. We were talking, at my house in London some twenty years ago, about a variety of well-known people in Austria. "And what line," I said, "does Prince Sapieha take?" "Oh," said Kinsky, "he takes the line to Jassy"—this personage having, as it appeared, occupied himself exclusively with the care of his fortune, and left politics to others.

30. Up to London to breakfast with Lubbock, but found the house under the shadow of a great sorrow—one of his ants, who had lived thirteen years in the family, having just expired.

Lyon Playfair, who sat next Nubar Pacha, asked him what he thought about the future of Egypt.

"Egypt," said Nubar, "is like that plate of jam in front of us, waiting to know who will eat it. Will it be England?" "England," rejoined Playfair, "feels about Egypt as I do about that plate of jam. She fears it might disagree with her."

I communicated to our host Sir Francis Doyle's remark about him, that he is "the nearest approach we have to a modern Beelzebub."

For a quarter of a century or more I have been familiar with the features of a Countess Potocka, whose picture is, I think, in the Berlin Gallery, but never till now knew her history. It has recently been given to the world, and is not precisely edifying, though in parts amusing enough. Her first husband¹ was the son of the famous Prince de

¹ The eccentricities of the lady may have been stimulated by his personal appearance, of which a very unflattering account is given in the *Papers of the Twining Family*, a book at which I have been glancing. It is interesting chiefly from the contrast of its very modern turn of thought with the old-world state of things, which it describes only about 100 years ago. See, amongst other curious passages, the account of the queer little territory of the ecclesiastical Prince of Stavelot and Malmédi, not far from Spa. I observe that it was Thomas Twining who, at the beginning of the 18th century, built Dial House, which adjoins my garden.

Ligne, after whose death, in one of the passes of the Argonne, she married, by no means too soon, Count Vincent Potocki. The best part of the book is the account which she wrote, between nine and fourteen, of her girlhood at the Abbaye aux Bois—a spot made memorable to me by associations so curiously different. (See these Notes for 1873.) There are some instructive passages in the Introduction, taken from M. de Ségur, upon the influence which the mothers of the highest class had, before the First Revolution, upon the education of their sons. How the mothers were themselves educated, this book shows with great clearness. The result in this particular case, “laisse à désirer,” but the fault did not lie with Madame de Rochechouart, who had the general management of the girls, and who seems to have combined many other remarkable qualities with the proverbial “esprit des Mortemarts.”

31. A large party at York House. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson, while looking over a volume of my Guindy plants, told me that her father-in-law had always cherished a strong desire to see tropical vegetation, but something had invariably come in the way. Mrs. Sydney Buxton mentioned that Sir John Lubbock, in a lecture at Eton, had shown the strange seed of *Harpagophyton procumbens*. He described how it becomes entangled with the lion's mane, then gets into his mouth, preventing his eating, “whereupon

the poor beast perishes miserably." Presently the seed became entangled with the lecturer's own hand, and Mrs. Buxton, who was listening with filial attention, heard a boy behind her say, "And now, will the poor beast perish miserably?"¹

August

3. Arthur Stanley once repeated to me a conversation which he had had with Pio Nono, in which the Pope, speaking of Pusey, had compared him to a church bell, adding: "Il sonne, il sonne, il sonne, mais il n'entre pas dans l'église." I had thought that this was original, but I found the other day that a similar remark had been made by Abraham à Santa Clara, who was preaching at Vienna towards the beginning of last century.

Baron de Hübner came down to dinner and spent the night. Conversation turned on the events of the 1st January 1859. Hübner said, "The received account of that transaction makes me distrust history. What the Emperor really wished to do was to deceive me by saying

¹ August 25th. *A propos* of this, my secretary mentions another piece of schoolboy wit. She once asked the meaning of the words in the *Stabat Mater*, "Fac ut portem," and received the reply, "I am sure I don't know. Probably 'Make for the door.'"

Evelyn told us lately that a bad long-stop at Clifton had received the name of the "Ancient Mariner," because "he stoppeth one of three."

something agreeable. He first addressed the Nuncio, and said, 'I trust the year which is now beginning will be one of peace for Europe and of prosperity for its inhabitants.' Next, turning to Lord Cowley, he said, 'I have just received a most kind letter from the Queen. I will reply to it immediately, but meantime I trust you will say with what pleasure I have read it.' I came next, and to me he said, 'I hope you will tell the Emperor, that although the relations between our ministers are not as satisfactory as I could desire, my feelings towards him are most cordial.' Lord Chelsea, who had caught the phrase about the relations of the ministers not being altogether satisfactory, hurried away with the impression that the Austrian Ambassador had been badly received, and communicated it to others. Before the Emperor had spoken to the last *Chargé d'Affaires*, a rumour to that effect was all over Paris. He made the Empress give a ball immediately afterwards, at which he asked me, speaking very loud, whether I had heard the nonsensical story that was going about with regard to what he had said to me, —— 'As if I should have chosen the 1st of January, of all days in the year, to say something unpleasant.' It was too late, however; the erroneous impression had been produced, and could not be got rid of."

5. Walked with Hübner under the shade on the eastern side of the lawn, talking chiefly of the Emperor of Austria

and the strange vicissitudes of his life. It was a cloudless morning, and without mist but the sky was of a singularly grey blue. My companion said, "In North Germany, where this state of the atmosphere is very common, it is called 'Höhenrauch;' that is a word which would be quite unintelligible in the South."

9. In the early afternoon of the 6th, my wife, Iseult, and I ran down *viâ* Guildford to Losely, so well known to the antiquarian from the treasures of its muniment room, and now in the occupation of the Sligos, with whom Madame de Peyronnet and Madeleine were staying. Mrs Webb¹ and her husband came to spend the Sunday. The house, built about 1562, of grey stone, forms an admirable *pendant* to Sutton, a fine old place which we visited on the 7th, where the prevailing tone is red.

Losely is full of interesting things—two chairs, with a small picture in copper, presented by Queen Elizabeth; portraits of James I. and of Anne of Denmark, given by the king, and what not. The time went delightfully, for we not only "tired the sun with talking," but did our best to do the same by the moon, the nights being almost Indian in their beauty. The great trees looked architectural, as Madeleine said, by her light.

Madame de Peyronnet supplied me with an admirable

¹ *Née* Lyall, the companion of my journey from Berlin to Dover in 1875.

formula for saying civilly that a woman is really too hideous: "Quelle belle âme elle doit avoir!" The patentee of this expression was her cousin, Alfred de Vigny. Lady Sligo repeated an old French saying, probably the origin of the distich by Hawes quoted in these Notes for December 1885: "Il n'y a si beau jour qu'il ne vienne aux vêpres."

I have mentioned on an earlier page a happy remark of Lamartine's about the Peyronnets. It seemed that he likewise called them, from their habit of working for the embellishment of their house, "une famille de castors."

One of the family mentioned that Lamartine was so fond of dust, that he preferred always driving in the second carriage in order to enjoy it.

We talked of Berryer, and Lady Sligo told me that when she was quite a girl she found herself one day sitting next the great orator at dinner. She had left some truffles on her plate, which he calmly appropriated, observing, "On ne laisse pas les truffes!"

11. We returned this afternoon to York House, after spending two very agreeable days with my old friend Midleton, with whom I used to live so much, and of whom I have seen so little these many years.

Our rooms were next to each other at Balliol, Arthur Peel, the present Speaker, having those immediately under mine, in which I succeeded Hornby, now Provost of Eton.

At a later period, Midleton drew my marriage settlement, and became one of my marriage trustees. He sat for some time in the House of Commons when I was a member of the first Gladstone administration, but succeeded to the Peerage in 1870.

His two younger sons and three daughters, the eldest of whom takes charge in term time of her uncle's establishment at Merton, were with him, and he had much that interested me to tell, especially of Ireland, where he has considerable property. Peper Harow is a large, good, uninteresting, last-century house, admirably situated in a noble park, through which the Wey flows down to Godalming.

The family papers would, I think, repay careful examination. In the volume at which I looked, I lit upon a highly interesting letter of Atterbury's, written in an excellent hand.

12. Mrs. Greg writes:

"I am so glad you have been to Langport. It is to me one of the most interesting places I ever go to, for its associations with Walter Bagehot. However much Herdhill may be altered and embellished, I never forget for a day that it was there that he lived so great a part of his life—and died. No one with whom I have lived in close contact has ever produced upon me so much the impression of genius as he did. He never needed to be told anything. There was something Shakesperian in the way in which he instinctively knew what was going on in the minds of all sorts of men, and he brought to bear upon this knowledge a judgment at once so firm and

so clear that one felt irresistibly impelled to take his conclusions as final, when he came to definite conclusions. When he did not—and his wisdom often held him back from doing so—he equally satisfied one's mind; it had been enriched, stirred with living thought, delighted by the touch of true humour. One's horizon had been widened, one breathed more freely, one lived more happily; and ten years ago, at Herdhill, all this went from us in its prime. When burning brightly, the light suddenly went out, and I have never ceased to feel that things have been darker ever since. It is one of those losses to which one cannot reconcile oneself. Every year his works seem to be more read and more valued, and I think the future readers of the diary will be interested in hearing of Langport and Herdhill."

13. A bullfinch, who was quite a member of the family, died this morning. He lived with us three years before we went to India, passed the time of our absence with several of our relatives, and returned to York House a week or two ago. He had become very decrepit, but we are led to hope that he was fairly happy to the last, as he was observed to eat yesterday for twenty-five minutes without stopping.

14. Talked with Sir Horace Rumbold, who is staying with us, about Switzerland, one of the many countries in which he has been in charge of our affairs. He spoke with great respect of the Swiss statesmen and of the skill with which they manage their extremely complicated internal and external relations. "I take the liberty," he added, "of calling their government a government of watchmakers."

As we drove back, conversation wandered to the Polignacs, with whom he is connected, and thence to the Faubourg. He told me a story of an old gentleman who had forgotten his cloak at the house of a not less venerable lady, who returned it to him with the words, "Quand on s'appelle Joseph, on ne laisse pas son manteau dans l'antichambre d'une honnête femme."

17. We returned this afternoon to York House, after a visit of two nights to the Delmar Morgans, who have established themselves not far from Horley, on the borders of Kent and Sussex. I made our host describe to me in considerable detail his journey through Iceland in 1881, when he boiled a thermometer on the top of Hecla, and went right across the country to Akreyr, the northern capital. I had not grasped the fact that Iceland is larger than Ireland, nor that it lies just out of the Arctic Circle, which does not actually touch any part of it.

Mr. Delmar Morgan told me likewise a great deal of the visit which he paid, while I was in India, to Leopoldville, on the Congo, in the service of the King of the Belgians. I was glad to learn that Sierra Leone, where he touched in passing, is far less unhealthy than heretofore.

From his house we went over with Lady Anne Blunt, who dined with us at Guindy in 1883, and whom we met at Hyderabad in 1884, to see her lovely Arabs. The four-footed privileges of the household are considerable, for she had an

exquisite Blenheim and two Sussex spaniels, in addition to all her equine pets. The genius of her grandfather (she was the "sole daughter" of "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart") has taken in her the form of painting, and she inherits to the full the ancestral love of adventure. Some of the beautiful creatures which we saw, had been brought home by herself and her husband from the Arabian desert.

18. Drove over to spend the day with the Mallets, with whom we went in the evening to see their neighbour, Lady de Ros, who is now ninety-two. The conversation soon found its way *via* Lady Dufferin (see these Notes for February 1886) to the ball of the 15th June 1815, of which Lady de Ros was the heroine. I asked her if it had taken place in the Hôtel de Ville. "No," she said, "that is a common mistake. It really took place in my father's house, which is now pulled down. I looked for it in vain when I was in Brussels in 1869, and learned its fate from a stationer, the representative of one whom I remembered in the same place."

I inquired if she had danced that night, as I had been told, with the Duke of Brunswick. "No," she said, "but I had just been present on horseback at a review of the Brunswickers, and on taking leave at the ball the Duke made me a sort of flourishing speech, in which he expressed his hope that his men, who had been so much honoured, would distinguish themselves in the approaching battle."

Neither did she dance on that occasion with the Duke of Wellington, but when the rumour spread of what was about to happen, she went up to him and asked whether it was true. "Yes," he said, "and we shall all be off by the morning." The warlike tidings did not stop the ball; many people went on dancing after they were known.

I asked her if she had known Lord Wellesley.

"Very slightly," she replied; "he was Lord Lieutenant when I was living in barracks with my husband at Dublin, but he received very little society, and I hardly saw him at all."

19. Mr. Webster, of Edgehill, in a letter which I received yesterday, writes as follows, with reference to these Notes, which I send him from time to time, as they are printed:—

"Here is my Epitome of the Diary, in better words than my own: 'Bons mots, Rencontres agréables, Pensées judicieuses, et observations curieuses,' etc.; and, to let you see the source of this definition, I send it separately in the shape of a nice copy of *Menagiana*, which (having another myself) I bought for your acceptance in 1884 from Bedford's, the great book-binder's library then sold, where all was choice, and I intended to give it to you, with one or two others personally when you should be here. I know you have a copy of the dear old wit and scholar's charming *ana* already; this one may serve to remind you of Edgehill. I got hold the other day of an autograph letter of Bayle to Ménage, savouring of the easy and pleasant interchange at that time of literary talk between such men, and telling Ménage of the speedy appearance of the Dictionary."

The book came this morning, a lovely copy—the one-volume Amsterdam edition of 1693. The copy which I have hitherto used is the Amsterdam edition of 1762, with the three extra volumes. My new friend is extremely pretty, bound in red morocco by Mackenzie.

George Boyle, in reply to some questions from me, writes :—

“ ‘Ivy and violet, what do ye here,
With blossom and shoot in the warm spring weather,
Hiding the arms of Monchenci and Vere?’

—*Hanmer.*

—is the motto of Browning's play, 'Colombe's Birthday,' and was originally published in *Bells and Pomegranates*, by Moxon. The lines are in a volume of poems, certainly showing some very *nice* feeling and, especially in the sonnets, power of language. When I met the author as 'Sir John' and 'Lord Hanmer' at Sir T. Winnington's, I failed to find anything more than a pleasant Whig. Singularly enough, on the day I got your last letter, I found, in the notes of the new edition of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, p. 326:—

“ ‘Archbishop Trench has kindly informed the Editor that this graceful poem (p. 72, “The loveliness of love,” “It is not beauty I demand”) is an imitation of early style by G. Darley, published cir. 1847.’ ”

“Miss Mitford, in her *Recollections of a Literary Life*, says that Darley offended his father, a wealthy alderman of Dublin, by devoting his life to poetry. He stammered dreadfully, and wrote *Sylvie, or the May Queen*, which I have never seen; also a tragedy on Thomas à Becket. H. Taylor, in the early editions of *Philip van Artevelde*, had an epithet ‘plangent wave,’ which he says he got from a

poem of Darley's. There is a great deal of weird beauty in *Nepenthe*, part of which Miss Mitford printed. Certainly 'It is not beauty I demand' is a perfect gem."

In my edition of the *Golden Treasury* (the first) this poem is placed between one by Milton and one by Carew. I am quite familiar with many lines in it, as, for instance, the following :—

"Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed ;"

but never suspected that it was modern.

21. The Mallets and a number of other friends at York House. Capt. Evans Gordon told me that Fanny Kemble had once been persecuted by the attentions of a lunatic in the United States. In his final interview, the man dashed a parcel on the table, saying, "At least take this," and disappeared. The parcel contained a jewel of very unusual appearance, which was stolen before its new possessor left America. Years passed away, and she found the very same jewel in the stock of a travelling pedlar who came to offer his wares to her at Sorrento. I thought, of course, of Madame Marcellus's stolen ornament, which was so strangely recognised by Alexandrine.

26. Went up for some hours to London, chiefly to see Kinglake, who has had a sharp attack of illness.

I sat also a long time with Mr. Claude Erskine, the grand-

son of Sir James Mackintosh. He talked much of his aunt's husband, Mr. Rich, who was for years the East India Company's Resident at Bagdad, and a man of the most extraordinary as well as precocious acquirement. He died of cholera at Shiraz in 1821, at the early age of thirty-four.

Mr. Erskine's account of him sent back my thoughts to a remarkable passage in *Philip van Artevelde*, which I re-read in one of my note-books, copied in Charles Pearson's¹ hand some three-and-thirty years ago :—

“ He was one
Of many thousand such who die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a miracle. Compute the chances,
And count there's ne'er a one of all that try
To win the race of glory, but than he
A thousand men more gloriously endowed
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
While lighter barks pushed by them.”

I wrote the other day to George Boyle about my visit to Lady de Ros. He replies from Methven, in Perthshire :—

“Can I beat you? I saw in 1832, at her house in Princes Street, Mary, Lady Clerk of Penicuik *née* Dacre, who was born as Charles Edward entered Carlisle in 1745, and lived to give the white cockade pinned on her cradle to George IV. in 1822 at Holyrood.”

¹ Later the author of *National Life and Character*.

29. Returned to York House from High Elms, whither I went with Clara on the 27th. The Courtneys and Sir Herbert Maxwell were there.

The name of Lannion coming up in the course of talk, Mr. Courtney, who is connected with Cornwall, said that it was simply "the Church of St. John," and that the English Lanyons bore as their crest the Eagle of the Evangelist. Someone having asked how "Lan" came to mean a church, he replied that it meant originally an enclosure, and hence, a sacred enclosure.

Sir Herbert Maxwell mentioned that he heard some time ago, in south-western Scotland, a wholly unfamiliar word. He was told that a sheep was *clinted on a dass*—that is to say, that it had got upon a ledge of rock where it could not turn. "*Dass*" comes from Scandinavia.

Lubbock told us that a forester had recently said to him that some trees had been terribly *spalted*. The man who used this German word came from East Anglia.

After I went to India, Lubbock and Courtney, who is now Chairman of Committees, were brought much together by their joint exertions in favour of proportional representation, and they had a good deal to say upon that subject, as well as upon persons and things in the House of Commons, about which I put many questions.

Mrs. Courtney said to me "What has happened in the

last two or three years makes me think that common honesty is almost the most essential thing in politics."

The ants were duly visited, and Lubbock, much occupied at present with seeds and seedlings, showed me the curious contrivance of the *Erodium* for burying its seed in the ground, and the three kinds of seeds of the common garden marigold: one imitating a small caterpillar, another winged, and the last hooked, all these arrangements having reference to their easier and wider dispersion.

Sir R. Sandeman, at the suggestion of Northbrook, sends me a private Memorandum on the North-West Frontier. He wants to place the Gomul Pass in an adequate state of defence, and claims for the new frontier, running from the Gomul, or near it, to Quetta, that "it closes the mouths of the many easy passes opening into the Derajat and Sind, and offers greatly enhanced natural and sanitary advantages to the line we possessed when resting upon the Cis-Suleiman districts."

A letter from the Viceroy, in which, amidst more important things not to be referred to here, he mentions that his daughter, Lady Helen, had told him that one of the natives of India had come up to her at the Woburn party mentioned above, and had said, pointing to the huge mass of buildings: "This is a very nice bungalow!"

September

9. Accompanied by Clara I started, on 31st August, for the West of England, to look for a winter house, and got as far a-field as Penzance, returning home last night. Most of our proceedings belonged to the business side of life, and need no record here, but I may set down one or two facts of more general interest.

On the 3rd, at Falmouth, I saw several places belonging to the Fox Colony, and notably Penjerrick, where Caroline Fox, whose pleasant journals I read in India, lived and died. The house, which is small, stands at the head of a long valley sloping gently to the sea, which may be three-quarters of a mile off. In this valley lie gardens filled with evergreen vegetation. *Prunus Laurocerasus* grows so luxuriantly that it is sold for firewood; camellias flourish as they do at Ootacmund or round the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and I saw the Camphor Laurel looking quite happy. Miss Fox was not at home, but thanks to an introduction from the Hamlyns, we saw her various pets, an amiable monkey, sundry cockatoos, *e tutti quanti*, as if she had been.

I learned at Penjerrick that the daughters of John Sterling, to whom I was introduced long years ago at the

house of Frederick Maurice, lived hard by ; I went accordingly to see them, and found the younger, Miss Hester.

She showed me a miniature of her father—not a good one—taken when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge. There is no really good portrait of him, which is all the more unfortunate, as his writings do not account for the immense impression he produced on the ablest of his contemporaries.

There was a head of Carlyle in his early days, very unlike the worn old man I knew.

Miss Sterling and her sister have had to contend with a far more niggard soil than that of Penjerrick, and are quite close to the sea, but they too have a charming garden with terraced paths leading down to the high road. I remember particularly the large and brilliantly coloured *Tritonias*, outside, and an exceptionally fine plant of *Vallota purpurea* inside the house.

On the 4th we drove from Totnes through deep and lonely lanes for three hours, to the Molt, a house belonging, through his wife I suppose, to Lord Halifax, but at present in the occupation of Froude, whom I have only seen once, for a moment, since I returned to Europe, and with whom I passed a couple of most agreeable hours. Much of our talk turned on the West India Islands, where he spent the first months of this year, and on which he is now writing. He put into my hands an old book, published

at Paris in 1722, in six volumes, under the title of *Nouveaux Voyages aux îles de l'Amérique*, saying that it was as good as *Herodotus*. Other subjects were Mivart's recent article, alluded to above, as well, of course, as the inevitable and intolerable Ireland.

On the 5th we got to Mrs. Bagehot's near Langport, where we found the skies more propitious than they were in May. The Barringtons were there when we arrived, as were Hutton of the *Spectator*, with his wife, grand-daughter of the Roscoe who wrote *Leo X*, and Lady Bloomfield arrived on the 6th.

I found on the table at Herds Hill a lovely little toy book, bound in white parchment and gold, edited under the title of *Speculum Universitatis*, by Professor Lewis Campbell, and a colleague now dead. The exterior must commend it to all bibliophiles, but the interior is interesting chiefly to persons connected with the University of St. Andrews. What pleased me most in it was a portion of a lecture by the late Principal James Forbes, upon the Admirable Crichton. I was not aware, till I read it, that he had been so staunch a Catholic. I was surprised at not finding the beautiful epigram on that most remarkable person, by G. Butler, which was published in the *Anthologia Oxoniensis*, and which I have known by heart from my schoolboy days.

On the 6th we drove, in lovely weather, to Burton

Pynsent, where a portion of the house formerly inhabited by Chatham still stands, as does the monument which that statesman raised to the memory of the gentleman who testified his approbation of public services in so substantial a manner.

Immediately below the house and the monument, the ground falls abruptly to the great levels which spread towards Bridgewater, and the landscape has something in common with that which presents itself to the eye of one who looks down from the Chilterns upon the vale of Aylesbury.

Burton Pynsent belongs to my House of Commons acquaintance of many years, Colonel Pinney, now a very old man. We went over to see him at his pretty place, Somerton Erleigh, on the 7th. Amongst other good pictures, he has one of a member of the Popham family, who is believed by some to have been the *Spanish Ladye's Love* of the old ballad. The better opinion would seem to be, however, that that fortunate individual was Sir John Bolle.

At the desire of Mrs. Scott, the owner of the lovely Capponi Villa mentioned under the date of the 16th February this year, I delivered an address this afternoon at her English home, Forbes House, on Ham Common, about kindness to animals, in which I took an opportunity of quoting Whytehead's far too little known poem on the

spider, in which he takes that excellent creature's side of the question against the children of Beelzebub :—

“ I have watch'd thee there this hour
In thy secret leafy bower ;
All the while a single fly
Has not flown thy meshes by,—
They are empty, night is nigh.

“ Yet thou lonesome thing, for thee
Few have thought, or sympathy
Where, thy scanty food to get,
Thou that weary watch dost set
By thy solitary net.

“ Thou, as God has given thee skill,
Dost thy humble task fulfil,
Busy at thy lines outspread,
Mending up each broken thread ;
Thus thy little life is led.

“ Yet belike some idler's hand
Who nature cannot understand,
As in pity for thy prey,
All thy toil for many a day
At one stroke will sweep away.”

12. Mr. Leonard Courtney with his wife came down on the 10th, and were joined yesterday by Sir Louis and Lady Mallet. One of the houses at which I looked in Cornwall was Trereife, pronounced, Courtney tells me, Treife. He added that its owner, Mr. Val Le Grice, from whom I had a letter the other day, is the grandson of the person whose

names are concealed under initials in the following passage from the *Essays of Elia* :—

“Come back into memory, 'like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, intranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young *Mirandula*) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar,—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity boy*! Many were the ‘wit-combats’ (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller) between him and C. V. Le G— which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances, C. V. L., with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.”

As we walked yesterday afternoon in Richmond Park, Louis Mallet, third son of Sir Louis, who was speaking of a distinguished Oxford man, said, “I doubt whether he will have great success as a writer; he is too careful and fastidious.” “Ah, yes,” said Mrs. Courtney, “in literature, as in other things, I suspect it is true that he who would save his life must lose it.”

We returned to York House across the common, and by Ham House to the ferry. When we got home the conversation turned upon the neighbourhood, and one of the party read the following passage from Mr. Grant White's *England Without and Within*, interesting as showing how it impressed an intelligent and highly-cultivated American :—

“The walks in the country around Twickenham are idyls. On Sunday evening, as the west was reddening, H. and I went out, and walked three or four miles leisurely, returning just after sunset. It was like living Gray's *Elegy*. From the old church towers in the distance came the chimes of bells, soft, sweet, irregular, making a gentle clamour. Everything is soft here: mellow and tender upon the surface, although it may be rich and strong within. We talked when we first set out; but gradually we gave ourselves up in silence to the enjoyment of a sense of harmony that stole alike through eye and ear, and which, like the enjoyment of all beauty of the higher kind, produced an almost sad, submissive feeling.”

14. With Clara to the Benediction at Roehampton. One voice was quite divinely beautiful.

Later I had read to me an article by Morley on the journals of Caroline Fox, full of discriminating praise. It was published some years ago in the *Fortnightly*, and dwells chiefly, as might be expected, on the relations of the Falmouth circle with John Stuart Mill. The writer says :

“Those who had not the happiness of knowing him can find nowhere else so vivid an impression of Mill's interesting and attractive personality as is to be gathered from the pages before us.”

I agree with this, and the Mill to whom the public is introduced by Miss Fox is the Mill whom I used to see at the India House, from 1851-1858. My last, or almost my last interview with him there was soon after my return for Elgin, in December, 1857, when I was opposed by Sir James Hogg. "I was delighted by your success," said the great advocate of the "Great Company," but still more delighted by the defeat of your opponent, for we should have been ruined indeed if our cause had been in his hands."

From that time, till Mill was elected for Westminster in 1865, I saw him, I think, only once, and then for a few moments, in the hall of the Athenæum; but I continued to retain the most enthusiastic admiration for him, and I delivered a speech somewhere in Westminster, previous to his election, in which I expressed that admiration.

His brief career in the House of Commons, however, rather diminished my ardour. His best friend could hardly deny that he laid himself open to Disraeli's criticism, who, when asked what he thought of him, replied, "Oh! a political finishing governess."

I remember once, in the division lobby, asking him whether it was true that he was preparing a Flora of the department of Vacluse. "Yes," he said, "I make a Flora of every district in which I settle. I made a Flora of Surrey." I remember, too, a conversation with him, also, I think, in the division lobby, in which he said, that of all

the misfortunes of France, the greatest was, that the vast majority of the good and respectable people in the country belonged to the Legitimist party, and were, *ipso facto*, politically impossible.

I have never seen any even tolerable presentment of his character as a whole, and I do not know that any one could give a correct account of his long years at the India House, where so very large a part of his life's work was done; but Miss Fox's book is extremely useful in bringing into prominence the gentle, affectionate side of his nature—a side which curiously announced itself in his nervous, almost convulsive shake of the hand, utterly unlike that of any other human being with whom I have been acquainted.

In the same paper Morley says :—

“‘Carlyle,’ enters our diarist one day in 1858, ‘seems to grow drearier and drearier, his wife still full of life and power and sympathy, spite of the heavy weight of domestic dyspepsia. Kingsley pays him long visits, and comes away talking just like him: “Why, if a man will give himself over to serve the devil, God will just give him over to his choice, to see how he likes it,” etc. That was in fact nearly as much, save certain flashes of grotesque and incomparable humour, as anybody ever did come away with, and with all respect for the genius both of Carlyle and of Kingsley, still we can only feel that these sonorous mouthings about God and the Devil were for all practical purposes in life, the highest even more than the lowest, no better than filling the belly with the east wind.”

This, too, is exactly in accordance with my impressions. Carlyle's conversation was often (low be it spoken) little better than raving. Amphill once said of him, after listening to such an outpouring, "Good heavens! What nonsense he talked."

I remember hearing him, after a furious tirade against Mat Arnold, for having somewhere spoken of Heine as a continuator of the work of Goethe, wind up by describing that wayward child of Israel as, "a filthy fetid sausage of spoilt victuals."

Of Mrs. Carlyle I saw extremely little, and only the good side. She seemed to me a bright, shrewd pleasant little Scotchwoman.

Of Kingsley I have spoken incidentally in the last volume. It was Kingsley the poet, Kingsley the naturalist, Kingsley the gay and genial companion of walks or rides, who was attractive. On these occasions there was little of the minor prophet business, and what little there was did no harm.

I have been running through the foreign part of Lady Bloomfield's *Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life*. [She mentions that Count Nesselrode dined at the British Embassy in January 1848, and said that no political event seemed of importance nowadays. I have somewhere read that Metternich congratulated the diplomatic corps at Vienna, on the first day of the same

month, upon the profound tranquillity which reigned throughout Europe!

There is a curious letter from Baron Löwenstern, near the end of vol. i., in which he gives an account of Lamoricière, which Lady Bloomfield confirms. I never met him, and had an entirely different idea of the man. The barrack-room tone of his conversation may be gathered from a remark which he made to Lady Bloomfield at a ball, after looking at some pretty girls who were dancing: "Ah! Madame, si vous saviez comme cela m'amuse de voir les femmes tricoter ainsi avec leurs jambes!"

At page 266 of vol. ii. there is a curious story which was told by the Princess Schönburg of her mother, Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg, who perished at Paris in the fire which took place at the Austrian Embassy, in the days of the first Napoleon.

"She had left her youngest children here at Vienna. The Cardinal being then a baby of six months old was in his cradle one night, when suddenly his nurse, an old and very respectable, but by no means either clever or imaginative woman, fell down on her knees, and exclaimed, 'Jesu, Maria, Joseph! There is the figure of the Princess standing over the baby's cradle.' Several nurserymaids who were in the room heard the exclamation, though they saw nothing; but to her dying day the nurse affirmed the truth of the vision, and there being then no telegraphs, it was not for many days after that the news of the Princess Schwarzenberg's untimely fate reached Vienna."

There is another case of an appearance at the moment of death, told at page 305, on the authority of Miss Hosmer, and later in the book an excellent anecdote about Story. An American came to see him one day, and sat for a long time in his studio without speaking while the sculptor went on modelling. At length the visitor exclaimed, "In heaven's name, tell me what induced you to give up the glorious profession of the bar to come to Rome and pinch up mud?"

23. Up to London with Clara to see Mr. Watts. We were shown into the gallery, where he soon joined us.

"You will not," he said, as we looked round, "see much realism here. I always like to suggest something. I think that in things which only man can do, he should put a little of what is most distinctive of himself—intellect. There are persons, however, of the French school especially, who will tell you that in so far as a picture teaches or suggests anything it is a bad work of art."

He then went round the room with us, pointing out the principal pictures. Amongst those which pleased me most was "Aurora." Remarkable, too, in a very different style, were some great dray horses, which I liked particularly, because these noble creatures, so essentially English, have never, so far as I know, been adequately commemorated. "That picture is almost historical," remarked the artist,

and he was right. There were excellent portraits of John Stuart Mill and of Lecky, but far the most striking head was that of Mr. Wright, the philanthropist.

From the gallery we passed to the studio, the principal object in which was an unfinished picture of the Angel of Death with a child in his arms, a favourite subject with "the artist."

Thence we went into the open air to see the gigantic figures of a horse and man which he has moulded. The rider having just succeeded in taming his steed, is, with his right hand shading his eyes, looking for new tasks in which to engage, a meet symbol, and intended to be one, of the English love of colonisation and adventure.

Mr. Watts himself thinks that his best picture is perhaps the one called "After the Deluge," in which not exactly the sun, but a mighty power of heat and light is breaking over the submerged world.

29. We returned to York House last night from a visit to Heath's Court, Lord Coleridge's place near Ottery St. Mary.

The principal feature of the house, in the older part of which the convention between Fairfax and the Cornish army was signed, is a noble library 73 feet long, or thereby, the work of Butterfield, the shelves of which, now only very partially filled, are intended to

receive the considerable collection now at its owner's London house.

There are, however, at Heath's Court a good many interesting things, as, for instance, volumes containing the autograph letters to our host's father from Arnold and Keble. Another very cherished possession is a complete series of Newman's works, given to Lord Coleridge by himself. I admired the church, which has for its chief ornament a lovely recumbent statue of the late Lady Coleridge by Thrupp; went house-hunting to Sidmouth; saw Cadhay, an Elizabethan mansion, which has now become a farmhouse, and Larkbeare, where Thackeray, who has commemorated all the neighbourhood in *Pendennis*, spent much time in early life. I enjoyed, too, a grand stormy view of Dartmoor in the distance, and other nearer hills robed in a blue, the intensity of which I have hardly ever seen surpassed.

My chief pleasures, however, were naturally conversations with Coleridge, who, like many lettered men, shows to great advantage in a library. He called my attention to the lines by Joannes Secundus, which are on the title-page of his father's life of the author of the *Christian Year*.—

“Te mihi junxerunt nivei sine crimine mores,
Simplicitasque sagax, ingenuusque pudor;
Et bene nota fides, et candor frontis honestæ,
Et studia a studiis non aliena meis,”

as well as to Gray's noble hexameters written in memory of his friend West, in which occur the lines :—

“Visa tamen tarde demum inclementia morbi,
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem
Speravi, atque unâ tecum, dilecte Favoni
Credulus heu longos, ut quondam fallere soles.”

He showed me, too, the *Ibis* of Ovid with its tremendous maledictions, which recall those in *Manfred*.

“Terra tibi fruges, amnis tibi deneget undas
Deneget afflatus ventus et aura suos.”

He read, further, aloud, Livy's most striking account of the death of Cicero, and for the first time I sighed for the lost books—at least for so much of them as related to men and things amongst whom the historian had lived.

Coleridge also mentioned incidentally, on their own authority, that neither Manning nor Bright have the slightest ear for music—a strange fact.

October

2. Amongst others at York House to-day was —, who has spent much time in Portugal. Speaking of the intense dulness of Lisbon, she mentioned that an American had once said that “there was really nothing there for a young man to do but go to the devil.” One of the class,

who was standing by, said, "I wish there were any devil to go to!"

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, my hosts of Menton, came down to dine and sleep. Their pretty house suffered more from the earthquake than they supposed when the letter, part of which is quoted on an earlier page of these Notes, was written. She told me that the first and worst shocks did not alarm her nearly so much as one upon 11th March, when, being in the open air, she saw the ground distinctly rise and sink with a waving motion. "I looked up to the rocks and hills," she added, "with the feeling that they might fall on me."

5. Froude writes :—

"I wish you could spare a day to see the ruins of Pilgrims Castle, the head-quarters of the Templars. Ruins are like olives in the East, and live long, so there must be something of it remaining."

This is in reply to a letter of mine in which I told him that we had received, when staying at Heath's Court, an offer from Laurence Oliphant to lend us his house at Haifa, and that we had accepted the same.

6. — writes from Klagenfurt :—

"The other day we took a farewell glance at the mountains from the top of the Dobratsch, where we spent the night in order to see the sunrise, and have the clearness of the early morning. The Dobratsch is an isolated mountain

near Villach, not more than between seven and eight thousand feet high, but so situated that it commands a most beautiful panorama. The ascent is easy. After a drive of two hours and a half from Villach, a walk of four hours and a half took us to the summit. To tell the truth, we were half frozen during the night in the wooden house that received us, for it is late in the year for such expeditions, but the sight next morning was worth it all. Not a cloud, and on all sides as far as the eye could reach, range upon range of grey mountains, clear cut against the morning sky, and the great giants rising up here and there from their fields of snow and ice, and lifting their pure bright crowns high above all else. At our feet lay the three beautiful lakes — Wörthersee, Ossiachersee and Faakersee—which have been our delight during the last year, and we overlooked the whole group of the Karawanken, which spread before us like a sea, the wild tossing of whose stormy waves had suddenly been arrested by some mighty spell. Turning due south the Julian Alps seemed to link the Karawanken to the Dolomites, and beyond these rose up the more distant mountains of the Tyrol—the Tauern—with the Gross Venediger far away to the west. Then passing round to the north the Salzkammergut range with the Dachstein came into view, and in front of it the glorious Gross Glockner knitting together at its base the Tyrol, the Salzkammergut and Carinthia, but belonging higher up, with the great Pasterzen Glacier, alone to Carinthia, of which it is the pride. The Malnitz Tauern, with a long ridge of snow, brought us round once more to our familiar Carinthian Alps, and thus completed the circle. It was a sight never to be forgotten, and, as we walked down to Villach through the fragrant fir woods, we thought very regretfully of the wonderful beauty of the land we were about to leave.”

7. Mrs. Craven writes, with reference to these Notes, which I had sent her up to 16th July :—

“Thank you a thousand times for these pages. They interested me much, and made me live again for a few hours in the midst of that English society which I have loved better than *any* I have been into in my long life.”

8. Returned this afternoon from the Arthur Russell's, where I passed last night. They continue to live in summer at the house near Shere, which they bought after the death of Mrs. Grote.

The name of Mr. Rogers, the Rector of Bishopsgate, coming up in conversation, Lady Arthur mentioned that some one had once asked him to say grace, addressing him as Canon, although he is only a Prebendary. “I am not a Canon,” he replied ; “for what we *have* received the Lord make us truly thankful !”

9. Colonel Winsloe, the defender of the fort at Potchefstrom, Miss Somers Cocks, and the Humphry Wards with us. Speaking of Whytehead's poems, Miss Somers Cocks, who had been looking at them in the library, said, “It would be a pity that they should become too well known ; they should be *whispered* through the world.”

In the afternoon some of us went to Kew. This was, I think, my twenty-fifth visit this season.

Later, Mrs. Ward read to Miss Somers Cocks and myself

a few pages of extraordinary power from her forthcoming novel, *Robert Elsmere*.

18. I left York House early on the morning of the 15th, and, crossing the Channel in wild, gusty weather, reached Brussels without seeing anything which arrested my attention, save an exceptionally fine rainbow near that place.

I ascertained, in the course of the evening, that Madame de Grünne was away in the country; visited betimes, on the 16th, Ste. Gudule and the corner of the Impasse du Parc (see these Notes for October, 1875), and pushed on to the eastward.

The weather was bitterly cold, and the newspapers full of details about its exceptional severity; but the sun really made an effort, the only one I observed in the day, to "look down on fair Liège,"¹ with, alas! no very brilliant success.

All around Herbesthal was snow, which gradually disappeared as we descended into the valley of the Rhine.

I had not seen the Cathedral of Cologne since the great spires were finished, and I spent much time in and around the building both on the afternoon of the 16th and the morning of the 17th. In spite, however, of its undeniable beauty and stateliness, I have never succeeded in caring anything like so much for it as I do for numerous other

¹ F. W. Faber.

Gothic edifices, which, tried by all the usual tests, are its inferiors.

From Cologne I crossed a long stretch of dreary arable land to Siegburg, and traced upwards the river which gives that place its name, through scenery which more or less recalls that of the Vesdre near Verviers. Then I passed into the pastoral valley of the Dill, high over whose water meadows rises the Castle of Dillenburg, in which William the Silent was born. Then came the Lahn and Wetzlar, with large works which seem strangely out of place in a town which one associates with the old Imperial law courts and with the *Sorrows of Werther*.

Soon I was at Giessen, and about nightfall saw dimly the towers of the Church of St. Elizabeth, at Marburg, under the shadow of which I passed the night of the 17th.

This morning I went early to visit it, in memory of Montalembert, and of his readings at Pisa in 1834. Apart from its recollections, the church is one of the greatest interest, as it is said to be the first thoroughly complete and consistent specimen of Gothic architecture in Germany. In a very elaborate account of the building, prepared for the 600th anniversary of its consecration in 1883, I observe that the chapel of St. Bartholomew, in Paderborn, belonging to the year 1017, is cited as the first commencement of the change from the old Romanic style.

Up to 1831 the church was divided between Catholics

and Protestants : now it belongs to the latter. But it was carefully restored in the course of the Fifties, and is kept with great care ; although on arriving at its closely-barred portals one may be inclined to remember Horace Smith's fine poem, *Why are They Shut?*

21. From Marburg I passed through a country of old-world towns, crowded with houses built with wooden frames, like the ancient halls of Lancashire, and, joining at last the great line which runs east from Frankfort, reached Weimar at half-past seven.

I remained with my sister at Villa Alisa till this morning, engaged chiefly in bringing up a seven years' arrear of conversation. I paid also several visits. One of these was to Mme. de Meyendorff, sister of Mme. de Staal, the present Russian Ambassadors in London, with whom I talked chiefly of Renan. Another was to old Count Beust, the Oberhofmeister, whom I found happy in the jubilee of his entry into the army, and in the gift of a sword of honour from the Grand Duke. Through him, the Court being absent from Weimar, I sent messages to H.R.H. and to Duke John of Mecklenburg, who, since he was with me at Madras, has married the Princess Elizabeth of Weimar.

A third visit was to Sir W. W. Hunter, who stayed with me at Ootacamund (see the last volumes of these Notes), and a fourth was to Mme. von Milde.

On the 19th Fraülein Reuter, who has written a novel on

Egyptian life, dined with us, as did Fraülein Jenicke, whose name frequently occurs in previous pages. The latter read aloud various poems extremely well, amongst others, *Das Eichwald brauset* and Goethe's *Wanderers Nachtlied*.

On the 20th I went to see Schiller's house, which I had visited in 1862, but had forgotten. My nephew, Aloys, in vain essayed to play "Aennchen von Tharau" to me on the wretched little piano, a curious contrast to one by Duysen on which he played the same, very exquisitely, the night before. Nothing can exceed the slenderness of the apparatus of life which surrounded the great poet. I saw, with veneration, the desk at which he wrote *Wallenstein*, his clock, the letter he sent to his sister when he fled from Stuttgardt, a miserable engraving of Monte Pellegrino, and much else.

The "Goethe House," which I visited before I went to India, has now been turned into a museum, and I walked through it once more on the 19th.

This morning the too brief hours I could give to Villa Alisa came to an end, and I turned my face towards Dresden, where I arrived in the early evening.

23. My object in going to Dresden was to meet Mrs. Greg, whom I had not seen since 3rd October 1881, and we spent together every moment that we could. Mrs. Bagehot arrived just ten minutes before me. I introduced them, amongst other things, to the Grosse Garten—which

looked dank and forlorn enough—to the Katholische Kirche, where, unluckily, no service was going on, to Holbein's "Madonna," to the three daughters of Palma Vecchio, more especially to the lovely Violante, to the "Notte," to Giulio Romano's copy of the "Madonna della Seggiola," and to the "Sistine Madonna." In its presence I repeated to them the lines of Schopenhauer, cited in my India volume. It was with reference to a house close to the Frauenkirche, bearing a quaint inscription, that Mrs. Greg quoted to me these lines :—

"Ich bitt 'euch heilige Florian
Verschon dies Haus—zünd andere an !"

Later, I read aloud from the note-book which accompanied us in so many journeys the passage from Pater's *Conclusion*, which begins with the words, "*Philosophiren* says Novalis," down to the words, "only for those moments' sake ;" the paragraph from Morley's *Robespierre*, which details what, according to the writer's view, Chaumette should have said to the priests ; and the scene of the 13th July 1847, in the *Récit d'une Sœur*. These three remain, as they have done for many years to me, unsurpassed by any pieces of prose treating of kindred subjects with which I chance to be acquainted. I further read from the same book a passage added in India, the description, namely, of what the Rhone does at Geneva, taken from Ruskin's *Præterita*.

I paid but one visit in Dresden ; that was to our Minister,

Mr. Strachey, whose mind was naturally much occupied with the recent election here. He pointed out to me that, although the majority against the Socialists was large, they had, nevertheless, increased in an alarming manner. He considered, however, that the Government in Germany was too strong to make it in any way possible that scenes should be enacted there such as we have recently witnessed further west.

Soon after ten this morning I was once more in the train.

I had hardly left Dresden when the birch began to assert itself as the weed of the soil, just as it does in some parts of the Scotch Highlands, and it continued with us through the whole day, although the bulk of the considerable plantations which we traversed were of pine.

At Raderberg we passed into Lusatia, and soon reached the picturesque town of Bautzen. Then came Görlitz on the pretty Neisse, and Bunzlau in which Opitz was born.

It was the first fine day I had seen since I crossed the Channel, and that perhaps made the country, as a whole, appear more attractive than it really is. Far off, on the right, there were from time to time glimpses of the low chain of mountains which bear the proud name of the Riesengebirge. All along the line there was the most extraordinary absence of cattle. I think I only saw one herd all the day.

The whole country through which our road ran has been

very much fought over, and as we drew near Breslau we passed close to the battlefield of Leuthen, which has a special interest for me.

By four o'clock the 161 miles which separate the Silesian from the Saxon Capital had been left behind, and I had time, before it grew quite dark, to see the principal objects of interest in the large and prosperous city of Breslau, as, for instance, the rather pretty Boulevards which occupy the place of the old fortifications, the view from the Belvedere, the Rathhaus, sundry grandiose but rather hideous churches, and the River Oder, a much more considerable stream than I had expected to see.

26. An agricultural country extending over a dead flat, and without hedgerows, is "exhilarating to no creature" in the month of October, and such was that which I traversed until I arrived at Oppeln on the 24th. After that place plantations of pine became numerous along the railroad, and beyond the fortress of Kosel there were respectable woods.

To them succeeded a grim "black country" full of ironworks; at length, long after night had fallen, came the Austrian frontier and Cracow. Rarely in my life have I passed over 162 miles of more unvaried weariness.

All the 24th it was grey, and I rose on the morning of the 25th to find a cold rain falling. Cracow is said to be pleasing in fine weather; but yesterday all was gloom, and

even the Carpathians had to be taken for granted. What little interest there is in the place is concentrated in the rather fine Marienkirche and in the Schlosskapelle, which is the Westminster Abbey of Poland. It contains several statues by Thorwaldsen, with one by Canova, none of them of first-rate importance; and in the crypt beneath, sleep, amidst many other less widely known personages, the great John Sobieski, the Poniatowski who was drowned in the Elster, and Kosciuszko.

The railway from Cracow to Vienna passes no place about which I had the slightest curiosity. I put myself accordingly into a sleeping car and reached the Archduke Charles about 8 A.M.

Soon after ten o'clock I was with Baron de Hübner, who lives at 8 Riemergasse, in a house interesting as having belonged to that Princess Lichtenstein, who was one of the five lady friends of the Emperor Joseph II.

In Hübner's company I presently revisited the ever-lovely St. Stephen's, then passed on to the Votivkirche, which, seen by brilliant sunlight, gave me great pleasure. New to my eye also (for I have not passed through Vienna for fifteen years, and even then saw little) were the vast University buildings, the huge Rathhaus, the large and beautiful theatre near it, not yet finished, the courts of law, and the palace of the legislature.

Hübner took me into the House of Lords, which was

empty ; showed me his own place, and that of many others whose names are familiar to me, and then guided me to the Chamber of Deputies, where a sitting was going on under the presidency of Dr. Schmolka. On his right sat Count Richard Clam, brother-in-law of the Countess Clam, of whom Lady Bloomfield talked so much to me.

Later in the afternoon I went to see General Keith Fraser, now our Military Attaché here, who was one of my guests at Guindy. With him I found Prince Christian, just returning to England. My winter plans brought up the name of Oliphant, of whom H.R.H. had much to say.

Hübner dined with me at the Archduke Charles, and introduced me to Count Belcredi, formerly his colleague in the Cabinet. We went on to the extremely handsome opera-house, where the *Nachtlager zu Granada* was given.

27. Hübner called for me early, and we went to the Belvedere, where I found myself as much charmed as ever with some of my favourites of long past days, not least with a picture of Giorgione's, representing a youth whose head is crowned with vine leaves, while behind him is an enemy just about to give a mortal blow.

There, too, were the grand Rubenses, Loyola and Xavier, with many Titians, Palma Vecchios, and other works of the Venetian school. I had never seen, or had forgotten, a glorious picture by Il Moretto—one of the Estes with

Santa Giustina, and a Holy Family, in which the Virgin is especially lovely, by Lotto.

As we walked home, passing on our way the house on the Rennweg, which used to be inhabited by Metternich, my companion said that he now rarely enters a gallery without remarking that in the sixty years or so that have elapsed since he began to look at pictures they have sadly lost their colours.¹ "When another century has gone by," he added, "Italy will have lost half her treasures."

As we walked, in the afternoon, in the Prater, conversation turned to the Convent near the lower entrance to the Belvedere, whither the widow of Leopold I. retired, and which has been, even up to our own days, the place where most of the daughters of the Austrian nobility have been brought up. Even as late as the time when Hübner's own children were there, the German spoken, not by the Sisters, but by the girls amongst themselves, was the Court German of the seventeenth century, handed down from one generation to another—a curious instance of the often-observed conservatism of childhood.

We dined together at Hübner's club, and he spoke of the extraordinary courage shown by the "*Sœurs de la Charité*" when the *France* took fire; they spent the whole of the seven hours on their knees, but when he said to them jestingly that their head-dress was no longer white but

¹ The "dreary change," I suspect, was in the eye of the speaker.

black, they were ready with a gay answer : " Ah, in eternity these caps will be no longer wanted."

28. Hübner showed me this morning the very remarkable collection of portraits which he has made. It already consists of seven volumes ; is entitled *Mes Contemporains*, and has a characteristic preface addressed to his son. It contains engravings or photographs of all the notable persons, as far as he has been able to procure them, whom he has known or seen in his long and varied career.

From his house we went to the Schatzkammer, where special orders had been given to have everything well explained to us. It is not, however, worth while enumerating articles which are recorded in catalogues easily to be obtained. I may note, however, that I saw, with special interest, the so-called Florentine diamond of 133 carats, said to have belonged to Charles the Bold, and to have been lost at the battle of Morat ; as well as an ornament which used to be worn by Maria Theresa when she went out sledging, consisting of diamonds set round the largest yellow sapphires which I remember having seen.

I remarked among the jewels now in use the curious paucity of sapphires, though one, and that a fine specimen, surmounts the Austrian Imperial Crown. I counted sixteen rivières of diamonds laid out in parallel lines. The horoscope of Wallenstein had a certain tragic interest. The official who showed us these treasures considered that the

lower part of the crown, called that of Charlemagne, had really been worn by him, and directed our special attention to the ecclesiastical vestments which had been used in the Imperial Coronations in very ancient times, witnessing to the sacred character which attached to the Head of the Holy Roman Empire.

As we walked in the afternoon, Hübner pointed out to me the house built for the Jesuits in their early day, and the church hard by it given to them by Ferdinand II., the work of a pupil of the Architect who raised the Escorial.

Right opposite the Jesuits' College is the old University, over the gate of which, although it belongs to the reign of the pious Maria Theresa, its designer placed a head, looking insult to the Fathers across the way!

Later our talk strayed to Lacordaire. "I would compare him," said Hübner, "to a fine frigate with no ballast. I knew him, at an interesting moment of his life, when he went with Lammenais to Rome; I used to meet him there at the house of Ventura, who was then the General of the Theatines. Long afterwards, when I was Ambassador in Paris, Ventura made himself ridiculous by comparing the Coup d'Etat to the resurrection of Christ! The Empress was much pleased, but the Emperor went out in disgust."

In these last days I have had *Dorothy Forster* read to me, a pretty story, and which I found doubly interesting,

first, from the fact, that shortly before leaving home I had listened to Lord Stanhope's account of the Rebellion of 1715, and secondly because the Lubbocks took Bam-borough Castle this autumn.

Sir John had much to tell of it when he came to say "good-bye" before I started, and was under the impression that it is the only Norman keep which is still inhabited as a dwelling-house. From Bamborough he had gone to Chillingham to see the wild cattle, which he described as somewhat larger than Alderneys.

Lord Tankerville's dream has always been to get the herd up to a hundred, but he has never come near that yet. I think Sir John said that there are at present under seventy.

Dined with Sir Augustus Paget, who is now our Ambassador here. Amongst those present was another old acquaintance—Mr Harriss-Gastrell, who is now our representative in Guatemala. His formula for describing the perfection of the climate of that place is—"You can play lawn tennis for 363 days out of the 365, and the rainy season is finer than the finest weather which we have in England."

Another guest was the American minister at this Court, who was, strange to say, a general in the Confederate army.

I told Lady Paget that the wife of a diplomatist of high rank in Paris had asked me, when Lytton was made Viceroy, "Where is this country which he is going out to govern?"

Is it conterminous with the Dutch East Indies?" My hostess capped this by telling me that when the Crown Princess was about to be married, someone asked her if she could "speak Prussian!"

29. I saw nothing which specially interested me in my morning walk with Hübner to-day, except the windows of the room in which the Congress of Vienna was held, but I dined with him at his club to make the acquaintance of Count Kálnoky, who is at present Minister of the Imperial House and Foreign Affairs, or, in other words, Premier. The only other guests were the Pagets, and the conversation was chiefly in English, which Kálnoky speaks extremely well. His talk was remarkably easy and unreserved, "*bien nourri*," too, in a high degree. Much of it turned on Bismarck, whom Count Kálnoky had visited at Friederichsruh, in Lauenburg.

There is very little arable land on the estate, but enormous woods, in which the Prince is driven about for hours, stopping occasionally to drink a glass of beer, which is carried with him. Much of the business which he did with Kálnoky was done in these drives. Altogether his way of conducting affairs is most strange. He sits down to breakfast at the head of a large table; presently the despatches of the morning are brought in and read aloud to him; as each is completed he makes a few remarks which are jotted down and on this the answer is framed

apparently without being seen again by the Prince. This goes on for two or three hours, and there is something of the same kind in the evening. He manages in this way to get through not only the foreign business of the Empire, but its internal business into the bargain, for that also centres in him.

30. I heard this morning a fine Mass at the Church of the Augustinians, and attended at five in the afternoon the Benediction at St. Stephen's. It was in German, and the people joined most fervently in the whole of it. I leant or knelt by the railing of the High Altar, just at the angle on the right side as one looks towards it, and saw the light fade out from the painted windows till all was night save for the candles round the Tabernacle. I have rarely attended a more impressive religious service.

I dined with Hübner at his club. The conversation turned upon the curious way in which the white race is disappearing before the blacks in the West India Islands, and before the Indians in South America. Then we talked of Lopez the younger, the tyrant and hero of Paraguay, about whom Hübner had heard much from the Condé d'Eu, who commanded against him.

31. Drove with Hübner to Schönbrunn. The rooms are but of moderate interest, and none of those used for Court receptions have as festive a character as the Banqueting Hall at Madras.

A picture of the old castle of Hapsburg, the Stammhaus of the line, detained me for some moments ; so did the drawing of a market woman with a hare in her hand, by Marie Antoinette, and a portrait of her, while still a little girl, at the State concert given in honour of her brother Joseph's marriage with a princess of Parma. Kaunitz stands close by, behind the chair of a Court lady. In more than one of the pictures of the festivities on the occasion of this marriage Mozart appears, leading the band.

We walked to the very spot where Haymerlé was on the point of being shot, and then to the door of Herzensdorf where Windischgraetz was getting into his carriage when Hübner just caught him in time.¹ "I ran," he said, "as fast as I could ; it was a bright day, and I well remember my shadow as I ran."

Bought at a money-changer's an Italian coin to verify the statement which I found in an account of Rhodes the other day in *Murray's Handbook* for the Mediterranean, that the present Italian coinage bears the word FERT, said to be the initials of the four words given as a motto to a Prince of Savoy, who had distinguished himself against the Turks, by the Grand Master of the Order of St John—"Fortitudo Ejus Rhodum Tenuit."

This reminds me that just before leaving England I dined with our neighbour, Capt. Webb, who is the working

¹ See *Notes from a Diary*, 1881-1886, vol. i. p. 231.

head of the Trinity House. He mentioned that the Prince of Wales had one day been expressing to him a very great interest in the Eddystone lighthouse. "There are other lighthouses much more remarkable, sir," said Capt. Webb, "why are you so specially interested in the Eddystone?" "On account," replied H.R.H., "of its historical character; it is represented on the coinage of the realm!" "How so?" rejoined Capt. Webb. "Look at a penny and you will soon see!" observed the other. A penny was produced, and there clear for all eyes was the Eddystone behind Britannia! I am ashamed to say I had never observed it; but what is much more remarkable than that fact is, that when I mentioned it the next day to a great banker, who has the eyes of a lynx, and has been dealing in the coin of the realm all his life, it was equally new to him.

Hübner dined with me; we drank Somlauer, and he said, "Oddly enough this was the favourite wine of Pius IX; a Bishop once gave him some, he liked it, and stuck to it ever after."

November

2. I left Vienna about half-past ten on the night of the 31st ult., in the Orient Express, and was

conscious of little till Pesth had been left a long way behind.

I had a good view of Szegedin, a place of no real interest, but about which I have had for forty years a certain curiosity. Then came the Theiss and the vast fertile level of the Banat.

On either side of the line to near Temesvar stretched fields unbroken by the slightest inequality of ground.

The ploughing had been for the most part done, and in some places young wheat was coming up. Only once, I think, did I observe some maize not yet removed.

Near Temesvar there was a little woodland, but very little. Soon after it had been passed we reached a gently undulating country, and ere long saw far off the mountains of Transylvania. We advanced rapidly towards these, but making a sudden turn to the south, before they were reached, ran past Lugos and Karansebes, up the valley of the Temes, now become a bright sparkling stream foaming over rocks and shallows. At last leaving it we rose through hill pastures to the station which bears the proud name of Porta Orientalis.

Thence we descended rapidly upon Mehadia, and I once more traversed the region through which I drove in 1851. That, however, was on or about the first of June, and the road was dotted with Wallachian peasant girls, the handsomest of their class I have ever seen in

any land, dressed too in a holiday costume, which did no injustice to their charms, and with roses in their hair. To-day there was nothing of all that. On the other hand, an excellent railway carriage had superseded the long rough cart filled with hay, in which I made my journey thirty-six years ago, and as we ran through the valley which I had found in those days so poetical, a highly intelligent man of business, whose name I know not, was engaged in giving me information (and very interesting information too) upon the prospects of the iron trade !

At Verciorova we entered Roumanian territory. Thence we followed the course of the Danube, past the Iron Gates, then rose through oak woods to a very high point from which we had a noble view of the great river winding south towards Widdin, and I remembered seeing the minarets of that place standing up against a truly Venetian sunset, half a generation ago. Soon after this, darkness fell and midnight had not long gone by when the 720 miles, or so, that separate Vienna from Bucharest were with the past.

The grim cold which followed me from England, and made Vienna as well as every other place in which I have been very disagreeable, gave way in Hungary to pleasanter weather, and at Verciorova I could walk about without a great-coat.

After a long visit to Sir Francis Lascelles, who had much to tell me about things here and at Sofia, where he was for six years and a half, I drove round Bucharest, which covers a prodigious amount of ground. I visited amongst other things the Domnitza Balasa Church in which one sees Oriental Christianity at its best, disengaged by western sense and taste from its usual barbaric adjuncts.

Then I passed to the Cathedral which recalls the ordinary Russian type.

The public promenade, known as the *Chaussée*, would, I daresay, be well enough when full of people and equipages, but had few attractions on the late afternoon of a tolerable autumn day. A recumbent statue in one of the Palace Gardens of the only daughter of the King and Queen, who died in childhood, is extremely remarkable, quite one of the best works of art of its class which I know. It bears the inscription in Roumanian, "She is not dead, but sleepeth," and the sculptor has embodied that idea in marble with most exceptional success.

Later I went to see Mr. Stourdza, the Minister of Public Instruction, and one of the ablest men in the present Ministry.

I congratulated him on the appearance of the city, which I found far more western than I expected. "Yes," he said, "especially since the war we have made very great progress. When I tell you that we have laid down 2,500 kilomètres of

railway, and that our budget is in equilibrium, you will see that our progress is of a very solid kind. Before the war we raised a revenue of Frcs.80,000,000; now our revenue is double that, and the Frcs.160,000,000 are paid more easily than the Frcs.80,000,000 used to be."

"And your army," I said. "You had every reason to be satisfied with it when it was tried?" "Yes," he answered, "we have now 100,000 men upon whom we can depend—a serious make-weight in any contest. In all that concerns the army, and indeed in all that concerns the nation, the King has been of the greatest possible use to us. I need not tell you," he added, "how we are hampered by the unstable equilibrium of European affairs. There are countless things that want to be done which we dare not commence, when we may at any moment be plunged into war; for example, Frcs.32,000,000 have been voted for schools, colleges, and other useful institutions, but how can we make our contracts with the chance of everything being interrupted and ruinous damages becoming payable to the contractors?"

"Tell me," I said, "how the Dobrudscha has turned out! I remember Prince Ion Ghika telling me how strong were the objections which you had to exchanging it for your Bessarabian territory." "Yes," he replied, "there was the strongest opposition to it; but when Europe had once decided the matter, at Berlin, there was no more to be said,

and everything has turned out a great deal better than we expected. The Dobrudscha had got a much worse name than it deserved, from the accident of the French troops having suffered so much in a marshy district of it during the Crimean war. There is a great deal of fine healthy country in the Dobrudscha, and Konstantsa (Kustendje) is really a very pretty flourishing town. We are going to run a railway to it and make it our port."

"You like it," I remarked, "a great deal better than Ovid did!" "Much," he answered; "and, by the way, the people have just erected a statue of Ovid there."

Mr. Stourdza then passed on to speak of the external relations of Roumania, of which I will not make a note here.

I asked him whether they found it easy to compete with the import of cereals into Europe from India and America. "By no means," he said; "they run us very hard; but, still, the value of land has of late greatly increased both in this part of the country and in Moldavia, where, however, it is much lower than here."

I enquired about Jassy. "Jassy," he said, "is a nice town, but it never has been a commercial centre like this place. In the last twenty years probably the most remarkable of all our changes is the rapid growth of a wealthy middle class, and that not in Bucharest alone; Plöesti, for example, is full of well-to-do people."

3. Mr. Stourdza called and explained to me, amongst other things, the present position of the mouths of the Danube. The European Commission regulates all below Galatz, save the Kilia mouth, which is left under joint Russian and Roumanian management—no very accurate limit defining their respective rights. From Galatz to the Iron Gates each riverain power acts by itself under no general authority. He thought the Iron Gates proper could be opened for about Frs.20,000,000. To get rid of all obstacles up to Baziasch might cost Frs.30,000,000; but, of course, it was a question in these days of railway transport how far the Austrian Government would be recouped by the trade which would follow the Danube route for so large an expenditure.

We went on to the Museum of Roumanian Antiquities, where Sir Francis with Lady Lascelles joined us, and where we saw many things under the guidance of the Director, who has written what Mr. Stourdza tells me is a very good history of Roumania for schools, but which, unhappily, is not translated into any western tongue.

They have succeeded in collecting in a very few years a large number of objects illustrative of the history of the country. The Dobrudscha especially has contributed a great deal, *e.g.* Roman milestones and numerous inscriptions both in Greek and Latin.

Many of the reliefs which surrounded the central mound have been brought to Bucharest, and are ranged outside the museum.

I asked the Director to what race the Dacians belonged. He thought that they were nearer the Albanians than any modern European people. "Our scholars," said Mr. Stourdză, "are obliged to use a magnifying glass if they want to find a Dacian word in Roumanian, so completely did Roman influences prevail over those of the old inhabitants of the land." None of the objects which we saw were more remarkable than the ecclesiastical vestments; one, going back, I think, as far as the fourteenth century, seems to have been made in the country, and is in excellent style, but a number of richly bound service books of a later date only show that the Princes who ruled in these provinces spared no expense in getting fine work executed in Nuremberg or elsewhere for presentation to monasteries and churches. The number of these exhibited to us was very great, and there were beautiful chalices; tabernacles for the altar made very much in the shape of the Domnita Balasa Church; the gold treasure of a Gothic king, and much else.

When we had finished our inspection of the Museum I started for a long walk with Sir Francis Lascelles, in the course of which we beat over a variety of questions, and he gave me a great deal of information about things and

persons in Bulgaria—Prince Alexander, of course, amongst the rest.

To-day I received the first news I have had of my wife since she sailed from London on the 20th ult. First came a letter posted at Malta, giving an account of a terrible storm which overtook the *Coromandel* on its way from Gibraltar to that place, which seems to have been at its height during the first night which I spent at Vienna ; and a little later came a telegram from Port Said announcing her arrival there.

4. Early this morning I started from the Northern Station and traversed a flat, featureless country almost entirely under cultivation, until near Kampina the train entered the narrow valley of the Prakova, and followed it through picturesque scenery up to Sinaia, which was reached after a journey of four and a half hours.

The oak, the prevailing tree on the lower levels of this part of Roumania, had turned everywhere bright yellow, and its effect, here in masses, there isolated on the hill-sides, was most striking. As we advanced, the beech became more abundant, and it gradually gave way to the fir.

I was met at the station by Colonel Candiano, A.D.C. of the King, who took me for a drive in various directions, and then up a road along the little stream of the Peletsch, which gives its name to the royal residence.

Here I was received by the King and Queen with the greatest kindness and cordiality.

The five hours which I was able to stay went like five minutes, but I had time for a long conversation with both of their Majesties separately ; for an inspection of the Castle, under the guidance of two of the Maids of Honour, and for hearing some music.

My conversation with the King turned, of course, too much upon current topics and matters of opinion to make it right to record it here, but some of the subjects which we discussed were : Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, who had been his "officier d'ordonnance" during the war, the present position of affairs at Sofia, the Emperor of Russia, Sir William White, the commercial relations between Roumania and Hungary, Beust's memoirs, and those of Vitzthum, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and a variety of English statesmen.

The Queen talked much of the changes that had occurred since I last saw her. I said : "What you and the king have done seems to me unique. I remember nothing like it. The Emperor Maximilian tried something of the sort in Mexico but failed." "Yes," she replied, "he was too *phantastisch*, and too anxious that everything should seem to be done on his own initiative ; the King has known how to efface himself." On this subject she entered into various details of which I make no note, but which led me to quote the words once used to me by an English Jesuit. "Ah ! one can do a great deal

of good in this world if one does not care who gets the credit for it." She was so much struck with this that she ran to the end of the room in which we were talking and wrote it down.

She expressed the very strongest admiration for the book which I lately bought on the recommendation of Mrs. Ward, *Pêcheur d'Islande*, and is just finishing a translation of it. The author, whose real name is Viaud, has lately been her guest. Other subjects were the Crown Princess of Germany, Lady M. Alford, *Aurora Leigh*, which she much admired; Renan; Mrs. Craven, the friend of her mother-in-law; her own habit of working in the morning, getting up when at Sinaia habitually at four, and sometimes, as this morning, at three; Max Müller, his family, and his book, *Deutsche Liebe*.

Schloss Peletz is utterly unlike any other place I have ever seen. Its general character, in the interior at least, is that of an old German Castle, but then on the quaint and massive stateliness of the German Middle Age is embroidered, so to speak, much of the charm of the East, and into the whole is worked, in the most delicious manner, the latest developments of Western comfort and convenience, not excepting the electric light.

The two young ladies, who, like their colleagues and their mistress, wear nothing at Sinaia but the highly picturesque Roumanian peasants' dress, made excellent guides,

and the only misfortune was that the day being gloomy, and the house, built to be inhabited in summer in this climate of extremes, full too of painted windows, was all too sombre.

The Queen accompanied on the piano her Private Secretary, a pupil of Joachim, first in a Sonata of Handel, and then in some lovely music by Tartini, an Italian composer who lived, I think, about 1750. On the organ she played a portion of Gounod's "Jeanne d'Arc." Amongst the other guests were M. Alexandri, a poet and collector of popular ballads, who represents Roumania in Paris; and a French gentleman, a pupil of Viollet le Duc, who has restored the Basilica of Curtea de Arges in a manner which, I gather from what the Queen and others have told me, proves him to be a person of very exceptional ability.

M. Alexandri cited a happy form of expression which would be natural in the mouth of a Roumanian peasant addressing a girl whose cheeks were very rosy: "Has then the spring given you a box on the ear?"

7. I dined on the 5th with Sir Francis Lascelles, meeting Mr. Chirol, a correspondent of the *Standard*, who is specially well acquainted with the countries which poor Strangford used to describe as the "International rubble," and who, having spent a month with Oliphant at Haïfa, was able to tell me a great deal which it was convenient for me to know.

Very early yesterday morning I put myself into the Orient Express, and was hurried through a most uninteresting country to the banks of the Danube, across which I was carried by a steam launch, passing the island which has recently become notorious as the scene of so many murders. Rustschuk was old ground to me, and so was all the dreary region which we traversed to near Schumla Road Station.

After that came the Balkans, which night hid from me when I was last in these countries. They are not in this part of their course to be dignified by the name of mountains, nay, they are hardly hills, but only long narrow ridges of limestone table-land, sometimes breaking into precipices at the top, and often with a white ruin of rock débris upon their sides. At no season, I should think, can they be otherwise than ugly. A gap, which is hardly to be called a pass, leads through them, and the whole journey is so featureless that certain marshy lakes near Varna are positively a relief to the eye.

At length that town, whose dulness is just a little relieved by the white Cathedral which rises above it, was reached, and left, on board the *Apollo*.

The weather when we left Bucharest was threatening enough, but the Axine Sea was in a truly Euxine temper, and when I came on deck at half-past five this morning the western light that leads into the Bosphorus was in full

view ; a waning, but still bright, moon was overhead, there were no clouds save for a single bank in the north-east, and we were running with the Morning Star on the left and Orion's Belt on the right of our course.

It was broad daylight before we reached Kavak, and the sun came over the eastern hills just after we had passed Therapia. Recent rains had made all very green, and I never saw the lovely ocean river to more advantage.

Before nine o'clock I had disembarked, and was in the Embassy House at Pera.

In the afternoon I went with Sir William White to call upon the principal Ambassadors and Ministers, finding at home only the Italian, the Greek, and the Dutch. With the last was a daughter of Franssen van der Putte, whose name occurs in these Notes for September 1875, and a son of whose I saw at Ootacamund. His house commands a most fascinating view of Scutari and the Sea of Marmora.

Another visit was to Baron von der Goltz, the author of the *Nation in Arms*, part of which I had had read to me just before leaving England. He occupies here one of the highest positions on the Staff, and is Director of Military Education.

Amongst other letters which had come for me to the Embassy was one from Warren, who, since I left England,

has succeeded to the Peerage, and will now appear in these Notes as De Tabley.

8. I rose early and walked for an hour on the terrace of the garden which overlooks the Golden Horn. It was so mild that, although I was most of the time in the shade, and there was a good deal of air stirring, a great-coat was unnecessary even between seven and eight in the morning.

Saïd Pasha, the Foreign Minister, came to call, and sat long with Sir William White and myself, talking of religion and other matters. *Inter alia*, he said with, I fear, only too much truth, "If you wanted to see how far fanaticism can go, you would only have to read some half-dozen of the papers that are constantly passing through my hands about the quarrels of the various sects of Christians in Palestine. If ever there were to come a time when the nations of Europe thought fit to combine against us, I have a sovereign remedy ready to hand; all that would be needed would be to withdraw our sentinels in Jerusalem at Easter, and the train would be laid for a whole series of wars between the different Powers of Christendom."

Later I went to see him at his office in the Porte. He then talked a great deal about the Sultan, his taste for Architecture, his knowledge of Art, and the careful way in which he compares criticisms about his Army. Saïd Pasha gave, too, an account of being summoned one day to

the presence, and finding his august master in the dress of a sportsman, with a hare and some woodcock which he had just slain in his own garden.

I visited also the Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, who speaks English, which I should think hardly any, if any, of his predecessors have done. Saïd speaks French.

I mentioned a scheme of Midhat Pasha, who was Grand Vizier when I was last here (see vol. i. of these Notes), for running a railway from Tripoli to Bagdad; Kiamil said that even now there was some talk of a railway in the direction of Bagdad, not, however, from Tripoli but from another point on the coast.

A new bridge now spans the Golden Horn; but it is close to the old one, which is still utilised for certain purposes. After crossing the new one, on my way home, I went to the Church of Ste. Marie, where the curious arrangement of fifty-two years ago still continues, and a sort of side chapel, high up, is reserved for women.¹

After luncheon I went with Sir William White to see Baron de Calice, the Austrian Ambassador, with whom we sat for some time talking, amongst other things, about India, Burmah, and Siam.

Just after sunset I received a telegram to say that my travellers were all well at Haïfa.

¹ *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. i.

9. In the afternoon I went to see the Museum in the old Seraglio, an important institution, in so far as, if the Turks take to collecting antiquities for themselves, fewer perhaps will be actually destroyed, although fewer doubtless will find their way to the museums of the West.

Thence passing the grand old oriental Plane, I went to look at the view from the Point, and after that to Santa Sophia, which I saw much better than in 1872.

Three or four classes of young religious students were receiving instruction—each from their own teacher—who sat at a small desk, while they, for the most part, lay on the ground in a half-circle within the sound of his voice.

From St. Sophia I went on to revisit the Obelisk, the Column of the three Serpents, the Column of Theodosius and the Tower of the Seraskier.

Soon after I got home, the Austrian Ambassador came and sat long with me, while after dinner I had a great deal of conversation with his Italian colleague, Baron Blanc, about Cavour and much else.

10. Very beautiful was the clearing of the mist this morning off Stamboul, which lies just on the other side of the Golden Horn as I look from the room which I occupy in the Embassy House at Pera. The weather ever since I arrived has been of quite surpassing beauty ; but there is a good deal of haze in the distance, and not once on this

occasion, any more than on the last, have I seen the Mysian Olympus.

Just before I left the Embassy I received a letter from my sister, who writes :—

“The evening after the day you left me I saw and heard for the first time Liszt's *Dramatisch-Musikalische Dichtung* (that's how modern musicians, Wagner *en tête*, wish their operas to be called) *Die heilige Elizabeth*. It was written as an oratorio, performed in churches, and only here in Weimar has it been put on the stage. It was striking rather for me that I too had just said farewell to one who was starting for the Holy Land. The *Heilige Elizabeth* is a most beautiful performance. It cannot be too much praised.”

11. Faith triumphing over experience, I gave credit to the assurance that the Austrian Lloyd's steamer *Il Castore* would sail for Syria at two o'clock yesterday afternoon, and, saying “good-bye” to my kind entertainers, transferred myself to its decks before that hour. Of course it did not start till after sunset, and I had ample time to contemplate from the middle of the harbour the finest panoramic city view which exists on this planet—ample time, too, to re-read Kinglake's immortal description :—

“Even if we don't take a part in the chaunt about *Mosques and Minarets* we can still yield praises to Stamboul. We can chaunt about the harbour ; we can say, and sing, that nowhere else does the sea come so home to a city ; there are no pebbly shores—no sand-bars—no slimy river-beds—no black canals—no locks nor docks to divide the very heart of the place from

the deep waters; if being in the noisiest mart of Stamboul you would stroll to the quiet side of the way amidst those cypresses opposite, you will cross the fathomless Bosphorus; if you would go from your hotel to the Bazaars, you must go by the bright, blue pathway of the Golden Horn, that can carry a thousand sail of the line. You are accustomed to the gondolas that glide among the palaces of St Mark, but here at Stamboul it is a 120-gun ship that meets you in the street. Venice strains out from the steadfast land, and in old times would send forth the chief of the state to woo and wed the reluctant sea; but the stormy bride of the Doge is the bowing slave of the Sultan. She comes to his feet with the treasures of the world—she bears him from palace to palace—by some unfailing witchcraft, she entices the breezes to follow her, and fan the pale cheek of her lord—she lifts his armed navies to the very gates of his garden—she watches the walls of his Serail—she stifles the intrigues of his ministers—she quiets the scandals of his courts—she extinguishes his rivals, and hushes his naughty wives all one by one—so vast are the wonders of the deep.”

As we slipped gradually away into the night I recalled the opening paragraph of my lecture on the Troad, which is printed in the second volume of these *Notes*, but this time my vessel moved more leisurely, and when I came on deck to-day the high island of Marmora was still in sight. Soon we were off Gallipoli which I had not seen before, and I was able to follow the whole course of the Hellespont to the place where we landed and whence we embarked when we went in 1872 to visit the Plains of Troy. The weather, however, was not very propitious. First it began

to blow, then the sky was veiled, and at last we had a thunderstorm with a sharp hail shower — atmospheric arrangements from which I obtained no profit, except in so far as a very fine rainbow will remain always associated in my mind with the scene of Lysander's crowning victory over the Athenians.

The whole sail down the Hellespont is a lesson of history. Themistocles, Alexander, Xerxes, to say nothing of Hero and Leander, or the early Ottoman Conquerors, all pass through one's thoughts before one comes to the Castle of the Dardanelles and to the associations of the Trojan Plain. To these last I will not here refer, but I may note that I particularly observed Samothrace, the topmost peak of which rises to a height of more than 5000 feet, towering over Imbros, which contents itself with an elevation of under 1900 feet. While in sight of these Islands I duly read the passage in *Eothen* which records the author's delight when he discovered their respective altitudes.

I do not remember, when I was last here, seeing Thasos, which was very clearly visible just after we left Tenedos.

The Captain mentioned to me, as a curious trait of Oriental manners, that the Khan of Khiva, who had recently sailed by the Austrian Lloyd from Constantinople to Trebizond, wore a girdle worth £15,000, and travelled as a third-class passenger.

13. Night had gathered in on the 11th long before we

reached the chief town of Mitylene, and I could see but indistinctly, in the starlight, the outline of its bay. There came back to me with curious distinctness the recollection of my last voyage on these waters ; the great dog Hector and the rapture of Hector's master, a German officer, who was going to shoot in Mitylene, at the manner in which Mrs. Greg sang *In einem Kühlen Grunde* and Heine's *Lorelei*.

All yesterday we were detained at Smyrna in detestable weather—weather so detestable that I did not care to land.

They have built, since I was there, a quay of which they are extremely proud ; but my curiosity about the place had been exhausted in 1872, save in so far as that I did not very distinctly recollect the position of Mount Pagos, and was glad to fix it in my memory.

We started early in the morning, and my last recollection of Smyrna is a pleasant one ; its long line of lights curving round the shore, and Lucifer burning over the heights which rise behind the Citadel.

I returned to my cabin until day had fairly broke, and then, by help of Mr. Dennis, of Etrurian and Sicilian fame, who is Consul at Smyrna, I made out the whereabouts of the mouth of the Hermus, whose deposits, by creating shoal water, forced us to go near the other side of the Gulf, close to the Island of Chustan.

We had by that time passed Clazomenæ, which is now

the Quarantine Station. They have been finding there of late, by the way, curious terra-cotta Sarcophagi, some of which I saw at Constantinople painted in a much more Archaic style of art than one associates with the town which had in its coinage the beautiful Apollo of the British Museum.

Soon we were passing on the left the raisin vineyards of the Kara Bournou, and I remembered the wild-looking night on which I last ran along it, bound for that very Marseilles which the Phocæan settlers from the opposite side of the Gulf had founded so many centuries ago.

I looked long towards the site of Phocæa with Mr. Dennis, who also showed me approximately where Cyme and Pergamos had been. There, too, far away to the north, and quite clear of clouds, was "topmost Gargarus," where Lubbock, my wife, and I had stood together fifteen years ago.

The southern side of Mitylene was in this part of our course a very prominent object, and I saw well the narrow opening of the deep harbour of Olivieri.

Then with a glimpse of Psara far off to the right we sailed between Kara Bournou, and the small islands known as the Spalmatori, entering ere long the Bay of Kastro, before reaching which Mr. Dennis pointed out to me a deep hollow in which is the monument known as the School of Homer.

Accompanied by him and several other fellow-travellers, one of whom was Mr. Frank Calvert, the great authority on the Trojan Plain, who came on board at the Dardanelles, but whom I did not recognise till last night, I landed on Scio, just to salute the shade of Homer, for there is nothing to see in the little town of Kastro, which is gradually recovering from the frightful earthquake of 1881.

14. The halt of the *Castore* in the roads of Kastro was very brief, and we were soon moving southward, passing on the left Tchesme of modern, as well as the sites of Teos, Lebedos, and Colophon, of ancient renown. Soon Nikaria and Samos began to lift themselves, and we glided towards them for some hours under a bright sky, though clouds wrapped the summits of both, and especially of the second. It is a highly picturesque island; Polycrates and Ion Ghica chose their kingdom well.

Long golden shafts came down upon Nicaria as the sun fell behind it, and before it grew dark I got just a glimpse of Patmos, which lies west of Arki, east of which was our course.

After that all was doubtful. I think I saw Calymnos, and probably the southern part of Leros, before I went to bed, and much later at night I came on deck when we were passing, as I judged, between Niseros and the long promontory of Cape Krio, not far from which was the site of Halicarnassus.

Very early this morning we were off the harbour of Rhodes, and Phoebus came up grandly out of the waves to illuminate for us his own island. He shines assuredly upon few scenes more beautiful than that which was presented to our eyes for the next two or three hours. On the one side was Rhodes with its mediæval walls, its two harbours, and a fine country stretching behind them towards the clouded hills; on the other was the coast of Lycia, with the great harbour of Marmarice opening to the north, and long ranges of mountains, of which the higher ones were covered with snow, carrying the eye along the coast of Asia Minor to Cape Khelidonia, which forms the south-east horn of the great Gulf of Adalia.

Mr. Dennis and Mr. Calvert left us at Rhodes. The former was very useful in pointing out and discussing the various places of interest which we passed, while with the latter I had much talk about the Troad. He thinks that Schliemann has really found the city whose destruction formed the subject of the traditions which in a later age took shape in the *Iliad*; but he smiles at the idea of treating Homer as the compiler of a Gazetteer, and expecting to find something answering to all his geographical and topographical descriptions. He gave me, too, a curious account of the gold mines mentioned by Strabo, and re-discovered by himself in the Troad. He doubts not that from these mines came the gold objects which Schliemann found.

16. In about twenty-four hours after leaving Rhodes we had got under the lee of Cyprus, at a point not very far distant from Paphos, and, keeping near the coast, soon rounded the Cape of Akroteri, and ran into the roads of Limasol. There I landed, walked round the place with Mr. Roland Michell, the Commissioner, and regretted that our too brief stay did not permit me to pay a visit to the camp at Polymedia.

Some thirty miles behind Limasol, and well seen thence, from base to summit, rises Mount Troodos, the highest land in Cyprus, and attaining some 6500 feet. It has, however, little of the mountain character, less than a range of smaller elevation which lay to the right of it as one looked from our anchorage.

Limasol is connected with the romance of history through Cœur de Lion. When that monarch was on his way from Messina to Acre, a violent storm overtook and dispersed his fleet; he himself gained Rhodes with some difficulty, but the ship which contained his sister and his fiancée Berengaria attempted to put in to Limasol, but was prevented—Isaac Comnenus even attempting to seize it. The ship, however, got away, and fell in with the king and the larger portion of his fleet. Cœur de Lion, irritated by the conduct of the Greek ruler, and by the imprisonment of the crews of certain of his vessels which had been driven ashore, disembarked a part of his army, and advanced upon Limasol.

Isaac Comnenus at first temporised, and seemed likely to yield to the king's demands, but presently ordered the English to leave the country ; he was accordingly attacked and defeated by them.

There followed a temporary truce, during which Richard married Berengaria, who was crowned Queen of England by the bishops of York and Evreux. The war was then resumed ; Isaac was taken and the whole island reduced, to be eventually half-sold, half-given by King Richard to Guy de Lusignan.

It was night before we were off Larnaca, and by nine this morning I was once more in Beyrout.

19. I remained in that place only long enough to make the necessary arrangements, and the dawn was just beginning to flush the clouds over the Lebanon range on the 17th, when I mounted and rode away to the southward.

It was long before we shook off the gardens and the pine-woods which adjoin Beyrout. When we had done so, Babda, mentioned in these Notes for January last, stood up on the left, and just beyond it a Druse village. At length, winding along with sand dunes on our right, we came upon the shore, and followed it sometimes quite close, at others passing rocky spurs by execrable roads, until having forded the Damour, the ancient Tamyras, we halted under a group of tamarisks at the Khan Neby Yunus, which Mussulman tradition connects with the story of Jonah.

In front of us as we left this place, and right athwart our course, lay the promontory of Ras Jedra, over which we slowly struggled.

At length, after a long and most excruciating piece of road, we came down once again upon the seashore and saw Sidon not far off; presently the dragoman rode up to me, and, pointing to a village on the mountains, said, "That is Djun, where Lady Hester Stanhope lived," and the lines came back to my mind.

"His sole Egeria. Oh! supreme Caprice.
A cracked uncanny war-witch of a niece;
Who when he went—found Syrian sands alone
Replace the lost grand desert she had known.
For rule in wastes by previous Empire fit,
Had she not ruled a lonelier world in Pitt?"

When I was at Burton Pynsent in the month of September, full of the idea of taking the Molt for the winter, how surprised I should have been if I had been told that in little more than two months I should be close to the spot which saw the end of Chatham's wayward granddaughter.

A pleasanter recollection than any directly connected with her, is that her fame and old family associations brought Kinglake to these regions, and within sight of the spot which I was then passing.

Our party were just approaching the tiny thread of water

which represents at this season the river Bostrenus, when a gentleman rode up, who turned out to be Mr. Ayoub Abela, the American Vice-Consul, who came to meet us in the absence of his nephew, to whom we had been recommended.

My new acquaintance had seen much both of Lord Dufferin and of Renan when they were here a quarter of a century ago, and had made the antiquities of the neighbourhood a special study. Accompanied by him and one of his brothers, a doctor in the place, I walked over the whole of Sidon, and saw at a glance how it was that it became so important. Certain reefs, lying in front of it and on its south-western side, gave it, very little aided by art, no less than three harbours, and those of a kind quite sufficient for such vessels as were used in the days of Phœnicia's greatness. A very small sum of money would make all those harbours once more available, but they would be useless for the vessels which are now employed in all the more important branches of commerce.

The modern town occupies merely the seaward portion of the ancient city, which extended far back towards the hills, enclosed in which, under the two mountains known as the Paps of Sidon, is a summer retreat which Mr. Abela described as charming, surrounded by fruit trees and watered by three hundred and sixty fountains.

The streets of the modern town are, to a great extent,
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roofed in with pointed arches, and are kept scrupulously clean, every scrap of manure being treasured for the benefit of the great gardens which lie on the level behind the town, and are its pride. In the spring, Mr. Abela told me, the perfume of the orange flowers can be easily perceived from the deck of a passing steamer. Its scrupulous cleanliness is a curiously un-Oriental trait, but in a good sense Sidon is the most Oriental town I have ever seen.

I looked with interest at the portion of the Castle which was reared by St. Louis, and was saddened by the sight of the vault from which, in spite of his magnificent maledictions, the Sarcophagus of Ashmanezar was carried off to Paris.

We talked at dinner of the Druses and the Ansariyeh, in whom both Mr. Ayoub Abela and his brother, the doctor, take great interest. They agreed that no books yet written upon either of these sects were of any value, and frankly confessed that they had utterly failed to obtain any idea whatsoever of what either the Druses or the Ansariyeh believe. The doctor said that he had examined as many as fourteen Druse books written in Arabic, with which he was well acquainted, without being able to get any sort of notion of what they were all about. He added: "I have no doubt," and in this Mr. Ayoub agreed with him, "that the explanation of their hopeless obscurity is simply this: that to understand them it is necessary to have some key,

which the Druses possess, and which not one of them has ever revealed."

"There are," added Mr. Ayoub, "some highly educated Druses, and I have even known Druses who professed to be Christians; but if you asked them to explain a passage in their books, they only replied: 'Oh! that means nothing; it is perfectly insignificant.' The Druses believe in God—that's all."

Both brothers had come to the conclusion that the Druses and the Ansariyeh were remnants of two distinct tribes of idolaters who had inhabited these countries before the advent of Christianity; that they had picked up certain things from that religion, and also from Mahomedanism; but that in the case of either sect the real bond was a kind of freemasonry about which the outside world had not the smallest inkling.

Later, we talked of longevity, and both brothers declared that they had known a man, a Mussulman by religion, and a gardener by trade, who had married a young wife at a hundred and five, and had had children by her, dying only at the age of a hundred and fifteen!

Early on the morning of the 18th I left Sidon, Mr. Ayoub Abela accompanying me until we were opposite the last village of the Lebanon government, or rather a village divided between it and the general government of Syria.

The road was easier than that of yesterday, but presented

no features of much interest. It led, however, past the site of Sarepta, and brought me, as I approached Tyre, to the bank of the Litâny, the fourth river of Syria; in fact, with the Orontes, the Jordan, and the Barada, the only river in our sense of the term.

It was very deep at the point where we crossed it by a picturesque bridge. At length came Tyre, which is approached along the causeway which Alexander the Great constructed with a view to possess himself of the island city, but which has now become much wider, and would not be suspected by any one, who did not know the truth, to be in any part artificial.

Just before passing the gates I observed the ruins of the great Church of the Crusaders, where Frederick Barbarossa lies in an unknown grave. Its associations go back far beyond the period even of the great Hohenstaufen, since Eusebius would appear to have written the sermon preached at its consecration, and Origen sleeps within its precincts.

Modern Tyre is far inferior to Sidon in cleanliness, nor is it easy, as in the case of the latter city, to see at a glance how it became so important; but the island here was larger than that of Sidon, which is now covered wholly by a little castle resting on Phœnician foundations, of no strength, but whose ingress is jealously guarded by the Turks. There are not here the gardens which are so

important at Sidon, thanks to the comparative want of water. Like the whole of the country over which we travelled on the 18th, it is largely inhabited by the Metawileh, who, in common with the Shiahs of Persia, reject the first three Caliphs.

I was received at the monastery, where we passed the night of the 18th, by a Franciscan born at Bethlehem, but speaking Italian well. I asked him what was the difference between the Franciscans and the Capuchins. "Our rules," he replied, "are the same, but the constitutions attached to the rules by the Capuchins make theirs a somewhat stricter Order."

The conversation found its way after dinner to the constant dissensions between the Lazarists and the Jesuits, of which I had heard something when I was last in this part of the world. "Did you ever hear," said my companion, "that St. Francis was once represented with the words coming out of his mouth '*Ecce omnia reliquimus*,' St. Dominic with the words '*Et secuti sumus te*,' St. Augustine with the words '*Quid ergo*,' St. Ignatius with the globe of the world and the words '*Erit Nobis* '?"

Presently he took out his snuff-box, and I asked him if he knew the story of Gregory XVI. offering his to a Cardinal, who declined it, saying: "No, your Holiness, I have not that vice," to which the Pope immediately replied, "If it had been a vice, you would have had it."

That led my host to allude to the text which was placed upon Pasquin's statue when some papal move was made against tobacco: "Contra folium quod vento agitur tuam iram ostendes?" Here he stopped, and I added the conclusion, "Et stipulam siccam persequeris?"

I spoke to him of the curious way in which these last years persons of the most divergent modes of thought have united to praise St. Francis; among others, Hase in Germany, Castelar in Spain, Renan in France. "Yes," he replied, "St. Francis was unique. We think him the greatest politician of his age."

I asked if the *Imitation* had been translated into Arabic. He answered in the affirmative; then I put the same question about the *Fioretti di S. Francesco*. He said "No," but he had read them in Italian, and I think he added, also in Spanish.

As I stood on the roof of the monastery, on the evening of the 18th, I observed a long bank of clouds in the southwest, but having been assured that the fine weather would continue for at least three days, I paid no attention to it. In the middle of the night, however, I was awakened by heavy rain, and had immediately to face the difficulties which Elijah suggested to Ahab with reference to my next day's journey. Luckily, however, the storm, which was exceedingly violent, had, when in the grey of the morning I started for Acre, rolled away into the interior, and we continued

our journey without inconvenience, visiting the great reservoirs which are supposed to mark the site of Old Tyre, whose stones were used by Alexander to build the causeway above alluded to.

Thence, by a very rough road indeed, I crossed the White Promontory, and after an interview with the Governor of Tyre, near Iskandaruna, climbed the ladder of the Tyrians and traversed the Plain of Acre.

Near that town I met my butler, and received the first detailed news of my family which I have had for weeks, most letters and telegrams having gone astray in a manner which would be unaccountable were one not in Turkey.

At Acre we left behind our useful little horses, and drove for twelve miles round the bay, whose waves, agitated by the storm of last night, rolled in five lines of breakers upon the hard sand—the fifth of these sending its creamy white foam all round the horses' feet. A little north of the Kishon I met my wife with Victoria, and ere long found myself established in the house which Mr. Oliphant, as mentioned above, has lent us at Haifa, where my family arrived on the 6th.

26. I have now passed a week very quietly; made the acquaintance of some of my neighbours, exchanged visits with the Turkish Kaimakam, who rules thirty-six villages, and is himself immediately subject to the Mutessarif of Acre; have seen something of the nearer environs, and

got through a good deal of reading. Of this, the most important item has been the first volume of the *Histoire du peuple d'Israël*, which Renan has sent me, and which I have already gone over twice. The two following passages from the preface show well the spirit in which the book is written :—

“Les jugements sur les hommes, hors de cas exceptionnels, ne sont possibles que dans les temps historiques très documentés ou très rapprochés de nous. Et, même alors, que de portes ouvertes à l'illusion ! En pareil cas, toute phrase doit être accompagnée d'un peut-être. Je crois faire un usage suffisant de cette particule. Si on n'en trouve pas assez, qu'on en suppose les marges semées à profusion. On aura alors la mesure exacte de ma pensée.

“Les élohim ne logent pas dans les neiges éternelles ; on ne les rencontre pas, comme du temps de Moïse dans les défilés des montagnes ; ils habitent dans le cœur de l'homme. Vous ne les chasserez jamais de là. La justice, le vrai, le bien sont voulus par une force supérieure. Le progrès de la raison n'a été funeste qu'aux faux dieux. Le vrai Dieu de l'univers, le Dieu unique, celui qu'on adore en faisant une bonne action, ou en cherchant une vérité, ou en conseillant bien les hommes, est établi pour l'éternité. C'est la certitude d'avoir servi, à ma manière, malgré tout sorte de défauts, cette cause excellente, qui m'inspire dans la bonté divine une confiance absolue. C'est la conviction que ce livre sera utile au progrès religieux qui me l'a fait aimer. Comme pour la Vie de Jésus, je réclame pour le présent volume, consacré à des temps fort obscurs, un peu de l'indulgence qu'on a coutume d'accorder aux voyants et dont les voyants ont besoin.”

My wife read aloud Keble's poem from the *Lyra Apostolica*, the last words of which kept running in my head all the evening of the 18th :—

“Where now is Tyre?

Heaven was against her. Nations thick as waves

Burst o'er her walls, to ocean doomed and fire.

And now the tideless water idly laves

Her towers, and lone sands heap her crownèd merchants' graves.”

Stanley has well shown what sad nonsense has been written about the fall of Tyre, but had it not been for the mistakes and exaggerations of travellers in Phœnicia, we should have lost some very good verses.

27. I went this morning to the schoolhouse, where the members of the Temple Society, amongst whom we are living in this little German Colony, hold their religious services. Sketches of their history and views can be read in Oliphant's book on Haifa, or in Conder's *Tent work in Palestine*.

In the afternoon I walked with Victoria to the Carmelite Monastery, arriving in time for the latter part of the Benediction. When it was done, I walked over the buildings with the Superior, who had been for many years at the corresponding establishment in Kensington. He mentioned incidentally that his Order only wore the white mantle as full dress, and that they had the privilege of saying Matins and Lauds on the previous evening, so that their services only begin with Prime at half-past five in the morning.

I went with him to the top of the monastery. It was very cloudy, but, amongst other things which I had not seen, he was able to point out to me the mountains of Gilboa and a far-off blue range beyond the Jordan.

30. Rode with my wife in the afternoon up to the top of Carmel and along the plateau to a point a little beyond where it falls towards the Valley of the Martyrs, so called from the massacre there in 1238 of all the inhabitants of the first Carmelite House founded by Father Brocard upon this mountain in 1207.

Looking towards the east, I saw one object new to me—the so-called Little Hermon, near Gilboa, and had a particularly fine view of the Great Hermon far away in the north.

There was a grand cloudy sunset over the Western Sea, and as we descended upon Haïfa, an equally striking moon-rise over the Galilean hills.

I see that Hermon means “the peak visible from afar”—that the Sidonians called it “Sirion,” and the Amorites, “Shenir,” both meaning “breastplate,” and suggested by its flashing back the sun’s rays when the snow covers it. It is now called Jebel-esh-Sheikh, the “chief mountain.” The Little Hermon seems to have got its name from a mistake which goes back to about the days of St. Jerome.

December.

1. I drove over to Acre to call on the Mutessarif. The day was bright, but not too hot, and the sands in even better order than when I last traversed them. The strong west wind of last week has had the effect of quite closing the mouth of the Kishon ; on the other hand, there was more water at the mouth of the Belus (the little river on whose banks glass is *said* to have been first made) than there was on the 19th of last month.

Nothing can be prettier than the effect of the tamarisks which rise interspersed with date palms, dotted over many of the sand dunes which fringe the bay. Here and there these extend pretty far inland, and behind them rise the mountains of Galilee, through which there are several passes.

After I had paid my official visit I went with my companions—the English Vice-Consul at Haifa, and Mr. Haskett Smith, a friend of Oliphant's, now looking after his affairs in this part of the world—to call on Abbas Effendi, son of a man who claims to be the head of the very remarkable Persian sect known as the Bâbis. He promised some day to come to see me at Haifa and to give me an account of their history, which is most imperfectly known in Europe. “Inshallah,” said he, and so say I!

We paid yet a third visit to a gentleman who lives outside the town, and is the present owner or occupier of the fine house and garden built by Abdallah Pasha, now sadly gone to decay ; but, nevertheless, thanks to the water brought to this favoured spot by an ancient aqueduct, a true oasis in the "heated sandy tract," which, it is said, gave its name to the old Canaanitish Accho.

The Acre of to-day is a small dirty fortified town, built for the most part after the middle of the last century. All the real interest of the place centres in its middle age history, but the town in which were gathered the remnants of the Crusading Armies was destroyed by the victors, and it is difficult indeed to re-people its narrow bounds with the seventeen separate jurisdictions which then exercised in them the power of life and death.

The Kings of Jerusalem and Cyprus, the Princes of Antioch, the Counts of Tripoli and Sidon, the Great Masters of the Hospital, the Temple, and the great Teutonic orders ; the Republics of Venice, Genoa and Pisa, the Pope's Legate, the Kings of France and England, held here, we are assured by Gibbon, an independent command. Stanley, who quotes the passage, is justified in saying, "Acre contained in itself a complete miniature of feudal Europe and Latin Christendom."

2. Drove to-day with my wife, Lily, and Mr. Haskett Smith to Athlīt, which is the place alluded to in Froude's

letter, quoted under date of 5th October. It lies about 10 miles to the south of this, and can be reached on wheels by a not intolerable road.

From the accounts given by Oliphant and Conder I was prepared to find an important ruin, but nothing at all equal to what I did find—the remains of a castle of the very largest class, on the scale say of Heidelberg. A particularly squalid Arab village nestles in the midst of it, but there is no difficulty in avoiding this, and yet seeing all that is most interesting.

Athlît was the great seat of the Templars in Palestine from 1218 to 1291, when it was finally abandoned. For ages it has been used as a quarry. The chapel has almost entirely disappeared, but the banqueting-hall might, after a few repairs, be still used. There were two harbours, of which the northern, carefully constructed by cutting passages through the reefs, and building thereon, was the more important, and the regular entrance for pilgrims to the Holy Land during a long period. The main stronghold was approached from the land side by a cutting through a low ridge of limestone rock, and was strengthened by various out-works, of which the most notable bears to this day the name of El Dustrey, or Dustrein, a corruption of “*Les Détroits*.”

Behind rises the Carmel Range, with Dalieh seen far off on the top of it. Further south, and at a lower level, are the villages which the Templars thought fit to identify with

Sarepta and Capernaum, while still further away is the recent Jewish colony of Zimmarim.

The situation of Athlît is picturesque in the very highest degree. Conder says that there is a contemporary account of the building of the Castle from the pen of Jacques de Vitry, but I have not as yet lit upon any indication of there being materials out of which to construct a full history of its fortunes, such as I remember having once had in my hands for a few minutes with reference to Marienburg, the seat of the Teutonic Knights, which, romantic as is its history, cannot vie with this either in antiquity or in tragic interest. Well might my wife say, "What must their feelings have been when they met for the last time in that great banquetting-hall?"

3. I have been running through Oliphant's pleasant volume, *Episodes in a Life of Adventure*.

Worth remembering are the following words, which occur on p. 133, after some observations about the perhaps excessive clemency of Lord Canning, and the perhaps undue severity of Lord Torrington :—

"It may generally be assumed that when the British community cease to feel that danger exists, it has passed away some time before. A governor may often have to resist their demand for severity; he is safe in acceding to their appeal for clemency."

8. I gathered this morning in the garden the flower of

Schinus Molle, which I do not remember having before observed. Over the nomenclature of this plant a curious confusion has presided. Its popular name is the pepper tree, although it has not the remotest connection with the plant which produces that well-known article, while generically it masquerades under the name which the Greeks gave to its lowlier relative the Lentisk, so common here and in many parts of the basin of the Mediterranean. Its specific name has nothing to do with softness, but is a corruption of the appellation which distinguished it in its far-off Peruvian home. Its botanical connections are not with the humble pepper, but with the great house of the *Anacardiaceæ*, to which belong the Mango and the *Gluta Travancorica*.

9. After breakfast on the 8th I started for Dalieh, the village on the top of Carmel, where Oliphant has built a house, as is fully described in his book on Haïfa. I reached it after a rough ride of about four hours, and found there, amongst others, Mrs. Cuthbert (the lady with whom I sailed from Jaffa on 2nd January), Mr. Haskett Smith, and some others.

The village is inhabited exclusively by Druses (whom I here saw for the first time in any numbers), and a very large part of the population is being employed by my hosts in building terraces, laying out vineyards, and other agricultural operations.

Presently I received a visit from the heads of the community, the so-called Ukkul, who all wear the white turban coiled round the ordinary red tarboosh, and are initiated into some, apparently not all, of the mysteries of their religion.

In the course of the early afternoon I visited, under the guidance of Mr. Smith, the works he is carrying on, admired the great beauty of the Druse girls who were employed on them, and entered the Khalweh, or religious edifice, which I found divided into two parts by a screen, one being reserved for the men and another for the women. In the first of these is an Arabic inscription, which was interpreted to me as follows :—"Oh ! thou secret source of kindness, save us from that which we fear !"

Later I paid visits to the Temporal chief of the village, and to a family of distinction in whose house cinnamon tea, an excellent institution, was substituted for the usual coffee. Still later I took a long walk to nearly the southern edge of Mount Carmel, seeing the cyclamen in flower for the first time since I arrived, and enjoying another of those delicious sunsets of which we have recently had so many.

Yesterday morning, after paying my respects to the Spiritual Head of the village, I started with Mr. Haskett Smith, and rode to the point near the south-eastern end of Carmel, where a small chapel in connection with the

Monastery on the other side of Haïfa, already described, commemorates the story of Elijah's sacrifice.

Recent topographers have expended much care and ingenuity in demonstrating, to their own satisfaction, that the sacrifice cannot have taken place at this precise spot, but at a somewhat lower elevation. Their arguments are, however, all based on the assumption that the account of the transaction which we possess is a minutely accurate report by a highly trained eye-witness, and not a composition put into its present form ages and ages after the events occurred, based upon legends of a very poetical character, in which the results of slow historical changes are grouped round the striking figure of Elijah, and attributed to his individual action.

A traveller who looks at the matter in a reasonable way cannot be otherwise than perfectly satisfied with the spot which a now venerable tradition has connected with the most dramatic of the many struggles—struggles of world-wide importance—between those who worshipped exclusively the tribal God of Israel, and those who placed by His side, or above Him, deities belonging more properly to other branches of the Semitic race. We know not, nor shall we ever know, exactly what happened here, but there can be no doubt that the scene is worthy of a great historical event. Standing on the top of the chapel I looked first to the west and saw a wide expanse of the

Mediterranean Sea out of which arose the cloud "no bigger than a man's hand," which the Latin Church holds to have been a type of the Blessed Virgin, and which no one, who remembers from what small beginnings the feelings of Christendom towards her rose till they became an enormously powerful and beneficent influence, need object to think of as such. Next my eye wandered to the south-west, along the whole line of coast to the neighbourhood of Jaffa. Then, turning to the south, I saw the high central country stretching far away in the direction of the pass through which I ascended last year from Ramleh to Jerusalem. South-east lay the hills of Samaria, amongst them Ebal and Gerizim. On the east the view was bounded by the Blue Mountains of Gilead.

Turning to the north I saw, far off, the Horns of Hattin, famous under that name for the defeat of the Crusaders by Saladin, and known traditionally as the Mount of the Beatitudes. Still further away was Safed—perhaps "the city set on a hill"—whence the long line of high land which ends in the Ladder of the Tyrians carried one's glance once more to the sea.

Soon, however, the attention became fully absorbed by nearer objects. In the west there was nothing except a shoulder of the Carmel range, but north, east, and south-east was the great plain of Esdraelon, *the* battle-field of Palestine.

The road which ran through it at my feet towards the south-east was the same by which Ahaziah had fled when he was overtaken and mortally wounded by the soldiers of Jehu. He died at Megiddo, on the skirts of the plain on which I was looking. Close to that same Megiddo, Josiah paid with his life for his attack upon Pharaoh Necho, and in this neighbourhood, at the "Mountain of Megiddo," otherwise Armageddon, the writer of the Apocalypse localised the scene of the final conflict between the powers of Good and Evil.

Continuing one's survey towards the east-south-east, I saw the site of Jezreel, the City of Ahab. Behind and over Jezreel rose the fine range of Gilboa, connected no less than Megiddo with tragic memories. Through the eastward opening of the plain between Little Hermon and Gilboa, the Bedouin hordes, who were afterwards defeated by Gideon, must have poured into the comparatively civilised country west of the Jordan, sweeping thence through the plain of Acre past Haifa, and right down along the coast towards Gaza. At a much later date the Scythians, of whose inroad we know very little, but who certainly did make an invasion in the reign of Josiah, must have done much the same.

Across that opening Saul, if the picturesque legend is historical, passed to consult the Witch of Endor, and near Endor are two other sites with a very different set of associations—those of Shunem and Nain. Next comes Tabor, a

most conspicuous object, whence the troops of Barak came down to attack Sisera. Then there is just a glimpse of the topmost houses of Nazareth, and more distinct views of Dio-Cæsarea, the Roman capital of Galilee, and of the hills by Jotapata ; Acre is not visible.

From the Chapel a very steep bridle-path descends to the plain, passing the well which the topographers, above alluded to, connect with Elijah's sacrifice.

Thence our course lay down the banks of the Kishon, which are clothed in this part of its course with a dense growth of willow, sweet bay, a tall reed which may be *Arundo Phragmites*, oleander, and a plant like the cultivated artichoke, I suppose *Cynara Syriaca*.

Just where the plain of Esdraelon merges into that of Acre, there is a pass only a few feet wide, which might well have been an uncomfortable place for a retreating army, encumbered with chariots ; and those writers may be correct who see, in an eminence hard by, the site of Harosheth of the Gentiles. Soon after passing that point we got within the circuit which I had already explored.

11. I tried some days ago to reach the Valley of the Martyrs from the plateau immediately behind Haifa, but missing my way had to return without accomplishing my object. Yesterday afternoon we drove round to its seaward end and walked up it.

The sky was nearly quite veiled, but we had a most

wonderful sunset vision, for an island seemed burning almost at a white heat far in the offing, while the smoke streamed from it towards the coast on which we stood.

12. Finished a rapid perusal of Oliphant's *Land of Gilead*, which he published in 1880, chiefly for the purpose of setting forth his ideas as to the colonisation of the district beyond the Jordan, known now as the Belka, the Peræa of Roman times.

The work contains a record of travel in very little known regions, together with many interesting speculations, some bearing on politics and some on the industrial development of this part of the world. There are also tolerably full accounts of the Ansariyeh and Druse religions, with regard to which the author remarks "there can be no doubt that the esoteric character of both conceals a far higher theological system than is apparent to the uninitiated enquirer."

The description given under the heading "Dervish Miracles" of some mysterious performances at Damascus is curious, and so is the account of the courier who, after a nine days' and nine nights' journey from Bagdad, delivers up his mail at the Village of Dhumayr:—

"The wild Bedouin who performs this dangerous, solitary, and fatiguing journey, rarely enters the two centres of Eastern Civilisation, between which he furnishes a means of communication. For him the fragrant gardens and well-stocked bazaars of Damascus have no attraction ; or perhaps he fears that he

might be seduced by them, and avoids temptation. Be that as it may, he stops on the verge of the Desert, at either end of his route ; and swings on his lithe dromedary to and fro, over its arid wastes, catching such snatches of rest as he may at the scattered oases and widely separated wells, where he stops to refresh his camel. With the coppery sky scorching him by day, and the changeless blue above him at night, rarely knowing the shelter even of an Arab tent, carrying with him the dates and rice sufficient to last him for his journey, exposed to perils from thirst and sandstorms, and predatory Arabs to whom the fleet animal he rides is a sore temptation—he is, without doubt, the most bizarre and exceptional postman in existence."

13. We are having a succession of heavy showers, and not too soon, for sowing is very backward. This afternoon, after a regular downpour, it cleared for a time, and we went to the beach to see whether any addition had been made to the shells with which it abounds.

When we look to the northward the first object which usually attracts our eyes is Acre, gleaming white over the sapphire waters of the bay. On this occasion, however, Acre had utterly vanished. All the fogs of a London winter seemed to have concentrated on its devoted walls and the country behind it.

Out at sea, near where we knew the Ladder of the Tyrians extended, but where no Ladder of the Tyrians appeared, fragments of rainbow were forming and re-forming themselves, and then came a long and unbroken cloud bank of pale violet.

Huge *nimbi* were floating over our heads, but every now and then rifts in them showed clouds above which had more of the *cumulus* character, some of these catching the sun, which had for us now gone down behind Carmel, and turned into a pale gold by it.

Over the far south-west the sky was clear, save for a few *cirri* far off, while above the town of Haïfa there were great gaps in the clouds, of a colour of which I look in vain for an exact equivalent, even in the tolerably comprehensive inventory which Ruskin gives of the blues of the Rhone at Geneva: "unearthly aquamarine, ultramarine, violet blue, gentian blue, peacock blue, river of paradise blue, glass of a painted window melted in the sun."

14. A friend from Australia writes:—

"First let me thank you very much for your minutes, which seem to me a contribution of the highest value to contemporary political history. Nothing is more difficult than for an outsider to get a chance of seeing how the wheels of government work. Your memoranda give us precisely what you have aimed at doing, and a description of the manner in which a British province is governed. It is the more interesting to me, as we are here working a highly centralised bureaucratic system, while we have all the commonplaces of English Philistinism on our lips. We begin by talking about private enterprise and local autonomy. Presently we find that neither the individual nor the district will start schools, build railways, or obey the commonest laws of health. Then we temporise by subsidising schools, building the most necessary railways, and helping municipalities to do a little sanitary work. At last we have had

to take the whole primary school system and the making of railways into our own hands, and the next pestilence will undoubtedly force us to make a Cloaca Maxima.

Stanley, writing in his *Sinai and Palestine* of a place which we constantly pass on our rides and drives, says :—

“The winding path through the rocks to the sea-shore below must have been that by which Pythagoras, according to the idea of his biographer, himself a pilgrim to this haunted strand, descended to embark in the Egyptian ship which he saw sailing beneath him.”

I had forgotten whence came the phrase “haunted strand,” but my wife showed it me this morning in Keble’s poem for last Sunday, the third in Advent.

I learnt lately from Coleridge that in spite of Stanley’s deep admiration for the author of the *Christian Year*, Keble could not abide his distinguished fellow Churchman. It makes, however, very little matter ; posterity takes small account of the feelings of contemporaries towards each other, and the High Church Vicar of Hursley “has to be confounded ” with the Broad Church Dean of Westminster “in the same glory.”

Not that the latter will, like the former, take his place as a classic, in spite of his being the superior of the two by a whole range of thought. Still, the *Lectures on the Jewish Church* and *Sinai and Palestine* are as good, I suppose, as anything possibly could be within the limits to which an Anglican clergyman has been hitherto confined.

Much of them, and especially of the former, will cease to have any value when these limits vanish away; but from these and his other writings, a series of extracts might be made which would, like Mat Arnold's exquisite poem in his honour, live as long as the language.

16. Read the *Survey of Western Palestine* in the book published last year, called *Twenty-one Years' Work in the Holy Land*. I observe among many curious items of information that there is good reason to suppose that the preparation of curdled milk called "Leben," which I tasted at Dalieh, was the milk and butter which Jael offered to Sisera. The following also is very *vraisemblable*, if not *vrai*:—

"In the magnificent song of Deborah the great storm which swelled the Kishon is described: 'They fought from heaven, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.' The season was probably that of the autumn storms, which occur early in November. At this time the meteoric showers are commonest, and are remarkably fine in effect seen in the evening light at a season when the air is specially clear and bright."

This again is well worth remembering:—

"Jerusalem itself covered at the height of its prosperity not more than 330 acres, including 30 acres of the Temple enclosure."

A day of April showers following a violent gale, and made memorable by a most beautiful double rainbow which

spanned the sky from a point in the Roads of Haifa to another beyond the Ladder of the Tyrians.

Rambling with the children on the shore, I found the shell *Helix Ianthina*, with its inmate not quite dead, and stained my gloves a deep violet. This is not the Tyrian purple, but is the Chilzon, from which was derived, according to *Smith's Dictionary of the Bible*, the colour which our translators render as "blue," e.g. in Numbers xv. 39, of the Revised Version.

17. Drove in the direction of Acre. The sun, long after he had set for us beyond Carmel, sent up through the vapour-laden air three great streams of rays.

The recent storm had covered the sands with large sponges, quite good enough for stable use. We observed that the shells on that side of the town were almost entirely different from those which we find between this and Athlît.

18. Finished running through the six volumes of *The Bible for Young People*, which I began on the 20th of last month. It was prepared by a professor at Leyden and a pastor at Rotterdam, under the general superintendence of Kuenen. I did not find the expectations raised by his great name disappointed. It is a very intelligent sketch of the ancient history of this country in its most interesting aspects, in so far as that history is covered by the Old and New Testaments.

Intended for persons but little conversant with religious history, and written partly with a view to "edification," it contains, of course, a great many *longueurs*; but, by judicious skipping, that inconvenience is reduced to a minimum.

19. The recent disturbance of the elements has been quite enough to delay the Austrian Lloyd steamer, on which we mainly depend for communication with the outer world, and to throw our postal arrangements into confusion. But little is needed to do that!

Conder in his *Syrian Stone-lore* says very truly :—

"A study of the Syrian coast shows why the Hebrews were so different to the Tyrians in their dislike of the sea. South of the Bay of Acre there is no natural harbour, and the Phœnicians even can hardly have touched at Joppa or at the little roadsteads of Cæsarea, Jamnia, Ashdod, and Gaza, save in fine weather."

The anchorage here, although better than any of the above, is, after all, no great thing, though a good port could probably be constructed at Haifa.

Herod made a brave attempt to remedy what he felt to be one of the worse defects of this country by his artificial harbour at Cæsarea, but its reign was not long, and Stanley describes it as the most desolate site in Palestine. Quite recently, by a strange turn of fortune, it has been colonised by Bosnian refugees, but it is hardly likely to become again a place of importance.

20. Sir Alfred Lyall writes from Cairo :—

“I think one hardly realises the extraordinary variety of India's scenery, climate, and population until one looks back on it from other countries. I left the Himalayas in October, Allahabad in November, and Bombay early in December—three quite different climates and countries, and there are a dozen more.”

22. Some one suggested the other day that we should add a coney to the long list of mammalian pets which we have had at various times, from a young elephant to a harvest mouse downwards ; but I see that this curious creature is only found in any numbers in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea and in the Sinaitic peninsula. *Hyrax Syriacus*, for that is its scientific name, is neither a ruminant nor a rodent, but is, strange to say, allied to the rhinoceros, while its teeth and toes resemble those of the hippopotamus. It is the only member of its genus known outside Africa, lives in the fissures of rocks, and is hardly so large as a rabbit ; its colour is tawny, but it has a yellow spot on its back.

I observe, too, in Canon Tristram's *Fauna of Palestine*, that the molehills which we see here are not the work of a mole properly so-called, but of a different and larger animal—*Spalax typhlus*.

I had a letter yesterday from Mrs. Craven, which came, not by the regular European mail, but by land from Beyrout. She tells me that she has finished writing the

Life of Lady G. Fullerton, and, speaking of recent events in France, says :—

“All reasonable people should follow your example and go as far out of the way as they can, until the so-called civilised world has righted itself. Now M. Sadi Carnot is to be our President, of whom I knew so little that when I heard his name for the first time, not long ago, I thought he was a Persian.”

When I first heard the name of the new President my ideas about him were not clearer, but I see by the newspapers that he is a son of the M. Carnot to whom I was introduced by Jules Simon on the 27th of last February, and that he married a daughter of M. Dupont-White, whose name will be found in an earlier page of these Notes.

There was a slight shock of Earthquake here last night—not an unfrequent occurrence, it would seem, in Palestine.

We went this afternoon to look for shells near Tell es Semak, a tumulus close to the promontory of Carmel.

Conder says :—

“In the Thirteenth Century, when Galilee had been lost and Tyre destroyed, the Templars showed the holy sites close to their Château Pélerin, making Peter to have fished in the Mediterranean. Here, also, they asserted that ancient Tyre really stood, with Maon and the Carmel of Abigail.”

Tell es Semak is probably the place alluded to as the scene of St. Peter's operations.

Many excellent pilgrims no doubt went to their graves

with very hazy notions about the difference between the Mediterranean Sea and the Lake of Galilee. Some one said, "Many a man has missed of his salvation from ignorance of grammar." It may be hoped, however, that ignorance of geography is not equally perilous, for since I left India I have been asked by a man, and a highly intelligent man too, who represents his Sovereign in a great Capital, whether "Madras is near the Cape of Good Hope, and whether the two places are connected by a railway?"

When yesterday Hermon showed himself, for the first time for nearly a fortnight, he had put on his winter garb, and very ghostly he looked as we drove homewards after sunset.

24. Rode with Victoria nearly to the entrance of the Valley of the Martyrs, and took the opportunity on our way back to run up and look at the Caves in the face of the promontory known by the misleading name of the "Schools of the Prophets," and venerated alike by Jews, Muhammadans, and Christians from their connection, real or imaginary, with Elijah and Elisha.

In the evening we went to the school-house for the "Bescheerung," which our German neighbours combine with a religious service. It began with a Christmas hymn, sung to the tune of "O Sanctissima," included a German translation of "Adeste fideles," and closed with a verse from the Chorale of Leuthen.

Christmas Day.—I learned in conversation with the younger Mr. Schumacher this evening that there appears good reason for identifying Rushmia, a Crusading ruin near this, with Misheal, one of the towns of the territory of Asher mentioned in Joshua xix. 26.

28. I had told Mrs. Greg that I had met my wife riding Saladin, her lovely Arab, just north of the Kishon, on 19th November. She writes :—

“What a romantic meeting ! I hope it will have been the beginning of a delightful time for you both—a time full of interest, when each day being steeped in a rich colouring of its own, the whole becomes a beautiful fragment of life charming to look back upon.”

31. We left Haifa on the morning of the 28th with our own horses, and followed the same road by which I returned from Dalieh, till we diverged from it to cross the Kishon and wind slowly through the glades of the low range of hills upon which I look from my sitting-room window. They are dotted with Valonia oaks, and could, under proper management, be made into a respectable forest. From their eastern shoulder there is a fine view of the plain of Esdraelon, into a bay of which we soon descended. This was again left for low hills, and the Franciscan Monastery at Nazareth was reached after some six hours of riding.

On the morning of the 29th we visited the sites—the

Mensa Christi ; the locality of the Synagogue, which is in the hands of the Melchites, or Greeks united with the Roman Church ; the shop of Joseph ; and, of course, the Grotto of the Annunciation, described by Kinglake in the following passage, which I naturally re-read :—

“And the end of my journey was Nazareth, the home of the blessed Virgin! In the first dawn of my manhood the old painters of Italy had taught me their dangerous worship of the beauty that is more than mortal, but those images all seemed shadowy now and floated before me so dimly, the one overcasting the other, that they left me no one sweet idol on which I could look, and look again, and say ‘Maria Mia.’ Yet they left me more than an idol—they left me (for to them I am wont to trace it) a faint apprehension of Beauty not compassed with lines and shadows. They touched me—(forgive, proud Marie of Anjou!)—they touched me with a faith in loveliness transcending mortal shapes.”

“I came to Nazareth, and was led from the Convent to the Sanctuary. * * * * *

The attending Friar served me well—he led me down quietly, and all but silently, to the Virgin’s home. The mystic air was so burnt with the consuming flames of the Altar, and so laden with incense, that my chest laboured strongly and heaved with luscious pain. There! there with beating heart the Virgin knelt and listened ; I strived to grasp and hold with my rivetted eyes some one of the feigned Madonnas, but of all the heaven-lit faces imagined by men there was none that would abide with me in this very Sanctuary. Impatient of vacancy I grew madly strong against nature, and if by some awful spell—some impious rite I could—Oh! most sweet religion that bade me fear God and be pious, and yet not cease from loving! Religion and gracious

custom commanded me that I fall down loyally and kiss the rock that blessed Mary pressed. With a half-consciousness, with the semblance of a thrilling hope that I was plunging deep, deep into my first knowledge of some most holy mystery, or of some new rapturous and daring sin, I knelt and bowed down my face till I met the smooth rock with my lips. One moment—one more, and then—the fever had left me. I rose from my knees. I felt hopelessly sane. The mere world re-appeared. My good old Monk was there, dangling his key with listless patience, and as he guided me from the church, and talked of the Refectory and the coming repast, I listened to his words with some attention and pleasure.”

We must admit, nevertheless, however “hopelessly sane” we may be, that without the link that was furnished by this ideal, half of what is best in our modern civilisation would not exist. Amongst other things it is certain that my friend would not have written this passage.

Later I ascended the hill. On climbing on to the top of the little half-Muhammadan, half-Canaanitish shrine which crowns it, I enjoyed a view which was the complement of that which I had from the scene of Elijah’s sacrifice. Then looking to the north-east I saw this very building. Now looking to the south-west I saw the Chapel on whose roof I was then standing. From it I followed the whole line of Carmel to where it falls into the sea below the Carmelite Monastery, and saw Haïfa very distinctly with a considerable portion of the Bay of Acre.

I need not enumerate the other points which I noticed under date of 10th December, but I had to-day a very much better view of Dio-Cæsarea, which is close to Nazareth, and saw for the first time Kanah el Jelil, which is one of the many candidates for the distinction of representing Cana of Galilee.

Flowers have done as yet very little for us since we arrived, the rains having been backward. We may have found between twenty and thirty species, but nothing in abundance, with the exception, perhaps, of a *Merendera* and crocuses. On the top, however, of this hill the large daisy, *Bellis Sylvestris*, might fairly be called abundant.

All this took only the very early morning, and we were on the road between ten and eleven, passing, as we got clear of the town, St. Mary's well, where many women were drawing water, and which is really far the most interesting place in the whole neighbourhood. The town of Nazareth may or may not have "slipped down the hill," as some good authorities assert; but there is not the slightest reason to imagine that it ever can have had a spring of any importance save this, and hither the Blessed Virgin must have come times without number—another illustration of the true saying, "No traditions are so enduring as those which are writ in water."

The first spot of any importance which we passed after this was the village of Reineh, rather pretty in spite of its

masses of prickly pear. It is pleasant to think that that more or less useful, but extremely ugly, plant is a late introduction into these regions, being a native of the New World, although now so common in the Old.

From Reineh it was but a short ride to Kefr Kenneh, which is perhaps the most generally received Cana of Galilee. After we had passed it the country became dreary in the highest degree, until just beyond the Horns of Hattin we came in sight of the Lake of Gennesaret, and slowly descended upon Tiberias.

We were received at the Franciscan Monastery by a very friendly old priest, who came from a village in the valley of the Inn, very near Jenbach, our drive from which place up the Zillerthal, in 1865, remains one of the pleasantest recollections of my life. Standing on the roof of the Monastery, I learnt from him the broad outlines of the country, which I have been able to fill in since.

Yesterday morning we took a stout boat, manned by six rowers,¹ belonging very much to the same class to which the Apostles must have belonged, and pulled slowly away from the Monastery, over which rise the picturesque ruins

¹ Two at least of these were good Muhammadans, and performed their devotions at sunset with their faces towards Mecca. Such a sight on the Lake of Galilee was calculated to bring up some strange thoughts, as was the little shrine above Nazareth, which marks the site of a "High Place" older than Islam, older than Christianity, older than Judaism itself.

of Tancred's Castle. We kept close to the western bank, and directed our course towards the northward.

First came the opening of the Wady el Hamâm, bordered by high cliffs, famous as a robber fastness in the days of Herod. Next one or two houses composing the hamlet of Mejdal recalled the home of Mary Magdalene, who stands in the very first rank of the founders of the Christian Church.

Magdala was just in the southern corner of the plain of Gennesaret, and we were soon abreast of two points which many consider to represent Bethsaida and Capernaum. Of late, however, the opinion seems rather to have been gaining ground that Capernaum was not on the site of Khan Minyeh, but was at a place a little to the north of it, called Tell Hûm. For it we had been making, but we found it in possession of a number of Bedouins, whose goat-hair tents were established amongst the ruins of a synagogue and other buildings. We did not accordingly land, but passed further up the lake to a pretty little creek, where we went on shore to find ourselves everywhere surrounded by Keble's oleanders, which were just coming into flower.

“What went ye out to see
O'er the rude sandy lea,
Where stately Jordan flows by many a palm,
Or where Gennesaret's wave
Delights the flowers to lave
That o'er her western slope breathe airs of balm?”

“All through the summer night
Those blossoms red and bright
Spread their soft breasts, unheeding, to the breeze,
Like hermits watching still
Around the sacred hill
Where erst our Saviour watched upon His knees.”

Thence we stretched across to the spot where the Jordan enters the lake, near which I bathed, and where we gathered quantities of small and delicate shells.

A little inland from Tell Hûm and the piece of the lake which we traversed to reach the Jordan, is the probable site of Chorazin.

From the mouth of the Jordan we bore straight away for Tiberias, seeing the sun go down finely over the high land which we had crossed to reach that town, and the moon rise gloriously over the Jaulan, the high plateau which forms the eastern bank of the Sea of Galilee.

On that side there are few places of interest, the chief being Kersa, which is supposed to be the site of Gergesa, and Gamala whose terrible story is told by Josephus.

Night had fallen long before we were once more in the hospitable shelter of the Franciscan Monastery.

The lake of Gennesaret is very small, about the length of Windermere, but rather broader. Its banks are almost

devoid of trees, and it depends for its beauty entirely upon the hills which encircle it, and on its atmosphere. The former would, by themselves, not perhaps be very remarkable, but the two combined have a most admirable effect. How any one could speak of it as it was yesterday and to-day except with the deepest admiration I cannot imagine. Disparaging criticisms have probably proceeded from persons who have seen it in very dismal weather, or been irritated by excessive and unreasonable expressions in its praise.

Of the distant objects seen from it, the most remarkable are Safed and Hermon, which last with its snowy crest is a far more beautiful mountain as seen from the lake than as we see it from Haifa. At the latter place we see now nothing but the snow, whereas from the lake the whole of its nearly 10,000 feet are visible.

There is also a range, evidently of a highly volcanic character, and reminding one of the Puys in Auvergne, which runs south from Hermon beyond the Jordan. This is in no way beautiful, but striking from its strangeness.

This morning we started from Tiberias, and had the advantage during the earlier part of our ride of the companionship of Dr. Torrance, an intelligent medical man settled there. He showed us, outside the town and behind Tancred's Castle, the tomb of Maimonides, whose interment

in that spot is one of the many associations which make Tiberias so sacred to the Jewish race. He also called my attention to the admirable position chosen by Herod - Antipas for his palace, and pointed out in the distance the valley through which the Jabbok descends to join the Jordan, as well as the site of Gadara, with its memories of Meleager—the only classical ones, by the way, which present themselves to the mind in the basin of Tiberias.

A mistake made by the zaptiehs who were supposed to be guiding us, *felix culpa!* obliged us to ride for some way southwards at a high elevation along the lake, and gave us a succession of the most enchanting views over its northern and middle portions. Its southern extremity we did not see except at a distance, when we looked down it yesterday from near Tell Hûm, where the low land at the southern end being invisible, the little sheet of water seemed to go on into the Infinite.

At length we had to say good-bye to it, and found our way over a country which had but little interest, to the foot of Tabor. There was nothing worth noting on this part of the route except a herd of gazelles and the extraordinary development of an orange-coloured lichen upon the boulder-like blocks of volcanic origin which covered a hill-side.

The latter interested me in connection with the passage

in the *Christian Year*, which immediately follows that which I have just quoted :

“The Paschal moon above
Seems like a saint to rove,
Left shining in the world with Christ alone ;
Below, the lake's still face
Sleeps sweetly in th' embrace
Of mountains terrac'd high with mossy stone.”

I have somewhere seen these lines criticised as being too northern. Lichens are, to be sure, not mosses ; but anything more northern than these blocks, or less like what I expected to find in Palestine, it would be difficult to mention.

The view from Tabor would have been very interesting to me if I had not already seen almost every place included in it from other localities, but it contained one or two elements which were new, for I saw the sites of Nain and Endor much nearer than before, and I had a glimpse of the country which descends towards the Jordan between Little Hermon and Tabor.

By the side of the path the cyclamen, which is not yet out at Haïfa, was flowering in some profusion. The trees, which were numerous, were chiefly oaks and terebinths.

A long ride, partly in the dark and partly in very glorious moonlight, over a rough, wild country, full of jackals, brought us once more to Nazareth.



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